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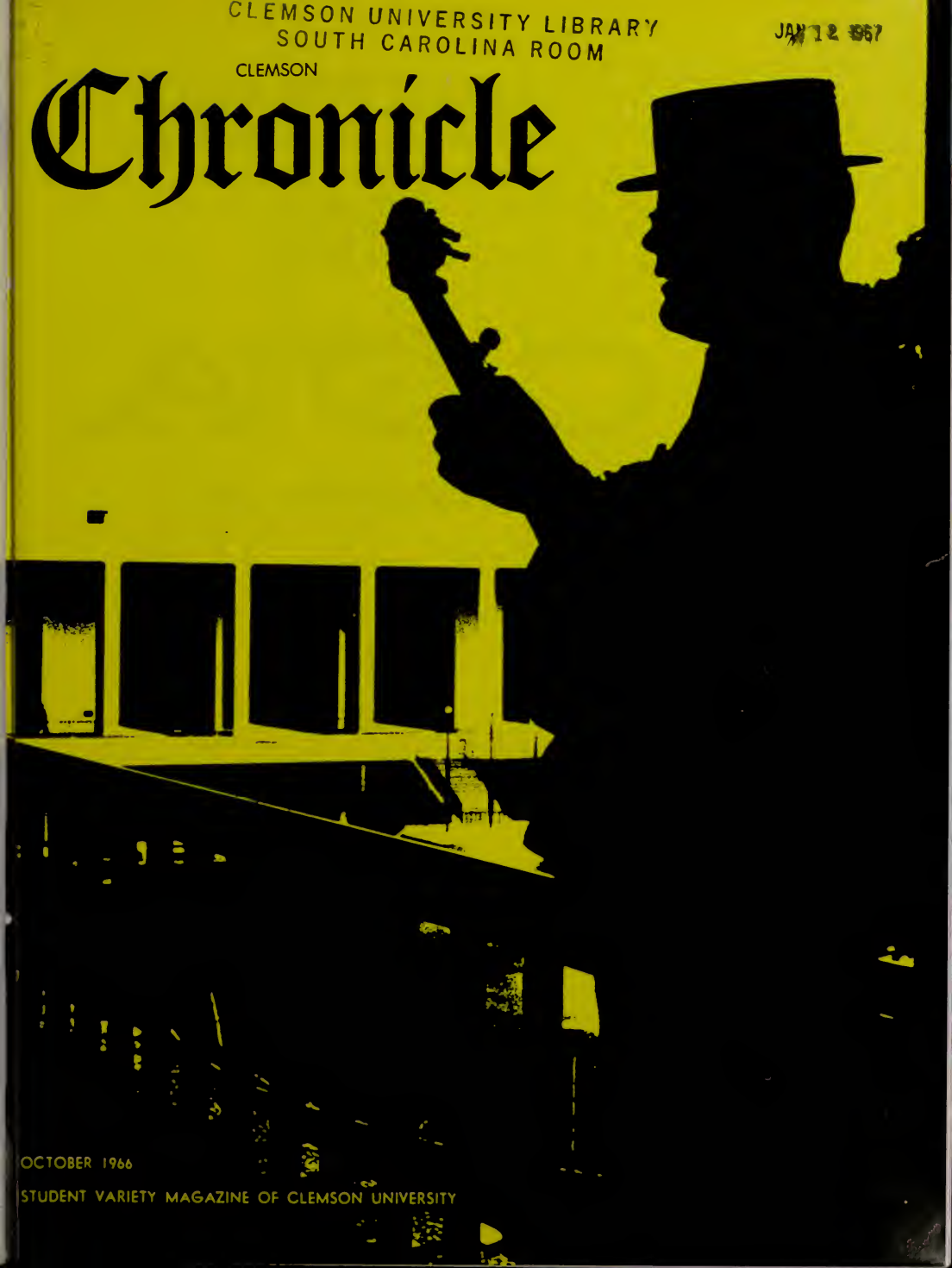

OCTOBER 1966

STUDENT VARIETY MAGAZINE OF CLEMSON UNIVERSITY

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Nov. 1-3
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HOMECOMING 1966

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PRESENTS

THE TAMS &

THE CAVALIERS

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WITH **THE MIRACLES**

& The Caravelles

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FATHER

By GARLAND G. GOODEN, JR.

father of this seed
stand taller than the weed,
firmer than the hedge
before the driving wedge
that cuts the furrows deep
and clean; the earth, steep
and mellow, in pain is spread
upon her own sweet breast; your head
may gently rest, your body sleep
within another generation's bed.

THE WAKING

By GARLAND G. GOODEN, JR.

Let me follow you
Into gardens of the carnal world,
Gardens of the sleeping lion,
Realm of all fierce winds,
Flowers of the raging dream-world;
Let me breathe with you
The sweet-stained chill of air.
Smell the atmosphere of violence
Pounding in the rhythm of your breathing.
Share with me the kissing of closed eyes,
The dark arousing of all strange beasts
Within the hollow forests,
Dim, sun-pierced cathedrals
Shaken out of solid light
Into the heavy dust of silence.
Let me lie beside the swollen river,
Let the flood-tide wash us out of mind
With the dashing fury of boulders out of sight
And ripping currents through them;
Wake me in your sunlight; in the light
That falls on sleeping creatures,
In the light that drifts through morning
Window-sills, through steady stricken branches.
Let the morning bless us in that afternoon;
Let me find you in the roar of waking,
In small voices of hidden birds;
Become in me the freedom of a naked hunter,
Be in me the heat of capture;
Have me in the strong silence
Of your fragile moving limbs.

By KAY BOUCHER

The evening hangs in patches and scraps.
Words pass one another without touching
and thoughts meet in static.
Sweet, small phrases are composed
in a sweet, small coffee house
and meaningless desires
drift
in the smoke-filled air,
rarely mingling.
I pull and tug as the evening passes
but
secrets
are
kept
and only poets other than ourselves are discussed.
What game is this? I fairly shout
and am answered with only a pale kiss.

By KAY BOUCHER

How does the sun feel when it's
gathered in the small hugeness
of its energy
and wants to burst
shower
share itself
tell all secrets
be a friend
I wonder— how does it feel?
Perhaps like a poem . . .

Our Editor

Surprise!! Here it is at last, the long awaited, most sought after publication in Clemson, the Cornicle, oops, the Chronicle.

Our staff is made up of temperamental artists who write, photograph and draw as the spirit moves. This constipated spiritual movement accounts for the time lapse between publications and thus your long wait. We could possibly put out a weekly, but you have already experienced the devastation caused by nausea of the press. Suffice it to say that the spirit will visit the Chronicle staff three more times this year.

The Chronicle is sought after primarily by retards whose preoccupation it seems to criticize. This camp finds our material too broadening, this is probably due to their narrow minded approach to all things and us in general. The issue you hold should give this tired old group food for their thought consumption.

If you, too, are a broad-minded temperamental artist, there may be a place in our ranks for you. But, alas, if you are tired, old, and critical—stay away.

The product you clutch in your hands at the moment was accomplished through the sweat, blood and toil of Group I (the temperamental artists) and our reports show that Group I has fewer cavities, while Group II has one large cavity between their ears.

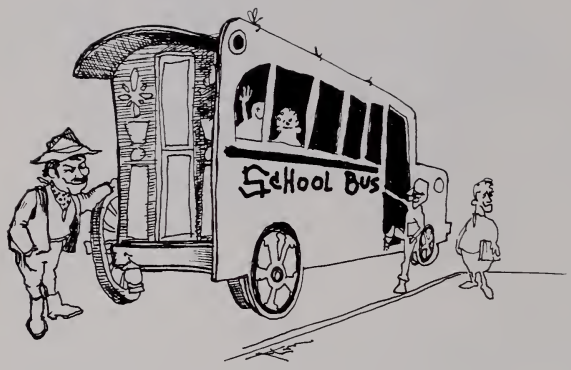
Our sweating, bleeding, toiling staff works long, hard and diligently to produce a variety magazine for our variety of 5,000 readers. This is a major task. A service designed to: entertain, to encourage good journalism, to promote creative interests and to excell in design, publishing and content, to the credit of Clemson University.

This is *your* magazine and we welcome *your* efforts, whether they be literary, artistic or photographic. Perhaps your talents don't include any one of these areas, and if not we hope you will be entertained, amused, or at least impressed with the efforts of you fellow students.

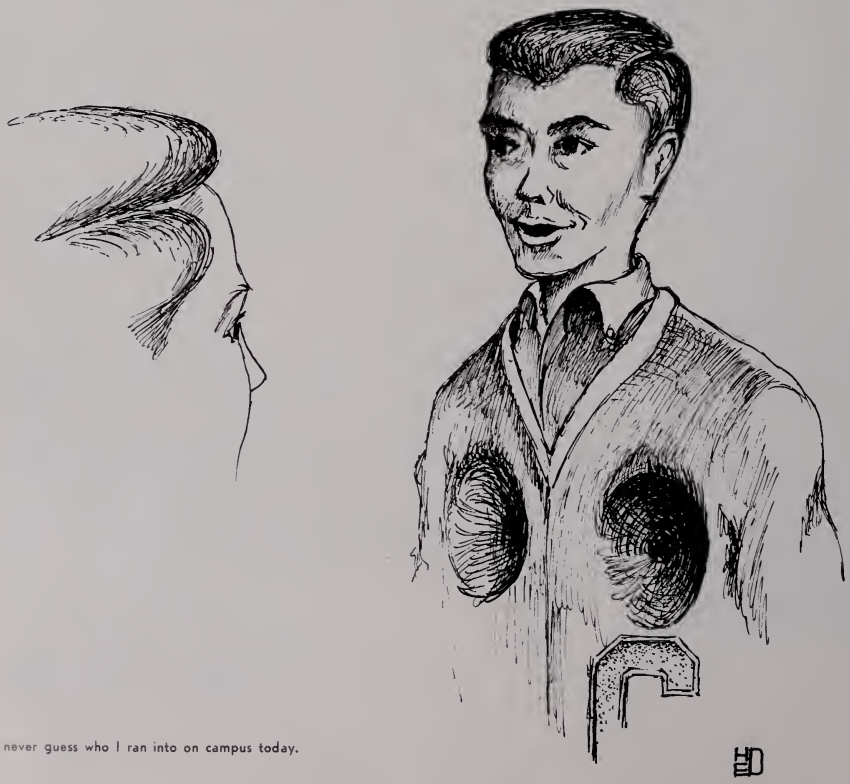
The Chronicle welcomes you to Clemson, and with Homecoming nearing, we hope you and your date will find many hours of pleasure . . . in reading the Chronicle.

Paul Morris

PAUL MORRIS



For God's sake, Walter, it's time you started taking life seriously!



You'll never guess who I ran into on campus today.

BINDERY SLIP

JOSEPH RUZICKA

Baltimore, Md. Greensboro, N. C.

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CLEMSON

Chronicle

STUDENT VARIETY MAGAZINE OF CLEMSON UNIVERSITY

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OUR COVER

Don Collins presents his impression of Bob Isenhour silhouetted against the Math-English Complex handrail.

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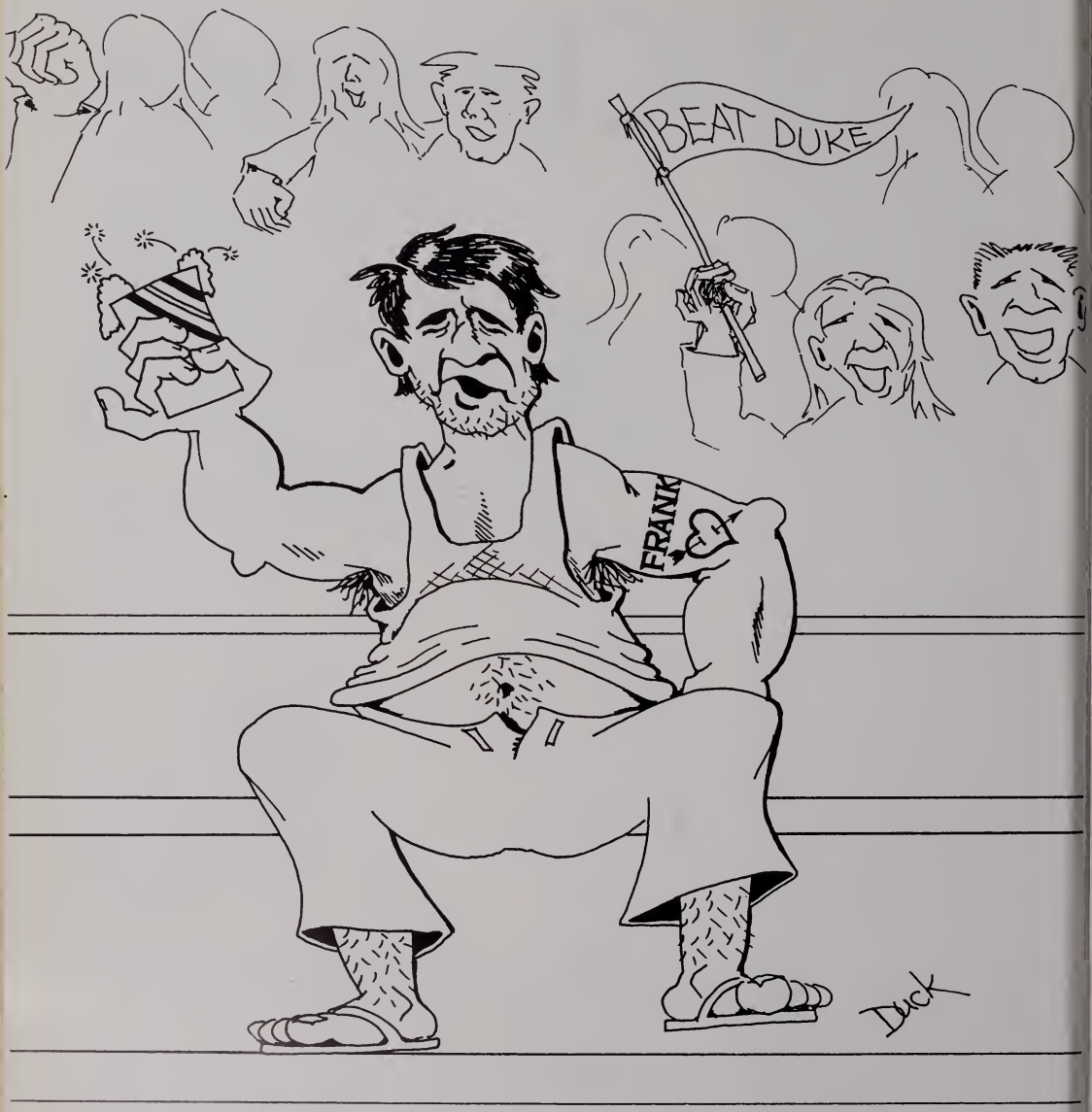
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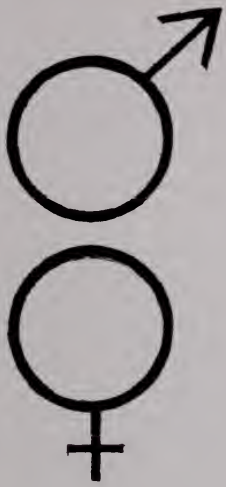


The Chronicle Reviews

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE

William H. Masters M.D. and Virginia E. Johnson

Reviewed by Bill Etheridge

To say the least, man has been fascinated by sex since time began. Time and again man has wondered why he is impelled toward this seemingly purely physical act which is quite transitory in nature.

Not until about seventy years ago did major research begin in this nebulous field of medicine. Forerunners in this study were men such as Freud, Havelock Ellis, and von Krafft-Ebing. These few proved that this subject was fit for scientific study and one to which scientific methods could be applied.

Nonetheless, this study of sex is understandably an extremely touchy one. Even though the research is purely scientific in nature, there still exists strong Victorian sentiments on sex throughout the world. Logically, since the sex act is the most personal one known to man, human beings are the best authorities on the subject. The first researchers felt they had to approach people verbally to investigate the field. We clearly see the problems involved in such research!

This past April, a book was published by a fifty-year-old doctor which contains the results of the most comprehensive research ever done on sex. Dr. William Howells Masters of Washington University Medical School in St. Louis spent twelve years in gathering the data for this book. *Human Sexual Response* (Little, Brown, & Co., $10) received worldwide acclaim as the most authoritative research manual ever published on the subject. The success of the book does not stop here though. A mere one month after publication, it was on the best-seller lists. Within the first week of publication, a second and third printing had to be ordered, and it is presently estimated that the first week saw 100,000 copies of the book printed. Over 500 foreign publishers have requested rights for publication, and surprisingly enough the publishers have received an offer for movie rights. Also Dr. Masters has been sighted as being the bravest man in America today.

The physical qualities of the book seem a bit ironical when we consider its literary success and public acceptance. Printed on 336 pages of close-packed text, the book is dominated by weighty language and technical terms.

Perhaps the significance of the book lies in the fact that it contradicts many of the things that have been taught about sex for many years. This is evident in such discoveries as good sex life possibilities in octogenarians. Such material as this and other interesting discoveries will be invaluable in dealing with marital problems.

Dr. Masters own story is a quite interesting one. At Hamilton College in Clinton, New York, he majored in literature, with intent to teach. After miraculously finishing five years work in four, he planned to go to Cambridge University. Planning was as far he he got, for his younger brother talked him into going into medicine. He finished medical school and immediately went to work at Carnegie Institute in basic research.

Not until 1954 did Masters embark on his study of human sexual behavior. The first few years were relatively fruitless, but in 1957 he took on Mrs. Virginia Johnson (divorced) as his assistant and the real research began. The majority of the material was gathered through observation rather than inquisition. After twelve years and some 700 volunteers, the results were printed.

Today, Dr. Masters is more convinced than ever of the significance of his work. His research continues now on the strength of the royalties received from *Human Sexual Response*. He is a man who does not give a damn what the world thinks of him. Maybe we need a few more like him.

The "Geetar"

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
PERRIN GLEATON

The guitar (geetar, in sub-Mason-Dixon latitudes) is the most grossly misunderstood of all instruments. Even so, it seems to have worked its way into almost every phase of our modern social and economic structure. This one item, for example, is the backbone of Great Britain's economy in this post-Beatles era. Who would have ever thought of the guitar as an economic instrument, having notable effects on gross national product, price indices, etc.? Even here in the colonies it's had its effects—be they good or bad. One popular magazine recently stated that over 3,000 guitars are sold every week in the U. S. A. And this number is increasing. If these sales continue to rise at the present pace, in fifty years every man, woman, and child in America will own 2 1/3 guitars, banjos, mandolins, or related stringed instruments. The irony of the situation is that no one seems to be learning to play them. What, then, is happening to all these guitars? They're found crammed into already-crowded pawn shop windows, 8 out of 10 dormitory rooms in any college or university has one hanging on the wall or shoved under the bed. Real "kool" guys carry them on the beach to get attention. It doesn't matter that they can't play them. Some just carry around empty guitar cases. Status you know. Mothers have been known to plant assorted flora in those "cute little holes" in the top of the instrument. If the guy in the next room plays his stereo too loud, an electric guitar is a great way to retaliate. Especially if you can't play. Rarely is the guitar actually used to produce fine music. All of which has nothing to do with the purpose of this article, which is to relate a colorful history of the guitar—inaccurate though it may be.

Cavemen (Fig. 1) probably originated music, by some accidental means. Perhaps he found that certain pleasing tones were produced when his war club made a sharp contact with the cranium of some local game animal. The animal, however, didn't find the methods very agreeable, and quite often the caveman had great difficulty in persuading the animal to help with the arrangement.

Then, over thousands of years, music as we know it began to emerge. The first really modern musician was the old wandering English minstrel (Fig. 2) and his lute. The lute was the immediate forerunner of the guitar. It had as many as twenty-four strings. The minstrels used to walk around the shires singing love songs, folk songs, protest songs, and civil rights songs.

Then our minstrel decided he's shoot for the high life, so he went to work for the royalty (Fig. 3) as the court minstrel. Guitars came into use during this period. Our minstrel became quite popular—particularly with the Queen; which was fine until the King found out. The minstrel shortly thereafter departed for parts unknown for reasons well known.

It's believed he went to Spain, because the guitar became very popular in Spain in this period. The Spaniards developed their own style of music based on guitar, the fiery flamenco (Fig. 4). A piece of advice: don't try to play this if you have weak wrists.

At any rate, the guitar became more and more popular. Stradivarius himself began making guitars. Song writers began writing classical music for the guitar. Then came a period of relative obscurity for the guitar. The piano came into being as the popular concert instrument of the day. But this didn't last too long, because the slaves (forgive me, M. L. K.) picked up the guitar and blues got its start (Fig. 5). The blues is original to the South. It's about the only thing the "yanks" couldn't steal during the war of Southern Heroism.

Blues grew and developed, and soon jazz was born. Jazz (Fig. 6) is a very individual and highly emotional, inspirational type of music. It inspires the musician to drink, smoke pot, take dope, and generally become ruined and degraded in a nice 5/4 rhythm.

Enter rock and roll (Fig. 8). Few of these "moosicians" can even handle a 4-stringed uke, yet they have 2-neck, twelve-string guitars, and 8-foot amps with tremalo, echo, reverberation, fuzz tone, stereo, mufflers, bass and normal channels, high frequency tone and presence controls, and other complicated electronic gadgets designed to rupture the eardrum. These "mods" have had a lasting (I fear) effect on us. Look around the next time you go to class. No, that guy's not a waif! He's supposed to look like that.

And of course, the surfing music (Fig. 7)!! "Get your little deuce coupe, and we'll hang ten before your daddy takes your T-bird away to the little old lady from Pasadena" type stuff really hits home. Ugh! These surfers are real characters. However, I've yet to see a salt-waterproof guitar. Good Luck!

And lastly, and leastly, we have the modern folk-rock singer. This guy may look familiar. He wanders around the country singing love songs, folk songs, protest songs, and civil rights songs. Ain't it amazin' how music has progressed in the last 400 years!!

OPEN DOORS

A Chronicle Short Story

By GARLAND G. GOODEN, JR.

Distance can become a sudden eternity when you're cramped inside a hot phone booth holding a warm, sticky receiver to your ear and your palms are sweating. One hundred miles can become a specific type of hell when you find yourself on the lonely side of love with words you should have spoken finally coming to you, flashing through your mind and slowly breaking apart the picture of her face. You lose all sense of touch; you lose what her skin felt like when she lay on the certain grass of a particular field in some single white afternoon.

The things taken for granted are in a split second impersonal and you view them outside yourself, like dreaming, noting the detailed infractions of a memory grown imperfect through all the hours of her presence.

The mouthpiece smelled faintly of beer and saliva as Jack Phillips held it, saying little and hearing nothing. He read the numbers on the dial from one to zero and back down, then spoke.

"Molly, don't hang up," he said, as if the force of his voice would make her realize that it was about to end.

"I have to. I have to go now. Jack, please don't ask me anything. I don't know any reasons."

The phone was placed on its hook one hundred miles away, and it sounded as a click in his ear, followed by a droning that in its first instant was painful, then receded out of consciousness. He read the dialing instructions on the pay phone five times before hanging up.

The receiver jingled as it settled in the hook, and with the sound, Jack realized that he had lost two years of his life as he might lose an arm, the hurt at first being deadened by shock. Then, very slowly, the facts began to settle, and he knew at once exactly what had occurred.

"You'll never find anybody like me," he had told her, and that thought kept striking at him as some sort of revenge.

He stood up slowly, there being nothing else to do, as if he were stretching after a long sleep, reaching out after some part of her to ward off the shadow world of loneliness that he knew would set in.

Jack Phillips walked down the corridor past open doors. His face was unreadable, set like cement; things could be carved on it like a sidewalk, initials denoting great events or love affairs, or just the desire to perpetuate oneself. He felt his face grow old as he passed the light of open rooms, as if the evening's scars were evident in his skin. He didn't look into the rooms, but felt the people alive inside them, playing cards, talking, reading, some studying.

His own door came before him like a tombstone, silent and chill. He pushed it open and entered the cold light of one desk lamp, taking a seat opposite the door, and feeling that the room was strange, somehow different from when he had left it, but knowing at the same time that only he had changed, had been changed. The situation was not the same.

The fan labored in the window behind him, and his fingers told him a cigarette would go well.

Molly, he thought. How do you quit loving somebody?

He looked at the open door where people seemed to pass at regular intervals, like small machines, alarm clocks set to go off. They were all talking about things that wouldn't in-

terest him, but that he somehow wanted to know and understand in order to talk with them.

Jack did not feel any regret because he knew that it had not been made final between them. There would be letters and phone calls and visits, and though it might still end, it was not finished yet: there were still things that had to be said, reasons that had to be given.

There was only this wonder that such a thing could happen, the amazement that in one swift moment a hundred miles away, Molly did not love him any more, that she wasn't going to marry him or have his children: things they had never discussed, but that seemed inevitable.

A shadow fell across the doorway and Jack looked up into Hodges' cynical face.

"Me and Steve and Horns and Eddie are going down for a beer. You want one?"

The material of Hodges' work shirt was pulling at the buttons around his stomach, and the shirttail hung out over his thighs as if nothing were underneath him at all. Jack almost smiled, and Hodges face was set to grin if anything amusing were said.

"No."

"What's eatin' you? Cancer?" Hodges was unable to be serious at any time or place, and used bad lines to avoid it if necessary.

Hodges could not tolerate sadness of any kind, and he took the silence as a form of sentimentality. He turned, caught the jamb in his hand, and looked back in, staring at Jack with his ready-to-smile-sarcastically eyes.

"You sure?"

Jack nodded. Hodges reached across the door handle in some sort of natural action.

"Leave it open, Meat," Jack said.

Hodges looked at Jack, shook his head rapidly in a smile and walked off down the hall.

Leave it open, leave it open, he thought as he rose and went toward the door.

"Meat!" he called after Hodges. The other turned and looked quizically at him.

"Wait a minute," Jack said.

"Well, I *do* wish you'd make up your mind, Phillips."

Jack closed the door against his back and turned to lock it, glancing at the number and nameplates.

Phillips, he thought. That seems like a reasonable name for a door.

When he got down the hall, Hodges swung into pace beside him.

"I knew you couldn't resist a beer, Phillips. You just can't do it."

The walls of the corridor constricted around them and forced them out the front door. The air was not cold or wet, only something that touched Jack's skin as he walked.

The door of the inn rattled open before him, and he knew immediately that he did not want to be here. The smell of stale beer and stale beer drinkers slapped his face, the odor of vomit was ingrained in the walls, cigarette smoke because drinkers had to occupy their hands, noise because they had to hear themselves. The darkness of the outer room was too heavy, the fluorescence of the game room too glaring.

Jack ordered a beer and he and Hodges sat down in a booth with the others, who had all had about three beers and seemed to be working on their eighteenth.

A few hours passed with hollow dialogue and warm beer. Hours in which he saw Molly in some remembered situation each time he raised his bottle or rubbed his eyes from the smoke. Hours in which he felt his rationality folding away from him like a door closing.

The fluorescence flickered out, leaving only a dim glow resembling light from hidden candles. They rose to leave, stumbled out the door into a wall of cold air that slowed them down, made their feet steadier, even though their eyes seemed to be constantly forgetting to see the ground beneath them, their minds spinning around a thousand ideas.

Hodges followed Jack to his room, entered behind him.

"Leave the door open, Meat," Jack said.

Jack sat heavily in the chair beside the window, the one light burning on his desk throwing Hodges in shadow as he sat on the bed.

"Where's J. C." Hodges asked.

"He went up to see Cotton."

With the great ability beer has for letting you down suddenly and solidly, Jack felt his mind slipping down into a kind of remorse in which you aren't sad. You only feel a little angry and rained on.

"What in hell do you leave the door open for all the time?" Hodges spoke loudly to kill the silence.

"I don't know," Jack said. He had never realized the fact.

"Well, I'm going down and rack out."

Hodges rose and went to the door, looked back over his shoulder with a smirk that said "too many beers" and walked down the hall.

For a while Jack sat still, his legs crossed and his hands held loosely together under his chin. He waited until his brain stopped riding waves, then got up and went to lean on the door jamb.

Down the hall a door was open and light from inside the room flowed out over the floor of the hall.

One left open, he thought.

It's because you don't want to be alone.

It's because you don't want to be left out of everything.

It's because you want to know that somebody's awake somewhere or walking around with something to do.

It's because you want to see somebody go by who doesn't care about anything.

You're with it tonight, Phillips, he thought, and smiled at himself.

Jack turned around and pulled the door closed, smiling. He set his alarm and got undressed. With the light off, he crawled into the bed and lay there, his head on his arms, sleep reaching out of the bottom of his thoughts, wondering. Wondering to himself what he would do, though he never looked in open rooms, what he would feel if he walked down a corridor and all of the doors were closed.

LIBRARY AWARDS

BY WILL SHORE

For design, above and beyond our most stringent standards of excellency, the *Chronicle* takes great pride in bestowing the Fred E. Bush Aesthetics and Form Award upon the Clemson University library.

The taste shown in the selection of furnishings is a definite indication of the caliber of our designers. Again, our hat must needs be tipped. The brilliant oranges contrasted with the livid greens, yellows, and subtle blues is a sight neither to be forgotten nor soon duplicated.

Photographs courtesy of *Don Collins* and *Al Levine*

In addition to our own humble expression of esteem, we have the honor of presenting the Amalgamated Fire Fighters and Smoke Jumpers' Award for the number of exits present in this veritable Parthenon. Of 28 doors, canals, runways, and drainage ditches, only four are open for entrance and exit. This is an obvious effort on the library's behalf to prevent the occupants from exiting in an unorganized fashion and toppling over one of the 37-feet-high balconies in case of fire, plague, famine, or nuclear holocaust.

The third of many acolades which has been showered upon our library is the Corning Glass Award, presented annually by Quincy P. Corning, a retired Lithuanian jug-blower. This award, given for the best utilization of plate glass, has been won for three consecutive years by the U. N. Building, and it is indeed a great honor that the newest addition to our campus has been selected as having more plate glass per square inch of floor space than that renowned structure in New York. And, although the Corning Award does not apply, we should wish to congratulate the planners for having gone to extra expense to utilize softly tinted glass, quite evidently to prevent snow blindness among the students who might perchance be gazing in the direction of one of the four walls.

As a fourth and final award, our library is the recipient of the Brooklyn Plumbers Local 223 Certificate of Excellence. The magnificent view afforded the women's toilet and surrounding fixtures is the epitome of taste and forethought.

We humbly place our tribute among these, in the hopes that the library staff will look *around* and, with sighs of a well accomplished task, say, "My God, what we have done!"

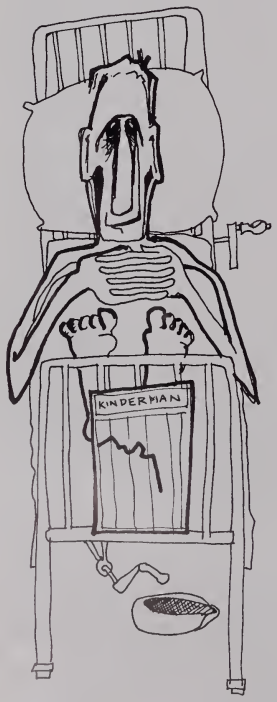
E = mc3

POISON

THE WOUND OF MR. K

By Dr. Mark Steadman

The following is an excerpt from an unpublished novel which was written some seven or eight years ago, and which seems likely to maintain its present status indefinitely. The basic situation is this: The central character, Christopher Kinderman, has been run over by a truck and injured in such a way that he cannot move or speak. Through the entire course of the novel he lies on the bare mattress of a hospital bed. There he is visited by a series of people who want to use him in one way or another.



The attorney consulted by Candi Sewell Tort, arrived at 2 o'clock. He was a man of medium height and great enthusiasm. Aggression and determination were his salient characteristics, and typically, he had called his client, instead of his client calling him. Sewell kept a keen eye on the hospital admissions column in the newspaper, and whenever a promising accident occurred, he was the first to get in touch with the family or survivors. Christopher's case, he had decided, was imminently worthy of consideration, and had called his home as soon as he could borrow a dime for the telephone.

Candi had not been very receptive to begin with, and in fact had been rather irritated by the call, since one of her favorite television programs, "Are You Cheating on Your Husband?" was then in progress. But Sewell was nothing if not persuasive, and he had managed to interest her in his proposition—to wit: that someone should be liable for the expenses incurred by her husband as a result of the accident. Although he was rather vague as to particulars, he was vehemently convinced that someone should be sued. Candi, whose mind functioned best on a general and undefined level anyway, caught the enthusiasm of the young lawyer, and the repeated references to court action, and collection of damages, struck a responsive cord. For the first time in three years, she missed "Are You Cheating on Your Husband?" And not only missed it, but missed it without knowing she missed it. The spellbinding effect of the thrill-vicarious, to be sure, but real just the same —of receiving large sums of money for no reason in particular, except that of being selected to appear on the program and relate the more intimate details of one's extramarital activities, for a person of Candi's proclivities were tremendous, and her unmurmuring for goal could only be taken as a testimonial to the eloquence of Sewell Tort's argument. That plus the fact that Candi correctly interpreted the lawyer's proposition as a real-life counterpart to precisely the sort of thing she would have been getting at secondhand on the program. As Lawyer Tort continued to outline the case —still in general terms—Candi's visions of a veritable inundation by large sums of money swept her away. She became rapt. When Sewell inquired whether or not she would allow him to take the case, her reply was a foregone conclusion. He assured her that he would get to work on the problem right away.

"What is your husband's room number?" he asked.

There was a long silence at the other end of the line. "I don't know," said Candi. "They'll tell you at the desk. How much did you say you thought you could get out of them?", "them" being unspecified.

"Oh, thousands," said Sewell expansively. "They'll pay for this all right. Just you leave it to me. I'll call you later this afternoon. Where will you be?"

"What time," asked Candi.

"Say four o'clock."

She thought a moment. Four o'clock on Tuesday. That meant the children's cartoon show. "I'll be here," she said.

"Call you there," said Sewell. "And I'll have good news for you, believe me."

After talking to Candi, Sewell spent a short five minutes in thought. This was a splendid prospect, to be sure. He had not had such an enthusiastic reception in some time. In fact, were he candid with himself, he would have said that he had never had such a one at all.

Sewell Tort had drifted into the practice of law. He had no natural aptitude for it, and in fact thought that Blackstone was a health resort in Arkansas. But he had been pushed in that direction by his family who hoped that some day, when Sewell became a great trial lawyer, he would be able to reopen his father's case and get him released. The elder Mr. Tort had attacked a Howard Johnson's restaurant one Sunday afternoon under the impression that it was a meeting house for Martian spies. So deftly had he wielded his axe that only two waitresses and the manager had escaped.

When the police arrived, thirty-two patrons and several employees lay slain, and the fountain equipment—as noted by the auditors when they arrived several days later—was beyond repair, a particularly dastardly blow, since it was not insured, as were the patrons, Notwithstanding his odd behavior, Mr. Tort surrendered docilely to the authorities, noting modestly that he had only done his duty.

He was incarcerated in the city jail, and was questioned closely by a team of psychiatrists in order to determine whether he should stand trial or be sent to a mental institution. During the interrogations, a warm and jovial relationship sprang up between the prisoner and the interrogators, and they were noted by several witnesses to laugh raucously upon occasions as if, indeed, they found something very funny. Upon moving closer in an attempt to discover what they were talking about, however, these witnesses were greeted by angry stares of disapproval, and directions to move on. At the end of two weeks of therapy, the director of the group of psychiatric counsellors was asked to submit a report. The request produced the following document.

To whom it may concern:

Disposition of the Case of Angus Mallichi Tort

After extensive questioning of the suspect, the psychiatric board appointed by the state of ____ finds the following in connection with the alleged mental incompetence of the suspect.

ITEM: Subject displayed extreme anxiety in connection with anal stimulation, indicating an arrestment in preschool adolescent erotic fixations. Potty was removed from the cell to note reactions. After three days subject displayed such anxiety reactions as inquiring repeatedly where the potty was—alledging that he wished to use it. A high degree of cunning was exhibited at these times.

ITEM: Subject cheats at cards. Collectively the psychiatric team lost fifteen dollars as a result of its investigation, which the state should reimburse at the earliest opportunity.

ITEM: Subject consistently feigns hypochondriacal symptoms in an effect to enlist sympathy. Complained of numerous aches and pains, especially in his right leg. Examination disclosed a state of rheumatoid arthritis which caused partial immobility of the affected member, but hardly of such magnitude as to adequately account for the exaggerated reaction displayed by the patient.

ITEM: Subject characteristically reticent to discuss his recent activities. When questioned as to frequency of coitus, he feigned blushing and confusion and spoke in a vile and obscene manner to the questioning person.

ITEM: Subject displays classic symptoms of paranoia. Asked examining committee repeatedly to leave him alone, under the obvious delusion that he was being persecuted.

As a result of the foregoing investigations, it is the opinion of this committee that the subject must be adjudged legally sane. Though interesting tendencies displayed themselves frequently, they do not appear to be of sufficient magnitude to justify a judgment of insanity—though they are interesting enough in themselves to prompt the committee to recommend a stay of execution in order that the subject may be further observed.

Respectfully submitted.

The judge took this document under advisement, and instead of a death sentence, committed Angus Tort to a mental institution where he is to undergo lifetime observation. Mr. Tort has subsequently remarked on the injustice of this sentence.

Mrs. Tort, Sewell's mother, went into a violent state of shock upon the occasion of the arrest of her husband from which she could be roused by neither threats nor cajolery. At the end of the trial she returned to a semblance of normalcy, but from that day forward she always walked with a pronounced limp—a fact which was not too surprising, considering she was a clubfoot.

Sewell, who had been hardly more than a child at the time, had come of age overnight. Talking a vow at the malformed feet of his mother, he swore to right the wrong inflicted upon his father. That he never actually did this remained something of a disappointment to him, but after four attempts to reopen the trial, the judge pointed out to him that if he succeeded in having his father adjudged legally sane the victory would be highly pyrrhic as that was the only thing keeping him out of the electric chair. Sewell pondered these words and decided to give up his lifelong fight, a decision which his mother wholeheartedly endorsed.

The chimera of his father's freedom having been snatched away from him, Sewell set about earning his living by the only means for which his monomaniacal preparation suited him. Unfortunately, although he had an excellent background in legal practice as it applied to his father's case, he was not so competent outside that narrow phase. The law office where he had read had been operated by a man who did not, in fact, practice the law at all. Dan Buncombe was a bookie by trade, but had hung out a shingle as a front for the establishment which he ran. Although Sewell read for the law in Dan's office for two years, he never knew the deceit which was being practiced upon him. His entire course had consisted of an abnormal psychology book, and back issues of the Congressional Record for the years 1931-1932. Dan was prepared to let his protegé continue to read indefinitely, but it became necessary after only two years to change his front, so he had bought Sewell's way through the bar examination to keep him quiet. Sewell resolved to be as much of an opportunist as his originality—which was sadly deficient—would allow, and he had taken to chasing ambulances, in the most literal sense of the word.

He had not been very successful, for his appearance always worked against him. There is really nothing

(Continued on page 31)

Gentlemen's Choice

CU-COEDS

Seven is a pretty good number, if you really think about it. I mean, it's a really solid number, not like six or eight. It's got class.

And seven has a proud heritage, too. Like, "One if by land, seven if by sea," and "Fifty-four Forty or Seven," or even "Twenty-seven Skiddoo."

Not that this has anything to do with our girlie feature, mind you. The number seven was purely coincidental. But it did allow for a good selection of numbers, uh, femmes, rather like playing Russian Roulette with seven cartridges, each containing a 'fix.'

So, without further ado, we present our seven lovelies, all being bred presently right here on campus, and all being innocent freshmen.

You know, come to think about it, seven is a pretty big number in card games, too. Our favorite is seven card stud.

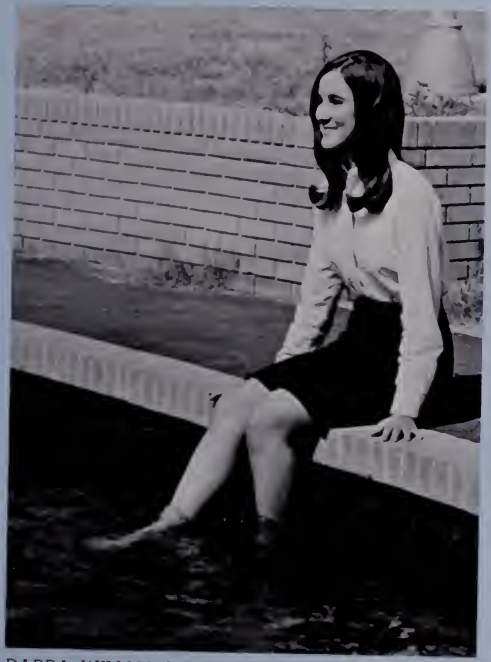
By GARLAND G. GOODEN, JR.

Paul Levine

JOAN HINDMAN

Allen Levine

JOAN HINDMAN



Allen Levine

DARRA WILLIAMSON

Allen Levine

DARRA WILLIAMSON

Allen Levine

MARTY JONES

Paul Levine

MARTY JONES

SUSAN GLENN

Chip Nashickel

Allen Levine

SHELLEY EMERSON

SUSAN GLENN

Jeff Palmer

Don Collins

TEDDEE JANAS

DEEDEE ROGERS

Jeff Palmer

TEDDEE JANAS

Jeff Palmer

Jeff Palmer

DEEDEE ROGERS

Allen Levine

JOAN HINDMAN

DARRA WILLIAMSON

Allen Levine

SHELLEY EMERSON

Paul Levine

Poetry

THE LAST CHAPTER

By JAMES W. BATTLE

"Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See this is new?
It hath been already of old time which was before us."

—Ecclesiastes.

From where he sat it was hard to tell
whether the sun was coming up
or going down,
As it hung on the rim
of the mountains.

Directions of the compass,
east and west
Were feathers that had blown
long since.

"Amos your grandparents will be here soon. Come inside;
you must comb your hair and dust off your soul or they will
think you haven't had the proper raising."

The rocking chair creaked
on the old wooden boards
when the sun disappeared,
And the moon rose up to see
who made the noise;
The stars listened too.

His withered lungs quivered and rattled
inside his chest,
Like proud cornstalks in autumn winds;
Tasting air that had been young
when his throat had clogged with passion
At so many naked ankles
slid from beneath their calico roofs.

"Amos get up it is time for the milking. Don't trip coming
down from the loft, you may break the lantern or your heart."

Pain was now a stubborn weed
that grew inside his ear;
Sending out roots to sap the dreams
That once had made it easy
to see the sun go down again.

Foreign words he picked up
long ago in some lost war,
Kept coming back to smile at him
and ask why
He never returned like he promised.

"Amos hurry and put on your black suit and your pride. You
musn't be late for your own father's funeral."

The moon was full now
and the night stretched out
To make a bed for him.

RUDOLPH E. LEE GALLERY

Oskar Kokoschka, Graphic Arts

Reviewed by Bill Etheridge

If you cultured upperclassmen would bear with us a few moments, we would like to furnish the newest members of our student body (alias RATS) with a bit of information to expediate their enlightenment in the fine arts.

Your attention, please, RATS! Just this side of the realm and abode of our agriculturists, there lies an institution of erudition commonly referred to as the School of Architecture. Housed within this cultural center is a facility—open to all students—which strives to bring to our campus collections in sculpture, visual arts, and the other fine arts.

Thus, it is our purpose in this column to keep the student body informed of all the valuable opportunities for cultural enlightenment they have and are missing. That's right, missing! Because this facility is one of the most beneficial and yet neglected found on our campus.

Now let us be honest about this, you guys. The majority of you have several free afternoons a week. Logical deduction tells us that the atmosphere of the Rudolph E. Lee Gallery is far more inspirational and beneficial than the Clemson Theater or the YMCA pool hall. Furthermore, it takes a negligible amount of time to tour the Gallery (although the essential significance of the displays demands close scrutiny), and the approximate twelve shows to be displayed this year will only take one per cent of your bull session time. So let's bring a little culture to Clemson, eh, fellas?

So much for the ranting and raving.

This month the Gallery is displaying an exceptional collection of lithographs by Oskar Kokoschka. Featured in the show are illustrative lithographs. Though simple in line and form, his works express tremendous feeling and depth.

The collection on exhibit in the Gallery is perhaps some of his best endeavors. When one knows the story behind the lithographs, he cannot help but feel the deep perception of emotion the artist expresses.

This first collection offered by the Gallery is well worth taking in. Furthermore, this is only a sample of the quality offered there throughout the year. Also the exhibits this year are being organized under the direction of Mr. David Von Hook, director of the Columbia Museum of Art, Columbia, S. C.

Tremendous amounts of time and money go into making the Gallery a facility for serious and relaxed enlightenment for all visitors. Art is but the wings for the inquisitive mind to fly with. Let us exploit this opportunity to its fullest.

Bird Thou Never Wert

By JAMES W. BATTLE

"O God! It is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood."

—LORD BYRON (Prisoner of Chillon).

It was the hottest July we'd had in ten years. Two days before the All-Star game, which we were all anxiously looking forward to watching on our new RCA color set, my great-aunt somebody, with little or no respect for the inconvenience it might force on her relatives, died peacefully in her sleep. We packed up the car; David and I sitting in the back seat with our little sister who always got carsick in hot weather, and drove two hundred miles into the red-dirt wilderness of south Georgia for the funeral.

Ten miles outside of Lincoln, the town where my ex-aunt had lived, my sister threw up all over David and the back seat and my father pulled off at a small roadside grocery store and sent me in after some paper towels.

I had just wet the towels down in the outside spigot and started sopping around in the floor of the car when a long red Lincoln pulled in beside us.

"Hi, folks," I heard a voice boom, "you down for the funeral or just passing through?"

"Why, Uncle Charlie," my mother said indignantly, "you know good and well what we come down here for. You know I'd never let old Melly die without coming to her funeral."

"Good to hear it," Uncle Charlie shouted back, "it's gonna be a nice'un. Rose and her bunch drove clear up from Jacksonville, and Pierce and them'll at least be up for the picnic this afternoon."

"What picnic?" my mother asked.

"Well," Charlie answered, "since it's so seldom that the whole family gets together, we figure'd this'd be a good time as any to have sort of a reunion."

'Sounds nice," my mother said, obviously enthused with the idea, "it'll be nice to see all the old faces again."

"Yeah, won't it," Uncle Charlie laughed. "Now, why don't you folks drive on out to the house. I got to pick up some potato chips and beer and things and I'll be out as soon as I can."

I finished cleaning up the floor, threw the soggy paper towels away and we drove on out to my aunt's house, our flagging spirits considerably lifted by the prospects of a clan outing. It was a beautiful day for a picnic.

It took us almost two hours to drive the remaining ten miles to my aunt's house since once you left the main highway the road was more a rumor than a reality. One of my uncles, in an attempt to assist those of us who were unfamiliar with the route, had painted up some signs on scraps of two-by-fours and tacked them conspicuously on pine trees along the way. "Four More Miles To Aunt Melly's House" . . . "Melly's House and Funeral—Two Miles" . . . "Turn Left At Dogwood Road—See Aunt Melly Before It's Too Late" . . . "Picnic and Wake—One (1) Hundred Yards".

There were several dozen people there when we arrived: lolling under the pine trees, setting up long plank tables and arranging food on them, and a few were down by the lake fishing. Aunt Melly's cousin from Milledgeville met us at the door and after dispensing a round of dry kisses that smelled faintly like dandelion wine, she led us into the parlor.

"I reckon you want to see Melanie first," she whispered, "the truck just brought her and we set her up in the guest room."

"Lead the way," my father boomed, "that's what we're here for."

The coffin, a tasteful affair of knotty pine, was set up on two sawhorses and banked with wreaths donated by the Daughters of the Confederacy, the intermediate Sunday School class of the Second Baptist Church of Jesus Christ of the Valley, and several other organizations to which the deceased had belonged. The body was wrapped in white muslin and the hands, folded piously across the breast, held a worn copy of the Bible, a plastic rosary, a 12 by 10 glossy photograph of my second cousin from New York making his Bar Mitzvah, and a paperback edition of the Baghavad Gita. "Can't be too careful these days" my aunt explained.

"My God, she looks so peaceful lying there," my mother sighed, with a slight intake of breath for effect, "so contented, so at peace with the world, so . . ."

"Of course she looks peaceful," my father interrupted. "Those funeral directors are real technicians these days. Look at that smile, I bet it took them hours to twist her old face into that. Why . . ."

"That's not what I mean," my mother said sharply, "I mean she just exudes an aura of peacefulness and . . ."

"Sure," my father answered patiently, "it's like I said, those boys at the parlor can do anything; smiles, frowns, grins, smirks. Just wax'um up some before they get too stiff and . . ."

"Oh, Jesse, you're impossible," my mother sighed, ready to drop the whole subject.

Before she left she made my little brother David stand on the kneeling platform and give Aunt Melly a farewell kiss. He was fairly upset about this but Cousin Aurrie promised him he could have the pennies off Melly's eyes if he'd be a good boy and do what his mother told him. He wasn't very excited about a lousy two cents either but my mother convinced him that a penny saved is, etc., and he finally reached up and gave her a little peck on the cheek.

"Have you got any change, Jess?" my mother asked as we started to leave, "I hate to leave Auntie naked like this."

All my father had was an old Liberty quarter and a bus token but Aurrie and my mother decided it was better than nothing.

The picnic was pretty well under way when we got out in the yard. My Uncle Charlie had two kegs of beer iced down in the goldfish pond and great-uncle Ralph, Melly's husband, had a wash tub filled with something which he guaranteed would raise the dead; but when Dave wanted to take a cup inside and try it out my mother just told him to be quiet and mind his manners.

There were over a hundred people milling around the yard by now; relatives, friends of the family, curiosity seekers, a carload of Seventh-Day Adventists from Atlanta who had mistaken the festivities for the Orville Freeman Campaign for Souls which was apparently somewhere in the near vicinity, and a class of third-graders from the Lincoln Elementary School who thought it was the County Fair and kept wandering around asking where the Ferris Wheel was.

The menu was somewhat limited, due to a misunderstanding or lack of co-ordination on the part of the originators, but there were fifty-eight bowls of potato salad and two large jars of homemade pickles and everyone did the best they could. Uncle Charlie, after several trips to the wash tub, speared two goldfish on a fork and said he was willing, if everyone would recline on the grass, to try praying over them and the potato chips he had brought from town, and see what happened, but everyone was so busy fighting over the last of the pickles that he couldn't rouse up much interest.

The enthusiasm sort of died down after the potato salad ran out; the Rollers wandered off in the woods and the school kids, when they found out there wasn't a Ferris Wheel or even any cotton candy, packed up and left. My father and most of the uncles were gathered around the wash tub, bobbing for pickles, and most of the ladies stuck close to the goldfish pond.

Finally, when things got roaring again, great-uncle Ralph got up on one of the tables and hollered for everyone to quiet down for a minute. My mother, anxious to voice her approval of whatever it was that Ralph had in mind, jumped on top of one of the beer kegs and started to shout for everyone to listen to Uncle Ralph but she lost her footing on the slippery metal and splashed into the pond.

"Fish the old bitch out!" my uncle bellowed, "and let me get on with what I was trying to say." Several people went to mother's aid but she sat up sputtering, said she was just fine where she was and motioned for Ralph to go ahead.

"Well," Uncle Ralph began, "It's a goddam shame. Here we sit, having a high old time, while someone dear to the hearts of all of us is lyin' in that house with not so much as a stranger to keep her company."

"She's too dead to come to the picnic!" someone in the crowd shouted, but great-uncle Ralph tactfully choose to ignore the sarcasm and went on.

"What I'm thinking is, that this is my dear wife's last day on God's green earth and I think she'd be happier than a dead hog in the sunshine if we brought her out here, right out in the yard so's she could be close to kin in her last hours."

There was a little ripple of dissent through the crowd but most everyone thought it was a grand idea and my father, followed by three other men from the wash tub, weaved across the yard and into the house. They dropped the coffin once trying to squeeze it through the back door and the Bible and rosary fell out, but they finally got her out safely and balanced precariously on top of the beer kegs. My mother was a little put out because they made her get out of the pond, she said the fish felt all tickly swimming around in her dress, but she finally agreed to listen to reason.

Someone suggested that we ought to all drink a few toasts to Aunt Melly's memory so father got me a glass of stuff from the punch bowl but mother said Dave was only eight and couldn't have anything stronger than beer.

"Long live Great-aunt Melly!' shouted Uncle Pierce, who was lying prostrate under one of the tables.

"Dig her grave with a silver spade!" cried my little cousin Sally Hommingjobe from Macon.

"So long, it's been good to know you," sang two of my spinster aunts.

Pretty soon things got out of hand and everyone began shouting toasts, trying to out do each other. "Melly! Melly! Sweeter'an jelly." . . . "Three cheers for Aunt Melly!" "Giv'um hell, Mell" . . . "Give us an A, Give us a U, Give us an N, Give us a T" . . . "For she's a jolly good fellow" . . . "Speech! Speech!"

All the noise and confusion brought the Rollers back and they agreed to sing out with a few hymns and Uncle Ralph got out his fiddle and everybody chose partners and formed a big circle around the goldfish pond. "Swing your partners round and round!" the Rollers chanted, "We're layin' old Melly in the cold, cold ground! Double back and sashhay fro', you bring the shovel and I'll bring the hoe! Now promenade down and ball the jack! She's goin' to Jesus and she won't be back! Ladies to the front and gents to the rear! There's nothin' like religion and good cold beer!"

The dancing and singing went on for nearly an hour until everybody got so hot and worn out they could hardly stand up.

"Let's all go down to the lake for a nice cool swim," Uncle Ralph suggested, and in a few minutes people were flocking down to the water.

"Hey!" someone shouted, "What about Melly?"

"Bring'er along!" Uncle Ralph called over his shoulder; so me and three cousins grabbed her off the kegs and joined in the procession.

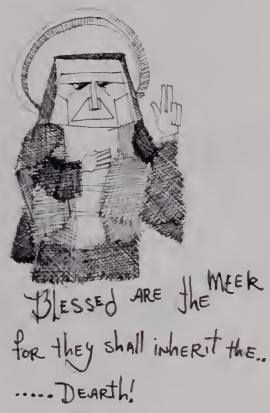
The water felt fine and we discovered that the coffin was well made and watertight and so we floated her out in the lake a ways and kind of let her drift around. Dave, who'd had a little too much beer for his own good, decided it wasn't fair that Aunt Melly

got to ride around in the coffin while everybody else had to swim so he climbed in and I started pushing him out towards the middle of the lake. Pretty soon all the kids were hollering for a ride and Uncle Ralph decided we had to be fair about the whole thing so he lined up all the kids who weren't too big and gave them all a turn to ride. My mother got mad and said she was Aunt Melly's favorite niece and so she ought to get a turn to ride, but Uncle Ralph told her she was so full of beer that she'd sink the whole thing if she tried it.

It almost did sink once when Cousin Brownie, who was only six but big for his age, tried to stand up and knocked the seam loose. It wasn't a big leak but it was steady and the situation was a little tense until my father found an old bait can on the bank and then if you bailed fast you could still stay afloat.

Aunt Melly didn't take too long to get fairly soggy and all the kids said she ought to have to get out for a while but Uncle Ralph wouldn't go along with that. He said it was Melly's coffin and she should get to go on every ride, so the children got mad and wouldn't ride any more.

By then everybody had had just about enough swimming so we carried Aunt Melly back up to the yard and set her back on the kegs. Uncle Ralph filled up the wash tub again and while everybody was having a few more, Dave, who still didn't believe what Uncle Ralph had said in the first place, decided to try the stuff out. He got a big cup full and while no one was looking he pried Aunt Melly's mouth open with a spoon and poured it in. The stuff wouldn't go down of course and her mouth filled up quick and some trickled out the corners and down her nose. Dave wasn't the kind of boy who discourages easily so he found a bigger cup, filled it and doused her again. She still didn't budge so he poked her a few times experimentally. "Aunt Melly. You hear me, Aunt Melly?" When she still didn't move he decided it was all a lie and so, just for spite, he pushed the coffin off the kegs and into the pond. Nobody was paying any attention and so it just floated there for a while, water seeping in through the cracked seam, and finally disappeared.



THE WOUND

(Continued from page 18)

inherently inferior in a cross-eyed hair-lip who lisps, but for some reason people always took him at face value, for which reason, needless to say, Sewell did not prosper. By taking elocution lessons he had managed to overcome the lisp—except upon rare occasions when he was excited, but there was nothing that he could do about the other afflictions. After two remarkably unsuccessful years, he had finally diagnosed his difficulty, and had to decided to operate as much as possible by way of phone calls where his unique appearance could not work against him. The call to Candi was the first he had made since taking that resolution.

Sewell had arrived at the hospital a little after twelve o'clock, but when he announced himself as the lawyer of Christopher Kindermann, the receptionist, Miss , fearing the worst because of past experiences, misdirected him. He had spent the ensuing hour and a half roaming the corridors of the hospital inquiring directions of everyone he met, and suffering numerous rebuffs and indignities. Only Miss Bumblequery had dealt fairly with him. He had stumbled out of the elevator onto floor five, more dead than alive, and Miss Bumblequery, mistaking him for a patient, had him into a ward bed and had gotten his pants well below his knees before he could lisp out his purpose. With great chagrin, but a sense of fair play, she had helped him back into his pants, and directed him to room 500. He had not yet recovered his aplomb, what there was of it, when he appeared at Christopher's room. The lisp still impeded his speech, and his eyes, which crossed more violently than ever because of his excitement, had converged to such an extent that after three futile attempts he gave up altogether the idea of shaking hands, and aiming for the chair, seated himself in the wastebasket. His confusion left him after a few minutes, when his eyes had had time to focus on Christopher, after he perceived the condition of his client—which was enough to induce a feeling of confidence in the most cringing sycophant. For once in his life, Sewell felt that he had command of the situation, and Christopher's silence added to this illusion.

"I am Thewell Tort," he announced, lisping pontifically. "Your wife hath retained me to reprethent your case." "Now," he said, a serious expression coming over his face, "let'th get thome factth thraight. You were crothing ———— Threet at approcthimately four o'clock on the evening of yethterday. Ith that tho? Nod, pleath." Christopher nodded. "Very good," said Sewell. As he relaxed, the lisp became less pronounced. "You were struck by an unidentified vehicle? Good. I mean, not for *you*, now course. Hah! Hah! Hah! Now, no idea what kind of vehicle? Couldn't have been a bicycle I think. Hah! Hah! Hah! Excuse me!" He made out a quizzical expression of Christopher's face. "Your wife hasn't told you?" Christopher indicated that she had not. "We're going to sue. I'm not sure who it'll be yet, but you can depend

(Continued on page 34)

A Melancholy Havoc

By Virginia Bardsley

A mere nine hundred years has passed since the famous Battle of Hastings, 1066, an event which has stemmed the course of history. The Chronicle presents the following stylized account in memoriam to the fallen Harold.

As was their wont the English passed the night in drinking and revel and went to battle without sleep or rest, following their courageous forced march from the north.

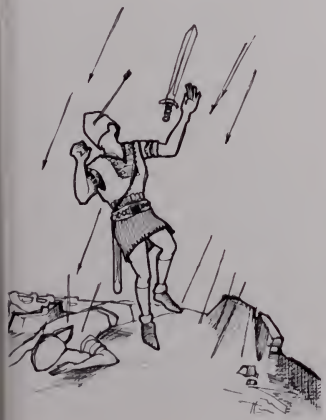
Armed with battle axes and touching shields the Anglo-Saxons "turtle" presented a formidable adversary for the forces of William, Duke of Normandy.

Harold stood near his brother by their standard in the form of a fighting soldier.

By trickery the noble Harold was forced into promising William his sister and England, the former now being dead. To wit Harold replied, "As for the Duke he might have her body, I will send it, but for England it was not mine to promise or now to give."

The battle ensued with little quarter shown on either side. Vicious and unrelenting the living trampling on the corpses of the dead and still the English held. William's cavalry were unable to penetrate the English line.

The Norman archers under orders of their Duke fired their arrows into the air. A shower of shafts fell round the English, raining death from the sky.



The noble Harold was pierced through the eye and the day was lost to the Normans.

Thus by the hand of the Lord it came to pass that William, Duke of Normandy, had taken England. The events foretold by the great comet which appeared at the beginning of that year were known to be true.

"VIVA LE ROI
LE ROI ET MORT."

THE WOUND

(Continued from page 18)

on it, someone is going to pay for this," waxing indignant. "Of course, I suppose it really should be the driver of the car that hit you, but no one seems to know who that was, so we'll have to take the next best thing. The hospital might be a good possibility, but then they always retain pretty good trial lawyers. So it might be best to leave them alone. The doctor would be another good possibility ordinarily, but your wife told me he's arranging to send your body to a medical school, and I should not attempt to take an action against him unless there is no other alternative. I believe, from what I can learn about the case here—these people are very uncooperative—that the best thing would be to try to bring suit against the people who left you lying there in the street. They should be easy to contact."

"Was there a policeman," he asked Christopher, who nodded. "Do you know who he was? I see. Maybe the fellow who drove the ambulance will know."

"I guess that's all for now. I just wanted you to know I'm working on the case, and you needn't worry. We'll make the scoundrels pay. To tell you the truth, I could use a good fee right now. I'll find someone we can sue."

Then, bending closer to Christopher's ear, he whispered confidentially, "If we can't find a really liable party—though I don't doubt for a moment we can—I know a judge who tries a good case if we just cut him in for a percentage. I thought I'd tell you that so you'd know you didn't have a two-bit shyster working for you. I've been around. We'll get some action."

So saying, he placed his hat on his head, and after three tries, during which he sustained several nasty bruises about the face, he made his way out of the door and down the hall. Passing the desk he erroneously pinched an orderly, whom he had taken for a nurse, and spent the next half hour patiently waiting in front of a broom closet, under the mistaken impression that it was an elevator.

Grubfurse P. Dowd was a self-made man, in the great American tradition. He had not been exceptionally bright as a young man, and the sobering effect of advancing years had done nothing to enliven his personality. Still he had a certain understanding of financial problems, and the collateral ability to be in precisely the right spot at precisely the right time.

His mother had been a religious fanatic and the entire family suffered as a consequence of her delusion that the second coming of the Messiah was imminent. While Grubfurse had not inherited the intricate dogma of his mother, he had been duly impressed by the ominous general overtones of her belief, and had early conceived the impression that life was earnest and proscribed, and all the actions of his life were colored by this attitude. He had been known to laugh only twice. Once at a county fair as a child when a high-wire artist missed his footing and fell sixty-five feet into a cage of Bengal tigers; and once as an adult when informed that an exasperating labor leader had been kicked in the head by a mule. There were perhaps additional instances, but these are the only two which have survived.

Except for the tremendous fortune which he amassed, and the seeming lack of any kind of ethical principle to govern his conduct, he had no outstanding characteristics, either of personality or appearance. In a group of strangers he would undoubtedly have been regarded as dull by all who did not regard him as a bore, but, since his reputation preceded him everywhere he went, his morose and sullen disposition was taken for judicious gravity, and the monolithic platitudes which fell from his lips were seized and cherished as pearls of homely wisdom by millions of people, many of whom had sense enough to know better. No biography of him has yet appeared, probably because, except that he made two and a half billion dollars in his lifetime, by the most conservative estimate, there is nothing to say.

In his personal relationships he was not so much lacking in principle as unaware of the matter of principle in the first place. His wife was one of the most beautiful and prominent women of his day, and their marriage was an affair of state, but except for a certain grandiose and self-conscious manner whenever she was present, and the fact that she bore him thirteen children, all girls, which it is believed caused him to harbor a certain resentment against her, he never clearly acknowledged her presence at all. In the end, she took up with a series of gaudy consorts to avoid being absolutely bored to death, a situation which Grubfurse, though he

was probably aware of it, never formally recognized.

In establishing himself as one of the foremost tycoons of his day, it had been necessary, of course, for Grubfurse to squash a large number of people, some of whom represented rival interests, but many of whom were nothing more than innocent bystanders. In his early years this necessary concomitant of financial success did not weigh very heavily upon him, but as the years passed—perhaps as a result of sheer weight of numbers, Grubfurse grew pensive, and finally experienced an eleventh hour concern for the mutitude of souls that had been offered up as sacrificial lambs in the course of his rise. As a consequence of this, he bequeathed a certain portion of his riches to be set aside to atone somewhat for the things which he had been forced by circumstance to do. One portion was put into the erection of a gaudy, bastard Gothic church, which was to bear the presumptuous name, "Grubfurse P. Dowd Church of the Blessed Redeemer." A second and somewhat smaller portion was set aside for the construction of the Grubfurse P. Dowd Hospital. The former bequeath obviously being intended to make pleasant the way of those souls which had already passed away, as well as those which the future directors of the Dowd Empire might find it necessary to expunge, and the latter for those who were in process of departing. Though it received the smaller endowment, the hospital was the one of the two monuments which was destined to survive. Perhaps because of the name, concerning which the endowment was most explicit, no religious sect could be induced to make use of its facilities, and finally, after standing vacant for nearly a quarter of a century, it was let out to a theatrical booking agency which installed offices on the second floor and turned the ground floor into a skating rink—"The Grubfurse P. Dowd Church of the Blessed Redeemer Skating Rink."

After her husband's death, Mrs. Dowd maliciously attempted to have the hospital changed into a home for unwed mothers, but her husband's lawyers countered this plan, and, collaring the trust fund which she had set up, the directors of the hospital turned it into the finest and best-equipped establishment in the state.

Actuary Quiblle was an agent for the Sincere Fidelity Insurance Company, and he had served them with enthusiastic devotion for over three years, a longer time than he had ever before succeeded in retaining a single position. Understandably, he was somewhat grateful for the confidence which the company placed in him, and felt that he had found his proper niche in life. Partly out of gratitude, but also, to an amazing extent, out of a deep sense of conviction, "Ack," as he insisted that everyone, including total strangers, call him, talked, slept, ate, drank, and made love "Insurance," the latter of which proved somewhat disconcerting to his wife, but she, being of a permissive disposition, and not much interested in Ack anyway, since she was keeping a gigolo on the side, never mentioned the fact. To those of his friends who were also in the insurance game —eventually all of them were, his monomaniacal conversation having eventually driven off all who were otherwise employed—he was a boon companion, a gracious host, a provocative raconteur. Within the narrow realm of insurance agents, he occupied a lofty and envied position. He had, in very truth, found his calling in life, a thing which cannot be said of many.

To the work, Ack brought some natural abilities; others he developed or discovered as he went along. In the end his personality, from the standpoint of insurance agentry, came as close to perfection as a mortal dared.

His memory was prodigious, and he could quote without hesitation the complete actuarial tables of the Sincere Fidelity, as well as two or three of its major competitors. A frequent party stunt, and one which never

(Continued on page 37)

Poetry

WATCHDOG

By JUDY FOSTER

The watchdog
lies bleeding;
The judge cries;
I do not seek revenge
only freedom
but the watchdog must
die
I pulled the trigger
I am not condemned
I killed the dog
no longer to be guarded
I am now free to live.

CRIMSON PASSION

By S. L. LODGE

The slaughter hastens on,
Breathless, as if fearing some might get away . . .
Away from airborne furies and frothing tribes
Of hopped up little boys
Who fire their weapons, toppling dreams,
Which grew from in the womb to khaki clothes,
Or did not grow at all.

The victims, stupid, stand with tongues
In mouths,
And arms hung by their sides,
Awaiting darkness' crimson fall.

In craven ways, macabre or in anger
It will come,
The bell will toll, and brightness
Of a day spun long on dreams and
Life's delights,
Will be snubbed out, like white-hot coals
Drenched cool by sudden rain.

And everyone that passion wrests from life
Has outcome that is like;
Their memories all flow down
Like melting snow
Which packs its winter clothes and runs,
When climates change and golden sunshine
Strikes with teeth . . . .

They flow from lofty perch where air is clear,
And from the dim crevasse where thick, wet grayness spreads
Downcasting,
To finally gurgle, swirl, and disappear,
In rushing torrents disregard.

They all flow down from heights attained
And glories won,
Yet flow from dreams the same;
The dream to have a few gay laughs,
And smile of love to rid the taste of eggs at morning's dew,
And free the mind from toil.

A simple dream, a simple quest,
But crushed by baser minds
Which feel the depths of desperate doom all around,
Until their bellies fill with tears,
Their hearts but pound out pain to bear
the more;

And languid fingers thrash the heavy dank
Of air that drowns,
Until the victim, blind to caution,
Shares his torment, falling in the crimson passion.
To flounder in a plea for too sweet air,
And whimper with the thoughts of children's tears at hom

The incongruous souls of men . . .
Which soar aloft on angel flights
While others search the dumps for trash
Which smacks their faces red.
And finally tears them down
To sick and desperate means.

All around the vision's reach
Is horror, war, and savage beasts,
Like men,
Awaiting those who had no chance to pray,
Or happened through their rancid lives.

They tremble cold in rain-swept parks,
Or lurk through darkness, cold as granite
Along some pleasant street,
Could be around the block,
Or in a paddy of some Asian land.

THE WOUND

(Continued from page 35)

failed to enliven the evening, was for him to recite these with guitar accompaniment; but since the performance took five hours, it was generally reserved for such gala occasions as Christmas and New Year's.

Although Ack had never, before taking the job with Sincere Fidelity, had much interest in people, he soon perceived that some contact with them would be inevitable in his new line of work. With characteristic greatness of soul, he took up the challenge, and putting his massive memory to work, developed the knack of associating names with faces. This he soon perceived, was a splendid plan. For, with small practice, he was able to recall the first name of any man, or woman to whom he had been introduced at any time. In time, he built up a repertory of acquaintances which prevented his going anywhere at all without meeting a friend. On a hunting trip in the Canadian wilderness he once came across a Japanese tree surgeon with whom he had shared a bus seat for two blocks. It was the same wherever he went.

He was marvelously fastidious in his dress. Before Sincere Fidelity employed him, he had been given to bold cheeks and two-toned shoes. In keeping with the new-found dignity of his calling, he restricted himself to the most conservative and substantial flannels and tweeds—all bought by mail from Brooks Brothers. Wherever he went he wore his hat, mowing the lawn and swimming not excepted. With the new raiment came a new and more substantial perspective upon his duties to the community. Where before he had cared not at all for such organizations as the J. C.'s, the Lions, *et al.*, he developed an attitude of full-blooded participation in every club that was available. He became, in short, a pillar of the community. A pillar upon which he hoped that many would learn to lean in time—or preferably before the time—of need.

Through a labyrinthine network of informants, he learned of all deaths, births, marriages, and other misfortunes. It was this that had brought him to the hospital.

Entering Christopher's room in a jovial manner, for, living with misfortune as he did day in and day out, he did not feel particularly moved at the condition in which he found the young man—except for a justifiable tinge of superiority—he dissembled his jovial humor as best he could and approached the bed.

"I represent the Sincere Fidelity Insurance Company," he said. "I've just been informed that you have become a father, and I wanted to present our little plan to you. Here is a small souvenir. You can keep it even if you decide not to take the policy. In case you're wondering, it's a lead pencil disguised to look like the Taj Mahal, for, you see, that is the symbol of our company. Keep it, it's yours. And now let's talk a little about this policy you're going to need.

"How much do you spend in a year on cigarettes?" he asked, eyeing Christopher sternly. Christopher, in fact, did not smoke, but was unable to indicate this to Ack, which made little difference, for he had comparable figures worked out for coffee, tea, candy, and dry cereal. "For no more than that, you could insure a college education for your child. Think of it—all the advantages you never had. A big man. A success. Worth something in the community. Head of the company. The sky's the limit when you've got that old sheepskin. But," he said, a note of sadness creeping into his voice, "what happens if your child dies before he can collect on the policy?" His voice brightened, "Why, you still come out ahead, for this is a two-way policy which also covers the life of the child. You would collect enough to cover the funeral expenses, and in addition, would be able to take a cruise to the South Seas to forget the bereavement. Or you might even go to college yourself. That's just one of the advantages. I think that I can safely state that no company existing today offers more

Curses! Foiled again!

collateral advantages on its policies than ours. I've described two contingencies to you. Let me tell you of some of the others.

"If either the boy or his uncle (provision F under schedule B also covers cousins and aunts at only five dollars more a year) die by being struck by a freight train, while backing over a federal highway, the indemnity is doubled, unless the engineer is drunk, in which case it is tripled. If either you or your wife drowns while taking a bath, the coverage is the same, though a shower will nearly triple the indemnity. If a pet develops rabies, the veterinarian's fee and the cost of the bullet will be covered. I could actually go on all day—but you get the general idea.

"Of course, you want to be sure you are dealing with a reputable organization when you buy an insurance policy, and let me tell you Sincere Fidelity is one of the best. Why, the company has been in the field for over ten years, and it's outselling all of its competitors right and left. You'll get the highest dividends with this company of any in America today. That's because we're good businessmen. None of your slow-moving, widow and orphans stocks for us. Every penny we have is invested with an eye to quick turnover. Nothing but uranium mines and interplanetary space travel for us. If business just keeps on like it has been going for

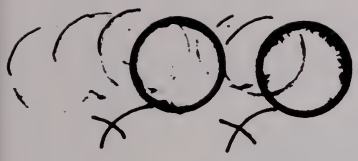
the past five year, you can retire on your dividends alone in another ten years.

"And now, I want to tell you a little story that I tell all of my prospects. It's a story that's done a lot for them —and for me—and I hope it'll do something for you. It's certainly food for thought anyway.

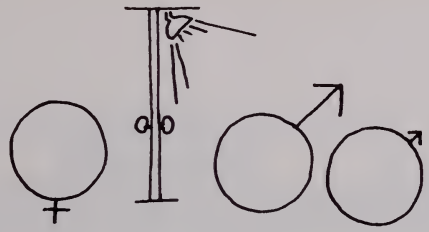
"When I first got into this game," he said, drawing closer to Christopher, "my boss sent me out to talk to a fellow who had just become a father —like you. This guy had been quite successful, he was a sandbag manufacturer, and he thought he didn't have anything to worry about. His home was paid for. He had a nice little nest egg stashed away in the bank—looked like he would work right on through to retirement without a hitch. But then, you can never tell when you're going to get that old kick in the pants from Lady Luck. Well, I talked to him for three hours. Tried to convince him he needed to take out one of our policies to cover him in case anything went wrong. It was just like talking to a brick wall. He knew he wouldn't need help. Nothing could happen to him. So after three hours, I packed up my briefcase and came away. Perhaps he's right, I thought. Perhaps it's better just to stash it away and not buy insurance with it after all. Perhaps, I thought, I'm in the wrong game. Perhaps I should go into the money-saving game. I was very dejected about it, I can tell you. And then, do you know what happened to that very same man?" Ack's voice throbbed with expectancy. Christopher shook his head slowly from side to side, rapt in attention, "Well," said Ack, "as a matter of fact, nothing did. He's still living out there, except he's retired now, house looks like a motel, and all eight of his sons have graduated from Princeton. But," he said, "that's not the point. The exception only proves the rule. Just think of all the things that *might* have happened to him. He was just lucky, that's all. Don't you be unlucky, Mr. Gramling."

Christopher looked at him questioningly. "I said, don't *you* be one of the unlucky ones, Mr. Gramling." Christopher shook his head. "Gramling? Gramling?" asked Ack. Christopher shook his head more violently than ever. "Who, then?" asked Ack. Christopher pointed to his chart at the foot of the bed. Ack peered at it. "Jesus Christ!" he said. "Kindermann! Who the hell is Kindermann? You didn't have triplets this morning?" Christopher shook his head. "You mean I've wasted all this time talking to you and you didn't tell me. Well, I hope to hell you aren't insured. Are you?" When Christopher shook his head, Ack drew himself up to his full height, and sneeringly, as benefitted one in his superior position, said flatly, "Serves you right, you creep."

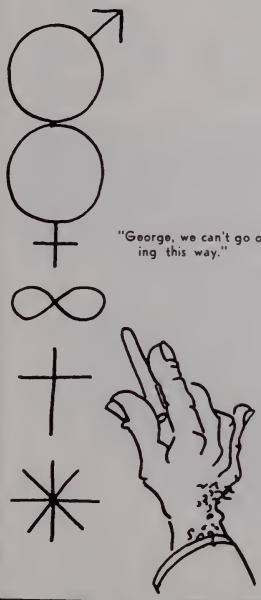
Oh, for heaven's sake, Agnes, go back to sleep! It's probably only the crickets!



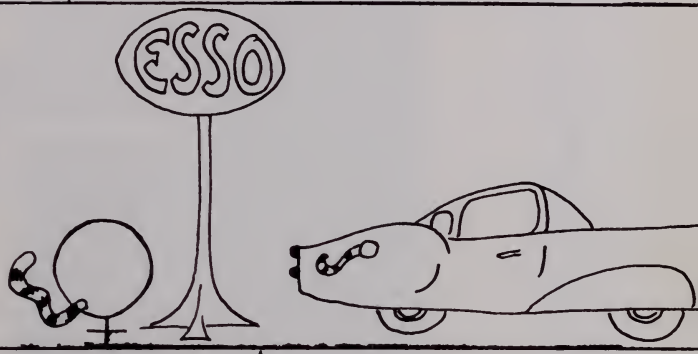
"Don't you just hate to ride side saddle?"



"Arnie, you'll love this girl—she's just your type."

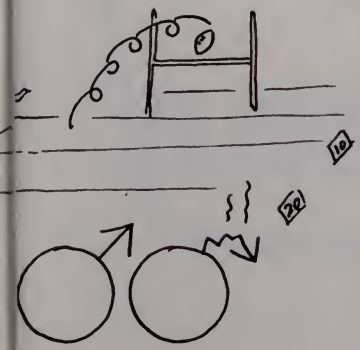


"George, we can't go on meeting this way."

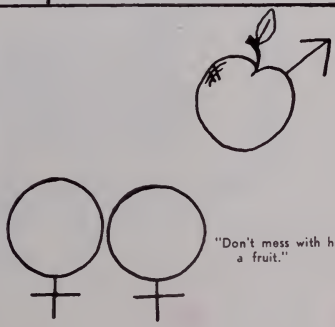


"If you don't think this is hard, you ought to try it."

"Coldest girl I ever dated."



"Fenster, that's the last time I hold for you."



"Don't mess with him—he's a fruit."

CARSON

66

66
ERAMA

TAPS

LAST CHANCE

to buy an annual

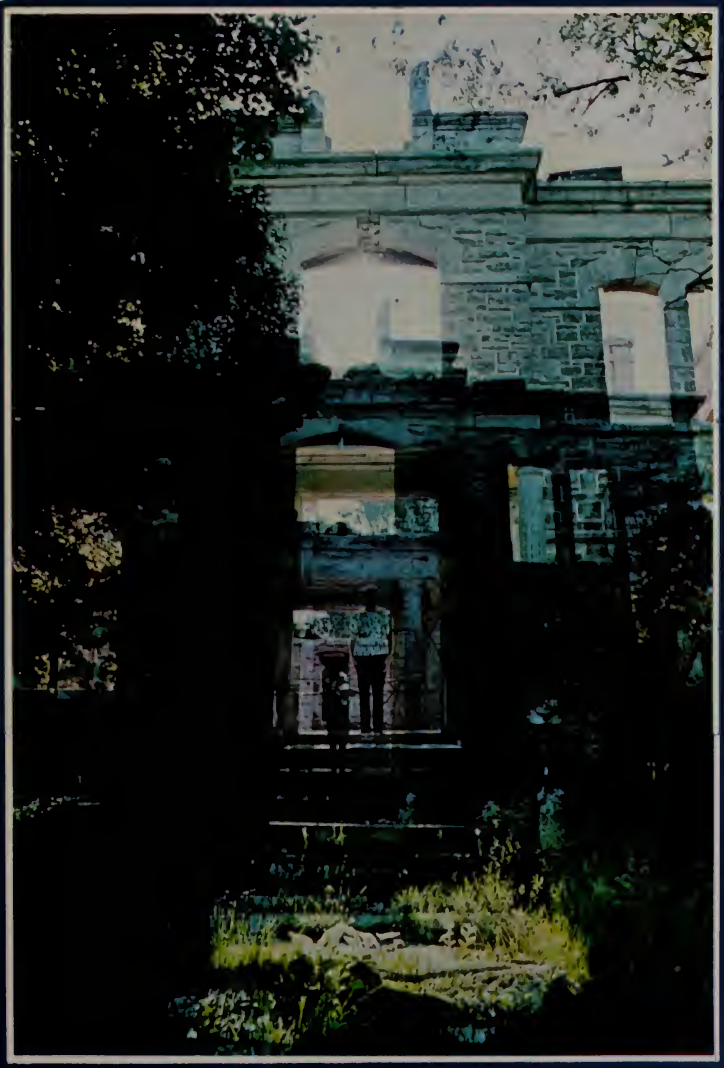
will be announced

KEEP AN EAR OUT

CLEMSON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
SOUTH CAROLINA ROOM

CLEMSON

Chronicle



FEBRUARY, 1967
STUDENT VARIETY MAGAZINE OF CLEMSON UNIVERSITY

C.D.A. C.D.A. C.D.A.

The semester starts off with its usual thrust,
And you promise your parents,
"Its 3.0 or bust!"
The first couple of weeks
Aren't said to be bad,
Providing you get a few greenbacks
From "dad".

Pop tests and hour quizzes
Crowd in your days,
And a termpaper is lurking
In the gathering haze.
You sit tight in your chair to keep you from losing it,
No matter how you try
They succeed in bruising it.
This slight setback makes you
Temporarily sad.
Then you say, "What the Hell—a 2.8's not so bad."

But things start to happen
That push you to the brink.
Like your contact lenses get sucked down in the sink.
Your car's in the shop,
Your roommate loves Dylan,
And your unmade bed creaks.
The pressures are building
There's no end in sight.
You do want to fight it
But there's no way to fight.
And just when you feel
Your psyche beginning to bend,
Your Stability's Saved
Thank God,————DANCE WEEKEND

Bill Chute

Support the Central Dance Association

they work for you

HEY!!

WANT SOME

$HEKEL$?

YOU, of the nameless throng that is the Student Body, and only You can help The CHRONICLE perpetrate and perpetuate

CHRONICLE
Second Annual Fiction - Poetry Contest

Now in all truth, can you seriously say that a few entries on 8 x 10 double spaced typewritten pages are too much work in the face of consequent world fame (if you win, that is)

FICTION	POETRY
1st Place $15.00 and publication	1st Place $15.00 and publication
2nd Place $ 5.00 and publication	2nd Place $ 5.00 and publication
3rd Place $ 5.00 and subsequent publication	3rd Place $ 5.00 and subsequent publication

Deadline March 1, 1967

Send all submissions to: THE CHRONICLE
Box 2186
Univ. Sta.
Clemson, S. C.

The decision of the judges will be pending gifts and libations sent to the indentical address.

E-3
CLEMSON
CHARITY

CHRONICLE EDITORIAL

If ever there has been a year for communications here at Clemson, this is definitely the year. The increased interest in more and better communication is evidenced by greater student participation in the vocal and written communication endeavors here on campus. The enthusiasm is found not only among the students, but also among the faculty and administration, indeed the whole campus community has awakened to the important role that such organizations fulfill, whether they be daily, weekly or quarterly, radio, newspaper, or alas, magazine.

In a recent interview with University officials, the question was raised as to the importance of our campus communications, and if they were being effective in their analysis of today's events locally, nationally and even globally. By and large the opinions expressed by these people were positive on all counts. It was pointed out that the role as "bulletin board" has expanded and evolved in much the same way as students interests have changed. Today's student is concerned with issues, this is proper, said administrators. This it would seem should be our task.

Just as our task is to present issues, it becomes our job also to present thought provoking, yet factual representations of these so called issues. Our responsibility to the reader is to present facts, not as a lever to sway opinion, but as a foundation for opinion to be structured upon.

In a technically oriented school such as ours, *The Tiger*, *WSBF*, and the *Chronicle* are a means to an educational as well as informational end. Each in its own way provides an outlay for creative expression and an incentive to the individual to develop his potential talents. The individual involved in student communications has the opportunity to view firsthand the Clemson story in its various attitudes. He has the opportunity to meet and discuss issues with those who are making the news. Because of this involvement he is a better student and a better person.

Today, in 1967 there has been yet another addition to our ever-expanding communication network, television. This new improvement in Clemson's communication vocabulary has expanded our vocal and now visual communications to a proportion of ever-increasing complexity. For now it seems that a collective positioning of all communications in a University Communications Center would likely be the next step. Eventually arriving at a curriculum involving these various facets of communication arts.

If ever there has been a year for communications at Clemson this is obviously the year.

There are times when words are inappropriate, times when only thoughts can speak, the passing of a friend is such a time, the words, the thoughts, the friend, Jerry B. Addy. To his memory a scholarship fund has been established, a perpetual fund that will allow a Clemson student to continue his education. Contributions may be made through the Student Body Chaplain George Rush, Post Office Box 3644, Clemson University, Clemson, South Carolina, 29631. We of the Chronicle along with Clemson University and the family urge each of you to contribute to this most worthy Memorial Scholarship Fund.

ZME-ōd'

Dirge

(Dirirge, Domine, Deus meus, in conspectu tuo viam meam)

By NINA HARRIET DULIN

Now that the time has come
Through dark days of dying leaves
To turn the page and heave
A sigh for those who've yet to go from
Day to night.

I pity them.
And still I envy all their light;
Insight. To years packed tight
With days that dare to pass from dim
Life to dark death.

Portrait of Johnnie

By SAM SMITH

The greenth degree of man was born in '67.
Not very bright—not very merry.
He bought and sold his books and so
Became the Leader. Not very Red of him.
But still his Blue Miss loved him. And they
Raised yellow children in the green, forgetful house.
No diversion. No un-feeling. No loving dead.
A statue of pure silver difuses to his face.
And died in the greenth season of November.

Speaking—
Yet softly, for someone may hear.
Wanting—yet calmly, for no clock is present.
Screeching to shadows, praying to moons,
kissing your fetish, fold neck.
And always the sunrise burns the eyes—
Always, forever, slapping your face, Laughing Openly—
and you and me.
The sun rises but it sets too. And you stand, softly
in the cool; softly, waiting to be heard.

In a cover of 2 blankets
By a sheet of warmth and depth.
When the air says cold, and, fetish,
Partly showers hang above.

On a night of warm aloneness,
With the thought that love is near.
By the goodness of a memory
With the comfort of a beer.

Groundbreaking

By GARLAND G. GOODEN, JR.

Sleeping was like dying in that dark age
when all we had were dreams and lofty lines;
waking was the futile madness of a printed page,
long empty intervals between the clatter
of typewriters and the shutting down of time
beneath the covers; little matter.

Coming home, quiet room, quiet town
where you and I with understanding ties
measure out events of great importance; town
where I in dreaming dream our lives together,
drink cold coffee, wish to kiss your eyes.
Familiar place: I have seen it tall with trees; forever

intimate with hours, I have sat with springs,
tossed stones, tasted bitter twigs and lips
and wished for dearer things;
fashioned populations to exist around a grave,
beneath a cloud, beneath my fingertips:
created worlds to which I was both god and slave.

I have bent another dream around the day;
(poised is she, a statue in a garden
who cannot speak authentically, but will stay
long after you have felt and been,
have folded up your life and gone your way.)

Shaft from Life

By BOB SEGERSTRON

A long narrow descending dirt road
that turns out to be a dead-end
And you finally thought you knew
where you were going.
Make like reverse till your neck's sore
and the engine produces a penetrating
and irritating stench which seems to
beg for relief from over-exhaustion.
Tries to stall
Swear a little
Bright lites force your eyes to close for
three-fifths of a second
They open again only to find them brighter
and closer.
Something's coming at you
Coming faster than hell.

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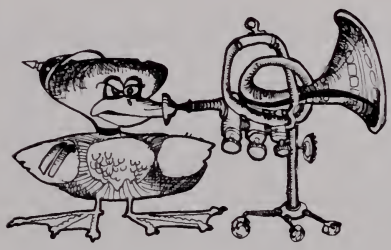

Blow Thy Horn, Not Thy Cool

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OUR COVER

Sam Wang displays one of his varied photographic techniques in full "Chronicolor."

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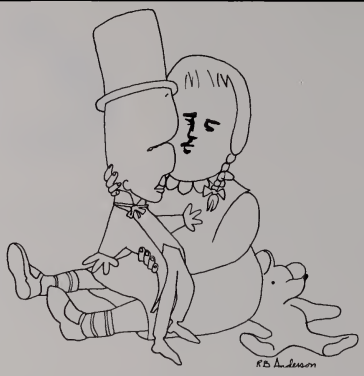
THE MAGIC PARCEL

A Chronicle Short Story

BY PHIL BOWIE



Lainie picked up her heels and stretched to place a spongy stack of envelopes in the porch-post mailbox, so she could talk to her black and white puppy, which was wagging its whole back end and panting up at her. She sat down on the first cement step Indian fashion and pulled the mongrel's head close to her. The dog settled contentedly under her gentle hands.

Lainie had always been gentle with animals, even "old miss lemonpuss's" big chained Doberman down the street. Her mother had made a point of the child's "way with them" to Mrs. Sullivan when the second grade had displayed its crayonwork for parents' day, and the mother had received the compliment that her daughter's fine animal pictures showed a certain unique kind of sensitivity.

She put on a serious face, though her emerald eyes were wider than usual. The pup's tongue lolled sideways as it leaned its head on Lainie's thin wrist and looked up expectantly.

"I just *know* it will come today." she whispered. "Dad said it would come any day now. And he said to be patient, so don't you jump on the mailman and get all excited, hear?"

"Laddie" licked her nose, then must have forgotten the warning as it chewed for a flea just above its left paw; because as a tall figure in a plain blue uniform came silently around the corner, the dog began a low growl in anticipation of its favorite sport. He stopped at the end of the walk leading to the four-room brick rental, holding a small parcel in his right hand. The postman was a different one today, a substitute, so the dog sat there undecided. Lainie pulled open the screen door, leaned inside and shouted, "Daddy it's here, it's here! I knew it would come today. He's got my magic package."

Dad sat at the living-dining room table, his back to the door. "Uh-huh, that's nice, Lainie." He finished writing a twenty-two dollar check to the 'phone company and signed it Earl Whittemore in neat script. Then he began thumbing through the paid bill stubs and mumbling.

Lainie let the screen door slam and ran down the porch steps. The dog rose and padded stiffly down the walk to the uniformed invader, but the figure ignored the pup. All that showed clearly of his face was a slight smile below the dark, rounded shadow of his visored cap.

"Are you Lainie?" he said in a smooth voice.

"Yes, sir." she said, her eyes fixed on the small parcel.

The dog decided the trouser legs were a bit tight for a good tussle, wagged its tail and sat down.

"Then I have a package for you." He held it down to her.

She took it reverently, said "Thank you," and ran back toward the apartment. "Laddie" sat with its head cocked and pink tongue hanging, watching the tall figure blend into the dappling shadows of the tree-lined street, then turned and pranced after the girl.

Lainie burst into the house, letting the screen door slam, and ran up behind her dad. "See Dad? You said it would come any day now."

Earl turned his head. The pasteboard carton, wrapped with glossy tape, was dusty. "Yes, well take it into your room and play now, please. I've got to straighten out these bills. When you see someone's busy, Lainie, you might wait until they're through."

"Yes, sir." she said, and walked across the hall to her room, holding the package in front of her with both hands.

"Was there any other mail, Lainie?"

"No, sir." She put the box on the middle of her white tufted bedspread, moving the braided sock doll grandmother had made for her third birthday. She rested the doll against her rolled pillow between two tattered, stuffed pandas. She addressed them all: "It's Saturday now, and you've been good for me all week, so I'm going to let you watch me open it. But you mustn't tell any of the secrets." And she put her finger to her lips for emphasis. The right-hand panda, a size bigger than the other one, stared plastically out of its smudged face and evidently promised for all of them, because she turned and began to pick at the shining tape. She wanted to peel it off carefully so she could save it in her musical jewelry box with the red rock, the old length of fishing line, the butterfly pin and the bird's nest.

"Lainie. You gave those letters to the mailman, didn't you?"

She brought her fingers to her o-shaped mouth, turned and ran out to check the porch-post box, where she had put them so she wouldn't forget. This time the puppy made it into the house between her legs. She came back in, letting the screen door slam, and said: "I'm sorry." in a small voice.

Earl turned and hung a big arm over the back of his captain's chair, a disgusted look on his face. "Lainie, those letters were important. One of them must go today. You've got to learn to do as you're told, young lady."

She put her expressionless face on and stood there.

"Now I'll have to make a special trip to mail them." He glared and then turned back to the paper-scattered table. He reached into the aluminum box where all the important papers—bills, birth certificates and insurance policies—were kept. Bringing out a sheaf of returned checks, he wondered how many stubs Lois had forgotten to fill out this month. Lainie shuffled quietly past him and into her room, the mongrel puppy bouncing at her heels. Without so much as a click, she closed the door, turning the knob and then untwisting it when the door touched the jamb.

"Now don't you let that dog up on the bed, hear Lainie?"

He heard no answer as he went back to a column of figures. The bank was seventeen dollars under the check stub balance, but he listened with one ear for the sound of that pup hitting the bed springs. He heard Lainie's muffled ooo's and her quick laughs, which always ended in squeaks. Smiling a "what's the use" smile, he shook his head, then went back to adding up in earnest.

In twenty minutes, he had found four of the seventeen dollars. Lois had written it out to the hairdresser on one of the parlor's checks, leaving a scrap of paper in the metal box explaining it in hurried printing. He was resting his forehead on the palm of his hand, sprays of black hair between his fingers, a hopeless lift to his eyebrows. Lainie peeked out of her room through her long blonde hair, her cheeks glowing. Holding her hands behind her back, she came out and walked up to her father.

"Do you want to see a trick, Dad?"

He remembered idly that she had wheedled an old magic catalog from a much older magician who had put on a show for the school kids—for dimes. And two weeks before, he'd given her a dollar and a half, when she had made her bed by herself after only the third threat. He had helped her pick out and send for a few small tricks. He felt guilty for having been so stern when the arrival of the package had made her so happy, and a break from the bank statement might help. He worked up a broad smile and turned to her.

"Sure, honey. But have you practiced the one you're going to show me? You must, you know, if you're going to do them well and make people happy."

"But I don't have to, Dad—practice I mean. I want everybody to be happy."

It's time she learned, he thought. He remembered a trick he'd been given as a boy, a small wooden vase that looked like an egg fixed to a pedestal. The egg shape was split across the middle to form a cup with a rounded cover. It was supposed to make a little black wooden ball vanish. You took the ball out of the bottom half of the vase, showed it to be solid, then put it in your pocket. You showed the cup and cover empty, put the cover back on and said abracadabra a few times. Then you lifted the cover again, but let down a concave shell, from up inside the cover, which was painted to look like the black ball when it sat on the bottom half of the vase. It was a simple trick, the best ones always are. Of course, the vase would look empty again when you picked up the cover and fake shell. Then you took the ball out of your pocket to show how it had magically flown to the vase and back again to your pocket. Earl remembered with a chuckle how he'd dropped the fake shell right in front of his mother the first time he'd tried the trick. Yes, Lainie would have to learn to practice things, maybe learn the hard way.

She waited patiently, her eyes sparkling with the secret behind her back.

He was ready for the worst. "All right, if you're sure you can do it the right way."

She brought out her hands with an air of much importance. She held a small blue plastic paddle, round on one end the size of a quarter. It was an odd, iridescent blue, with silver specks imbedded in it. In the middle of the disc end on one side was printed a tiny, black top hat. He knew the trick, and it was a difficult one to do. The paddle had the empty hat printed on one side; on the other would be the same shaped hat with a rabbit in it. To do the trick, you had to hold the paddle by the handle in the thumb and finger tips and while turning the wrist slowly, roll the paddle quickly a half-turn between the fingers. The fast roll would not be noticed and you could seem to show an empty hat on both sides of the disc; really only showing the same side twice. Then you could show the rabbit in the hat on both sides by using the same sleight of hand. The trick looked good in the hand of a practiced artist, but he knew Lainie would not be able to do it, at least not so quickly.

"See, Dad? On this side there's just this empty ol' hat, right?"

"Yes, I see—and that's a fine looking paddle, too."

"Now watch," she said.

"Aren't you going to tell a story with it?"

She frowned. "No, Dad. I showed my pandas and Sock Annie and Laddie and they all laughed a lot. *They* liked it." She brightened again. "Now just you watch."

She turned the paddle directly over with a slow motion, and there was the printed rabbit in the hat. "See!" she said gleefully.

It was entirely the wrong way to do the trick, but she was so exuberant he hadn't the heart to tell her.

"My goodness! That sure is some trick, Lainie," he exclaimed with open mouth and eyes.

Lainie frowned again. "But you didn't *see* it yet, Daddy." She turned the paddle directly over to the empty-hat side—and there was the rabbit again. It was hard for him to believe

(Continued on page 15)

BOOK REVIEW

BILL YOKE

In this age of modern technology and advanced civilization, can a corporation buy a child? Those who enjoy satire can find an answer to this question in *The Child Buyer* by John Hersey.

The full title of Mr. Hersey's book is *The Child Buyer*, A Novel *in the Form of Hearings Before the Standing Committee on Education, Welfare, and Public Morality* of a Certain State Senate, *Investigating the Conspiracy of*, Mr. Wissey Jones, with others, *to Purchase a Male Child.*

Hersey is a well-known American writer who won the Pulitzer Prize for his novel *A Bell For Adano*. Some of his other works include *Hiroshima*, *A Single Pebble*, *The War Lover*, *White Lotus*, and his most recent work *Too Far to Walk*.

In the Child Buyer, Hersey uses satire as an effective weapon to inject some barbs into several American institutions. Since the setting of the novel is the hearing room of a senate investigating committee, they become his first target. Mr. Hersey combines a sincere senator trying to do the right thing, an extremist to whom every investigation is an effort to foil a communist conspiracy, and a rather pitiful character of very low mental capacity who has trouble following any of the proceedings.

Perhaps the best satire in the book is also the saddest, because it hits a very real problem. In an array of characters that many readers will readily recognize. Hersey launches a clear look at America's teachers and teaching systems. Throughout the book we follow the truely dedicated teacher and educator, a young teacher using his job as a means to another field, the old teacher who can't control his class, and the front office school official who changes his allegiance at will to please as large a number of people as is possible.

Throughout the book the author scrutinizes the overwhelming tendency of today's American to put material wealth before anything. He brings the shocking truth to a climax when two parents trade their son for an attractive array of goods including a car and a color television. They did it, of course, for the boy's own good.

Although some readers may find Mr. Hersey's conclusion disappointing, or not carried far enough, they will find excellent satire and a great deal of material for thought. A most interesting commentary on the times in which we live.

DRAMA - AH WILDERNESS

Often I have harped upon the culture embodied in the Rudolph E. Lee Gallery. Now, for the first time this year, I would like to recognize another phase of culture—and entertainment—which is rapidly growing on our bucolic campus. This is the art of drama. Last semester, we were blessed with three outstanding performances. Although we are dealing with only one of these endeavors in this issue, we hope to bring reviews of the other productions in a subsquent issue.

The Clemson Players' production of Eugene O'Neil's *Ah! Wilderness* was a handsome effort and a night of refreshing entertainment. Riding on the strength of several strong individual performances, the play overcame some rather obvious pitfalls to exemplify relatively smooth continuity. The biggest problem the Players had to face was the poor facilities for the staging of a play. Let this not be taken as an insult to the graciousness of the Food Industries personnel, but rather as an indictment for the need of facilities designed for such presentations. There existed a definite aura of informality throughout the play, which I feel can certainly be attributed to the ill-suited facilities.

Now, on to the production itself! Several members of the cast came through with thoroughly pleasing performances. Rick Gilpin, as Nat Miller, and Duke LaGrone, as Sid, displayed fine form and true finesse in giving the play a firm foundation on which to operate. On the fair side of the cast, Donna Barker rendered a fine interpretation of Belle, the barmaid, while Tondi McGowen also helped strengthen the plot. Most of the supporting roles were portrayed with depth and considerable ability. Perhaps the most disappointingly played part in the script was that of Richard, the leading role. Steve Moseley certainly seemed to be giving his best to the performance of this part, but a noticeable air of ostentaciousness permeated his style. The potential was there but it was crying out for refinement.

All considered, the play was definitely a success. The word is out that the Players' next effort will be early in the spring semester. Certainly we anxiously await that presentation. Let's see that potential refined to perfection.

BILL ETHERIDGE

RUDOLPH E. LEE GALLERY

Photos By Paul Levine

A POET — A MAN — JAMES DICKEY

By Bill Etheridge

The CHRONICLE is proud and pleased to present an exclusive and indeed the first interview of James Dickey. Here is a man of universal appeal, one would think equally at home in a posh sitting room or on a backwoods fishing trip. His visit to CU was an enjoyable one, which we hope to share with you now.

The enormous hulk of a man towers before the audience. His size and countenance are enough to demand the attention of his listeners. Quite easily, he may be mistaken for a football coach of some large Southern university. Unmistakably, he is a man of sports and the natural world, but this man is a poet—one of rapidly growing popularity throughout the country.

James Dickey, to say the least, is an unusual man. If your impression of him is one of an athlete, you would be very correct. From a star high school football player, Dickey went on to Clemson where he was a prize freshman player. Conceivably he could have been one of the greatest athletes to ever attend Clemson, had World War II not interrupted.

The Second World War can be considered the turning point of Dickey's life. As a fighter pilot with an elite squadron in the South Pacific, he sought ways to fill the tension-packed hours between missions. Finally he turned to writing verse. Since that time, poetry has been his life. Upon his return from the war, Dickey switched from Clemson to Vanderbilt, which had a richer literary program. Although he was ineligible for football, he took up running the hurdles on the track team and became a state champion. His major interest was no longer in sports, however, but in literature and scholarship. He took his master's degree a mere one year after graduating *magna cum laude* in 1949.

From college he went on to teach English at Rice Institute. When the Korean conflict erupted, Dickey was back in the Air Force. After a sojourn in Europe, he launched a highly successful career in 1955 as an advertisement copywriter. In six short years he became one of the most sought-after advertising agents in Atlanta and the Southeast. Soon, however, Dickey found that he had less and less time to devote to his poetry. Frustration with having to meet the demanding terms of modern security led him to simply quit the advertising business in 1961. Thus he struck out on his career as a poet in name as well as in heart.

Of course, Dickey was facing considerable doubt as far as financial security was concerned by facing life by himself, but luck seemed to be on his side. Many of the large literary magazines such as *The New Yorker* and *Partisan Review* were well aware of his poetic endeavors. Also there has been in the past several years a vogue in large colleges around the country to support a poet-in-residence on their campuses. Dickey has received invitations from Reed College, in Oregon, San Fernando Valley State College, and the University of Wisconsin to serve in this capacity. When these residencies are added to the many fellowships and honoraria he has been awarded, Dickey has done surprisingly well for himself financially speaking. His works have appeared in a multitude of national magazines among which are *Sewanee Review*, *The New Yorker*, *Hudson Review*, and *Atlantic*. Also, he has published three anthologies to date: *Buckdancer's Choice*, *Helmets*, and *Drowning with Others*. This autumn Dickey is enjoying perhaps the biggest opportunity of his career. He is living in Washington, D. C. as the consultant to the Library of Congress.

Dickey is a Southerner. There is no mistaking this fact. He loves nature, life, and his guitar (which is with him perpetually). He loves Georgia and his home of Atlanta. As a matter of fact, he loves the entire world; but he is frustrated to see that man is losing contact with it and with himself.

Even though Dickey is undeniably Southern, he is not considered to be a sectional poet. His concern is for the

whole world and all men. Unlike the large majority of his contemporaries, he is not a dissenter or a pessimist. Gratitude and happiness seem to permeate all of his verses. This mood can be attributed to his feelings about the significance of poetry. For him poetry offers not only a means of artistic gratification and intellectual freedom, but also a pass to rich individualistic existence. Thus his convictions on life and poetry dictate his subject material. Using both lyrical and narrative styles, his verses dwell upon subjects that are so familiar they sometimes seem to be mundane. He seems to strive to expose exciting truths through simple expression. He is perennially passionate yet clear. This simplicity of subject matter in Dickey's poetry can be misleading, however. He possesses a rare ability to make ordinary things seem so clear and simple, that he forces insight and perception out of the reader's subconscious mind.

Last April 2, Dickey was back on the Clemson campus once again for a reading of some of his works. Those who heard him received a grand treat. His readings are dramatic affairs. Although he does not try to read anything into his poetry that is not already there, he reads clearly and smoothly. He likes to preface each poem with a little reminiscing. These little comments reveal a considerable amount of information about the poet and the man. They also give the reading an air of informality and comfort. Surprisingly enough, he is quite frank—sometimes embarrassingly so. However, he never fails to entertain and inspire.

After the reading, a question and answer period was held with Dickey,

and it is our privilege to bring to you the highlights of that interview in this issue. Surely, it will give you more understanding of Dickey as a poet and as a man.

Question: What started you in your writing career?

Dickey: Well, I first started, as far as I can remember, by writing letters to girls back at home while I was overseas. The prose was so pure and direct.

Question: Did you major in English at Vanderbilt?

Dickey: I did after the war. I majored in English and minored in astrophysics.

Question: Did your majors give you a good background for writing?

Dickey: Yes, I think so.

Question: What poetry do you favor most?

Dickey: Well, I favor the foreign poems. I just get tired of the English tradition. However, the English poems at their best are better than any other. English is the greatest language ever conceived. Although I am not adept at any other language, I make out for myself in four or five.

Question: Did you stick to any strict form when you first began to write poetry?

Dickey: Yes. I wrote an enormous amount of stuff similar to the most challenging material I could find. I still have bales of that old stuff lying around. Some of them are pretty good, but in my first book I had several poems of strict form. Later I opened up my form a good bit into a more conversational style.

Question: Does writing come easy for you, or is it hard?

Dickey: Well, I'm a little afraid of using words such as "hard" in my case, but when the poems forms in my heart it seems to write itself. It's hard to tell whether it will be good or bad. This makes it exciting. It's as if you were tuned in on some metaphysical radio station. Like some people say, "God gives the poet one line, and he has to work like hell for the others."

Question: Does this one line give you all the poem?

Dickey: No, no, you really cannot say that. I cannot really remember a case where this has come about.

Question: How much time and effort do you put into one poem?

Dickey: A great deal actually. I have one poem that I have 250 drafts for. I have been working for about ten years on it, first trying this and then trying that.

Question: Do you have a special or favorite poem in *Buckdancer's Choice*?

Dickey: No, I think they are all good. There are several in there that could be better developed and that I wish I had done more with.

Question: Are you prone to symbolism?

Dickey: No, not intentionally. However, I do not try to keep it out.

Question: How much do you try to do in one sitting?

Dickey: Well, I try to take a poem up to a point where I know I can take it up tomorrow and develop it further. Actually, I would just rather not work at all if I could not sit down to it for a long period of time.

Question: Do you think poetry is coming back down to the level for the common man on the street to read?

Dickey: Well, yes, in a way. I have never held any great plea for the common man. The trouble with the common man is that he is too damn common. He could not care less. I think that it is the duty of the common man to come up to the mental level of a poet like T. S. Eliot, rather than a great mind like his coming down to their level. It is up to the reader to get up there rather than to ask the poet to come down here.

By JIM McDONOUGH

I am Jesus Christ.

No blood; I walk on water with fishes and bread.

The Devil tempted me and we joined together to plot against and destroy the world. I digested the knowledge of the world and the dust sifted through my nostrils. I choked. The knowledge is naught. It is a mere skeleton of opinions: words filling the great void between our bones as flesh. Words with no order, no meaning. Words, s e n s e l e s s symbols of our imagination of objects that don't exist. Never did exist. Words filling that great emptiness which lives only in man's mind. Only he has a need. We are born. We live. We work. We work to occupy that great expanse of time from birth to death—work that keeps our minds away from our eventual end.

Ah, the mystical wonder life holds for us who pursue and seek its answers.

The vomit of previous generations has placed the burden of civilized behavior upon us. Their mistakes are our lessons, their lessons are our mistakes—but I still exist. I wander from locale to locale seeking anything which is not there. I sit for hours looking at the same dust. Occasionally I brush my teeth. Once I was stabbed by a toothpick. There was no pain, no blood, no mark on my body. I went home and tried it myself, sticking all the sharp toothpicks I could find into my body. I marveled that there was no pain, no feeling at all. I was about to cut off my foots when the 'phone rang. It was a wrong number.

I am in life's slaughterhouse. One of the cattle is to be slain. There is nothing to fear because everything is cut into little pieces and wrapped in clear cellophane—maybe even Baggies. When death comes, maybe I'll turn into a rosetta stone—but most likely sandstone. Written on the slaughterhouse wall was "death" in big capital letters in an Old English script—so thoughtful of them. Smells and odors. Sounds. This couldn't be death could it? Yet it looks familiar. It is my room.

I do not start from the beginning. I do not start from the end. I fly from noplace to noplace. I do not know where I came from—this is not important. I know not where I'm going—this makes no difference. We are all coming and going.

Idealism where am I now?

It's dark. I'm hot and dusty. I have ended my journey to no place—I have arrived. The atmosphere is pleasant, easy. The souls who are really non-souls of non-beings in a non-place have non-faces and non-personalities. Here one commits himself to nothing. There are no responsibilities or obligations, no objectives. There are no opinions to be stated. Were one to venture an opinion, he would be banished, exiled; sent away, and then where would he go? Where do you go when you leave noplace? There are no leaders. There are only followers. They walk a broad and dusty circle with non-expressions affixed to their rotting faces. The stench of decayed, lost non-ideas fills the already heavy atmosphere. Yet, there must be a being or spirit who conceived this empty noplace. I see no evidence of its presence. They say it's that fat, jolly old man with a white beard in a red suit who has an affinity for reindeer. I lack the characteristics of these non-beings. I have not their features. I am only a visitor. It is a purgatory and I dwell in the centuries awaiting my sentence. But there is no judge. The dark silence. The mystic of the minds has past. There dwells no more the colored, distorted past. The present is in the future, the past is today, and the future is never. Maybe I'm never leaving. Could noplace be the end? Is there no other journey to take? Life here is meaningless. This must be the end. It is noplace.

Life is an affectation of the mind; ambition its force. No one exists. I don't, you don't. Only our minds exist and they create all of the situations which surround us.

The mind is my spirit, body, and soul. It creates the situations I encounter; it provides me with all of my illusions. It is the desert mirage, I want it to be there, so I see it, but in reality it does not exist.

Ambition digs its dirty fingers into the deep innards of my mind. It clouds my vision as my optic nerve is injured during the implanting. It becomes a wart on my nose; so big that I cannot look without seeing it. It makes me cross-eyed. I see double. That gives me a headache. The headache makes me nauseous. I take two aspirin; the pain is gone.

A veritable septic tank of ideas full of the waste—excretion of the mind—stated in mere poetic fashion. Endless dirty rooms full of nothingness, void of anything. Holden Cauldfield is a hero, and I am Jesus Christ.

Mood . . . dark, naked, stark.

Light . . . red, dim, cold.

Season . . . hollow, brown, solemn.

Sight . . . dirty, dingy, old.

You're a non-person.

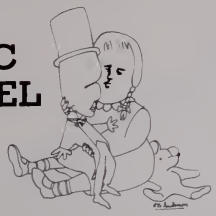
I could tell by the non-expression on your non-face. I like it here, there's so little to do. Boredom is the greatest embodiment of pleasure ever to exist. It's hard to decide how I want to do nothing. I can't decide whether I want to be bored not working, or not playing. Of course I could not participate, but I've done that so many times it's getting too interesting. I guess I'll be bored not working.

I've adjusted here very quickly. Still no sign of the old man with the beard who has that fixation for reindeer. Actually I wish they'd let me know if I'm going to stay or be kicked out. The pressure is beginning to show. Lately my mind has been dwelling on vaguely old-fashioned New England gardens, old lavender log cabin of dreams, the romance of the German forest and the sexual sterness of Puritan days.

I am a reincarnated kleptomaniac. The other me lived in the days of yore during the time of kings and queens. I personally don't steal, but my mind does. It stole my body and took me to purgatory. For some strange reason it brought me back. It's fortunate because my mind is getting weak. It is dying. It has been a long and slow process though pursued with great determination by the assassins. Cause of death—sublimation of ideas, lack of adequate stimulation; lack of interesting conversation. I must get the assassins, they'll be anxious to know. They'll sit around my brain watching it die. They'll choke the last impulse. I must hurry, it's almost gone. Oh, Holden Cauldfield really isn't a hero, and I'm not Jesus Christ.

(Continued from page 7)

THE MAGIC PARCEL



she really knew how to do it even once. If he could find time to help her, she could surprise Lois with it the right way when she got back from shopping.

She turned the paddle over again in her fist. Wrong again, he thought as he moved in closer to see. Lainie bit her lower lip to hold back a giggle. The tiny white rabbit winked at him this time.

He shut his eyes and his jaw dropped a full inch. Damned budget, he thought, as he snapped his head sideways to clear away the figures. Of course the rabbit was gone from that side when he opened his eyes.

"Lainie, I've got to get this statement finished, honey. That's a fine trick—you take it in and practice it some more, o. k.?"

She was turning it over again slowly.

"Right *now*, Lainie!"

"Yes, sir." she said with a start, and she put the paddle quickly behind her and backed toward her room.

He thought he had seen the smallest speck of white fur that last time, like the tip of an ear, at the brim of the empty, printed hat. He rubbed his eyes and focused on the confusing scrawl of figures in front of him.

It wasn't five minutes before she stole back again. "I know you'll like this one, Daddy. We talked it all over, and I practiced it a lot."

Again he felt guilty for having raised his voice, so he watched.

She held out a red wooden vase, like a miniature egg on a pedestal. It had a series of rings around it, but it was the same vanishing ball trick he'd had as a boy. This one was easier to do than the foolish paddle trick, and it look good if she could only do it right.

"We said we would only do this one once, just especially for you." she said.

She's been pretending with those stuffed toys again, he thought. No great harm, as long as she comes out of it soon. She'll have to grow to learn what real life is all about; no room for fantasy or pretending—at least not her kind of pretending. He let her go on.

"See, there's a little black ball in here." She lifted the cover.

Fine so far, he thought.

"Now you watch. We said that we'd pretend the ball is your budget, and we're going to vanish it—so you won't have to worry about it all the time."

He let out a snorting chuckle. If only we could, he thought.

She put the cover, with its fake shell inside, right back over the ball in the vase.

I won't even be able to say it's a good trick this time, he thought. When it doesn't work she'll probably cry—she's much too sensitive sometimes.

She smiled a great, happy smile and lifted the cover, looking up at him with innocent wonder.

He began to look for that little black ball. He examined the vase—she'd forgotten to bring out the fake shell. Maybe in her pocket—he patted the pocket on the side of her dress. Then he looked under the table and down inside his pants cuffs. He scrutinized the carpet around their feet, got up and began pawing through the torn receipts and scratch paper in the wastebasket. He stopped, and with a sickly grin realized that the basket was too far away from her. He clung to one grim thought—it would turn up, it had to.

"We *knew* you'd like that one, Daddy." And she turned and skipped into her room.

Earl pulled out the table drawer, found the little yellow metal box, took two aspirin out and began to chew on them—then it crept up on him, a cold, unreasoning tickle somewhere near the center of his brain. He remembered now—they had ordered three things, and one was a doll of some kind.

"Lainie! What *else* did you get in that package?"

She walked out, holding the little manniquin out in front of her "innocent" look. It was dressed in the long black tailcoat of a magician—a smiling, realistic magician doll.

"Let . . . please let me see it, Lainie."

She handed him over.

It was a plain, cheap plastic doll, with a painted-on smile, a painted-on mustache and painted-on gray eyes. It wore a tiny felt top hat, glued on, and was dressed in a badly made felt tuxedo. It had painted-on shoes. Earl studied it over and over, tweaked the coat-tails, then tapped it on the table and heard a hollow, plastic sound. He inhaled for three seconds, smiled, and exhaled satisfied. He gave it back to her.

With a puzzled look that was turning into a pout, Lainie walked back into her room, then began to cry softly.

Earl scraped the chair getting up and followed her into the neatly cluttered room. He glanced at the bed. The cardboard box was flat black inside, and he saw no label. She'd probably torn it away to save it along with all the other pieces of refuse stashed everywhere in the room. He didn't go near the bed—edged up behind Lainie, who stood in the corner sheltering a doll that only a child could value.

"Why are you crying, honey—they were really *very* good tricks."

"You bumped him on the table, Dad. You could have hurt him."

There was a chill in the room and he thought he'd better go close the front door. He dared one question: "Lainie, did you and that doll . . . did he tell you . . . did you talk over that ball trick with him?" The doll was facing him, smiling over Lainie's curled fingers.

"Of course, Daddy. He wants us to be happy and he doesn't want you to worry. You shouldn't have bumped him."

"Laddie" pocked its nose out from under the bed, then bellied out and looked around. The mongrel jumped up on the clean spread and sniffed inside the empty box. It sat down and wagged.

"Where are the tricks, Lainie?"

"We've put them away," she said, "and we're not going to do them ever again."

"I'm sorry, Lainie. I didn't mean to hurt him. You tell him thank you for me—please?"

Lainie looked at the wall.

Earl swung his big arms, then wiped the palms on his shirt front. He walked haltingly back to the table and sat down to stare glassily at the aluminum box.

He flinched when a rasping, metallic sound cut the fog in his head. He got up, walked to the door and squinted through the screen. The mailman shut the porch-post box and put the letters into his pouch.

"Hi, Mr. Whittemore. Howyadoin' today? I've got a letter here for Lainie."

Earl opened the door and took an envelope with a transparent window. He began a series of jerky nods of his head. "Glad you came back," he said, "you knew I always send out checks on Saturdays, right?"

The mailman shifted the heavy pouch, adjusted his cap to the back of his head and raised one eyebrow. "Sure . . . sure, Mr. Whittemore. I know that." He looked back toward the apartment twice before he reached the sidewalk, saw Earl still nodding, picked up his steps, shook his head and started sorting envelopes.

Earl tore absently at the envelope flap. He took out a thin, folded paper. A dirty label fell to the floor right side up—and he froze.

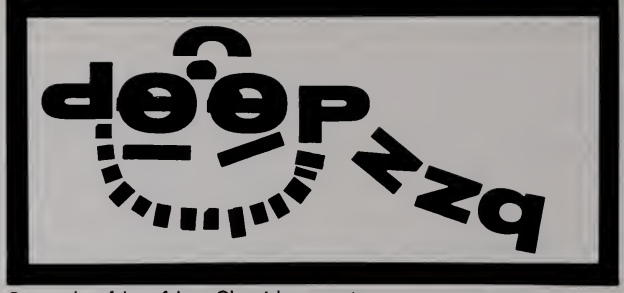
The letter read:

Dear Miss Whittemore:

The enclosed label was found in the Dallas offices. If you will describe below what was in the package it was unfortunately torn from, we will do our best to locate it for you. Please excuse the inconvenience. . . .

Lainie's door was closed. Earl started to say something, then thought better of it. Of course the parcel must have had two labels on it.

He sat down again, but it was a long time before he could bring himself to look at that budget. Somehow, he didn't seem to care about it as much any more.



Get a cheerful earful as Chronicle presents

RECORD REVIEWS

DISCOTECHNICIAN
—John Dozier

Live

DOC SEVERINSEN SEXTET
Command

In his own hokey inimitable style Severinsen manages to botch such favorites as Summertime, Michelle, and Strangers in the Night. There was a time when Severinsen played good jazz, but now he has turned to Chicken Rock. The cover says that this is the exciting new sound of the sixties, if so let us hurriedly depart for the fifties. Severinsen's last two albums have had the same hokey quality, and I can only hope that he will see fit to return to his old style. The recorded sound is certainly not up to Command's usual standards, in fact, in my book it's vying for loser of the year. In fact, the only thing that could give it a run for its money is Severinsen's last album. In summation if you were thinking about buying this album, FORGET IT.

Music of Hawaii

By HENRY MANCINI, his ORCHESTRA and CHORUS
RCA Victor

Mr. Mancini attempted to write and orchestrate Hawaiian music, and he blew it. Every son in the album is full of a triteness which I did not think Mr. Mancini capable of. If you absolutely lust after Hawaiian music then buy this album; if not go out and break the first copy you find. This record should really sound great on a $2.00 portable as it has no highs and no lows, only plenty of distorted mid-range. Overall recorded sound is just awful. In other words it looses all the way around.

Ives

Symphony No. 1 in D minor
The Unanswered Question
Variations on America
MORTON GOULD and the CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Ives will not appeal to all, but to those to whom he does appeal, he stands head and shoulders above any other composer of his time. His music is American in the strongest sense of the word. It is American and yet it is also universal. His first symphony is but a prelude to his monumental fourth, but it can stand alone as one of the great American symphonies.

The Unanswered Question is a short work which mirrors the futility of life. It is perhaps as spiritual a work as can be found, although its basic premise is anti-religious.

The Variations on America, as orchestrated by William Schuman, is also as American as the first symphony, but this time Ives is in a lighthearted vein. The variations range from a tongue in cheek descant to a polynaise straight from the music hall.

Morton Gould and the Chicago Symphony give an excellent account of themselves in the playing of these three works. The quality cannot be faulted. This is a record which belongs in the collection of all who like serious music. If for nothing else buy it for the Variations on America.

The Mickey Finn Theme and Other Favorites

THE RAGTIMERS
RCA Camden

The cover blurb says that this is a musical marriage of Dixieland and Ragtime, and it is just that.

Gentlemen's Choice

Miss Clemson University

Miss Marty Jones

"Here's a member of that fabled family that's hard to keep up with, but easy to look at."

"Why bother, they'd never believe we shot one that big anyhow."

'Momma kitty
Had four more
One would think
she were a ——."

IT'S A HAPPENING OR BJU BOO BOO

THE LOOK OF SAM WANG

By
Bob
Matthew

As a university grows we are often more conscious of its physical improvements and increased enrollment than we are of the progress and growth of its faculty. To some degree this is warranted, in that new members of the faculty often bring to the campus only more of what is already present. There are, however, exceptions; there are those who bring something new—a new talent—an opportunity for us to further broaden ourselves. It is one of such that the *Chronicle* takes pleasure in introducing to its readers.

Mr. Samuel Wang, a native of Hong Kong, is a recent addition to the faculty of the School of Architecture. He originally came to the United States in 1959 to attend college at Augustana College in South Dakota. A fine arts major, he was primarily interested in painting. Upon graduation he enrolled in graduate school at the University of Iowa, and it was

"The Stranger"

here that he became intersted in creative photography. Now a master in fine arts, Mr. Wang actively creates in both mediums—painting and photography. When asked about the difference between the two, he explained, "If generalized, the end-products of both mediums are quite similar—something that begins with reality, something that the artist can identify with, something that the maker is deeply concerned about. The painter primarily creates out of his mind; his subjects are based on images from his memory. The photographer searches for his images in the outside world."

Expressing a personal preference for photography, Mr. Wang professed an interest in "what's happening in our physical world"—a fascination with the "real, or perhaps the photographic, image." This fascination with the real is reflected even in his paintings. Concerning his techniques he said, "I do not preplan my photographs, although a feeling may start me photographing. My general pattern is that I see a situation, get excited, and photograph. I then look for new possibilities and may improve the photograph by altering it in the darkroom—perhaps combining two photos into one. Similar to painting you start with a general idea and it evolves until the final print takes form or is realized in a sense of 'becoming'."

Mr. Wang further explained that most of his photographs have for him a "religious feeling" in that he is "ultimately concerned with them"; others are comments, not particularly serious—purely for enjoyment. Although his subject matter is of personal significance, it is his hope that they are ". . . also of enough universal significance that they reflect more than myself but perhaps reflect the times, a group of people, or all of humanity."

The *Chronicle* presents the work of Mr. Samuel Wang for your appreciation.

"Coincidence"

"Ultimately Concerned with Them"

"Symbol of Some Sort"

"Double Image"

"U.F.O."

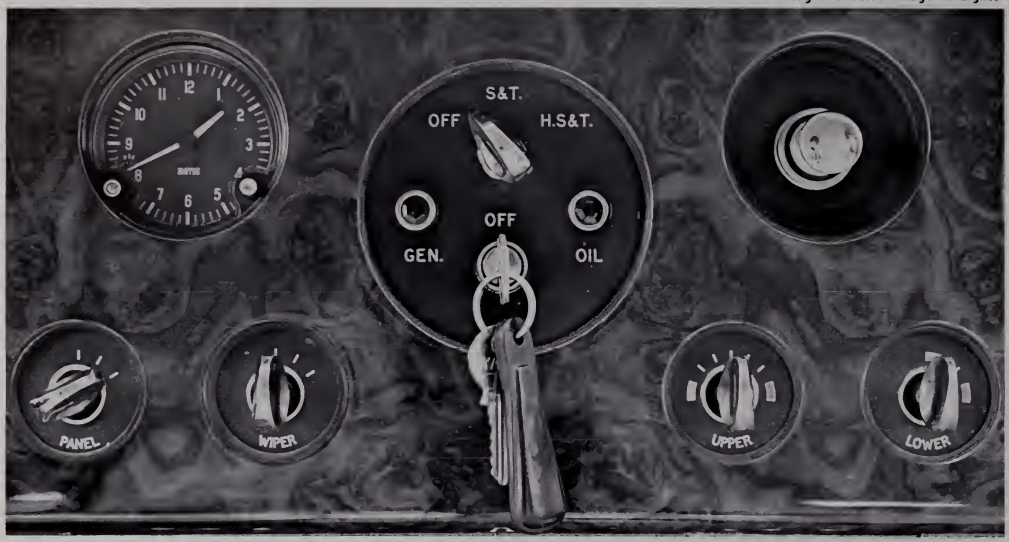
The pursuit of perfection has long whetted man's appetite for something better. The perfection-seeking "Everyman" has sought this rarely-attained quality in numerous and imaginative expressions. Baccarat and Steuben have captured the spirit of perfection in the subtlety of flawless crystal. In automotive annals only one car has captured the elusive spirit so consistently and on such a large scale—the Rolls Royce.

Six decades have passed since the first Rolls Royce Silver Ghost was built in 1907. Although the form has changed from the rakish, wind-in-the-face Phantom II Henley Roadster (of which seven survive, valued at a staggering seventy-five thousand dollars each) to the elegance of the dowager-like Silver Cloud series, the Rolls remains a standard of excellence for the automotive world. With the help of such master coachbuilders as H. J. Mulliner-Park Ward and James L. Young, cars have been crafted for kings, maharajas, and that miniscule percentage of the world's population who can afford to part with twenty to thirty thousand dollars for one automobile.

In contrast to the American carbuilders' philosophy of gadgeted inefficiency and planned obsolescence, it is refreshing to note that the Rolls policy is that of "restrained elegance." The hand polished veneers of French walnut which make up the dash are set off by the classic white-on-black guages of the instrument panel. Nearly four hundred square feet of supple English leather is lavished on the high-backed seats and their individual armrests. Nothing at the Crewe factory is executed in haste; the mating of the body and chassis is the climax of six weeks work—work performed within exacting tolerances and under the constant scruitiny of an inspector's eye (nearly one-third of the 2400 employees at Crewe are concerned with the cars' quality and testing). From the inceptual casting of the aluminum V-8 engine to the final hand-rubbing of the fourteen coats of paint, each Rolls is formed beneath the skilled fingers of a master craftsman—the Rolls Royce is built, not made.

Since the first Silver Ghost rolled from the Manchester foundry of Fredrick Royce and the Hon. Charles Rolls, Rolls alone has retained the timeless aura of the pre-war vintage cars. Rolls Royce will not change for the sake of convention. When the Silver Cloud III adopted the stylish quad headlights, an automotive critic for the San Francisco *Chronicle* noted, "Most Rolls owners and potential owners couldn't care less about the modernity or the utilitarian aspects of the lighting system in Rolls Royce products. Most of them would not be upset if the manufacturers reverted to the acetylene headlights of fifty years ago, and there is a school of traditionalists who, if it were practicable, would prefer to have their nocturnal progress led by link boys."

Editor: Note Photogs Reflected Image in Lighter



ROLLS ROYCE

Nevertheless, Rolls has included several advances in the new Silver Shadow. While American cars are just getting around to double braking systems, the new Rolls has initiated three separate hydraulic circuits, which quite rule out a mechanical failure. A more controversial addition to the car is the designed-in air conditioner, which comes standard on every car. To quote a Rolls representative, "The air conditioner is an integral part of the Silver Shadow. If you don't want it, you simply *don't* switch it on."

Around no other car has such a garden of myths sprouted. It is not uncommon for a Rolls buff to hear from unknowing mouths that the time-honored radiator mascot, "The Spirit of Ecstacy," is sterling silver. In truth, the Charles Sykes statuette (1911) is cast from stainless steel (which, the company notes, " is similar to that used in our jet engines") by the "lost wax" process, thus giving her the rich patina of costly silver.

The Rolls and her sister car, the Bentley T (identical except for the radiator shell and ornament, which makes the Bentley slightly less expensive) have often been said to hold lifetime guarantees (actually they are for one year for the body, three for the chassis). But by far the best of the Rolls myths concerns the Silver Wraith motoring through darkest India when perchance the rear axle fractured. The owner quickly cabled the Rolls home office and a replacement axle and brolly-in-hand Rolls representative were dispatched to the distressed Wraith. When approached concerning the bill, the Official sniffed and disclaimed all knowledge of the incident on the asumption that since Rolls Royce axles never break; it *couldn't* possibly have happened.

The late Lucius Beebe, Rolls buff *par excellence*, delighted in telling of the man who exemplified the "Rolls mystique" by sitting through *Lawrence of Arabia* six times—not to see the dashing Peter O'Toole, but rather the armor clad Rolls Royce.

The era of the Jekyll Island Millionaries Club, red-velveted Pullman cars, and fashionable Grammercy Park addresses has faded and lingers only in Fitzgerald novels. Yet the captains of industry and the British peers have left a legacy of elegance in the form of a car—"The Best Car in the World," The Rolls Royce.

By James Reed

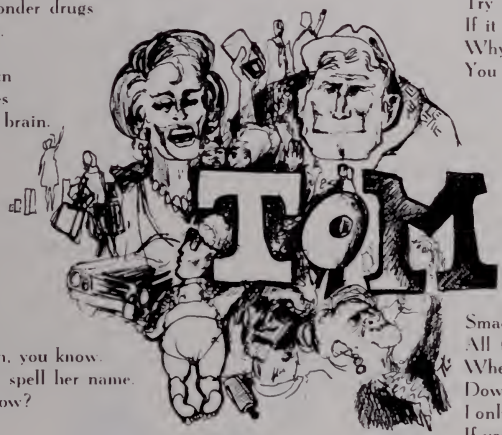
Photography By Charles O'Cain

By FRED BALDWIN

Oh, here they are.
Hurry up with those tables.
Help Aunt Millie from the car.
It's so nice to see you!
Tom, come out and say hello!

Hello.
My, my, hasn't he grown?
He looks just like his father.
Tom, was that a moan?
No mam, just trying to be polite.
How long will they be here?
Till tomorrow night?

Tom!
Go kiss Granny Murphy.
How do you feel today?
I hope that those new wonder drugs
Keep the rheumatiz away.
They do fair to middlin',
But now I've got this pain
That starts inside my toes
And goes right up to my brain.



Mercy!
Is that little Susie?
She'll be three next month, you know.
She can count to ten and spell her name.
Oh me, can't children grow?

Tom!
Stop that mumbling and shake
Hands with Uncle Ralph.
This boy needs a haircut Minnie!
Looks just like a shaggy dog!
My hair's not as long as yours
And it's nowhere near as dirty.
Too bad yours started getting thin
The day that you hit thirty.

Boy!
If I'd said that to my uncle
He'd 'a knocked me down.
That's funny.
I didn't think he could have reached
You through the bars.

Kids today are too sassy.
Where you goin' to school?
Or are you spendin' all your time
Down at Martin's shootin' pool?

I'm going to college, thank you,
To learn to be a writer.

A writer!
Why can't you be somethin' decent
Like your father, rest his soul.
A driller in a coal mine?
And die in some black hole?
No thanks.

When I went to school we learned
The three R's.
That's all I ever needed.
Say, where'd you get that car?

With money from my stories,
The ones that I could sell.
Ma couldn't understand them
But perhaps that's just as well.

Tom!
Be quiet and let Uncle Harry say Grace.
I hope he's more sober than last time,
When he fell flat on his face.
Tom! You know Uncle Harry's sick.
He's not the only one.

Amen!
Mighty nice blessin' Harry!
Seems I've heard the words before.
He used some of the very same ones
When he ran into the door.

Pass the squash.
Ma, Susie spit on the butter.
Well, Tom, she doesn't know any better.
She's going to have to learn.
Try some of Jane's good chicken.
If it was such a good chicken
Why'd they kill it?
You haven't tasted it yourself.

Help Susie with her plate.
Susie doesn't need any help.
Look at Aunt Millie hug her.
I'm sure she doesn't know
Susie spilled a bowl of gravy
On that coat she favors so.

Smack!
All this good food!
When I was a boy
Down on the farm
I only got this once a year an' glad to have that.
If you only got it once a year
How'd you get so fat?
Breathing country air?

Tom.
We'll have none of that!

No!
Is that the truth?
Her gettin' married again with Jim
Still warm in his grave.
It's only been three years
Since he was laid to rest.

I figured she'd do it all along.
She didn't cry when Jim passed away.
Poor, Jim,
I wonder what he thinks looking
Down on such carrying on.
If he's looking anywhere he's looking up.

Tom! What an awful thing to say!
Apologize this minute!

I'm sorry Jim was a drunken slob.

Tom!

Boy, I'll wear you out!

Mommy!
That's my Susie, where's she now?
Locked up in the closet!
Were you afraid in that ol' black closet,
My itty bitty darlin'?

Tom!
Don't look at me.
I didn't put here in there.
I see she's got some matches
So I'd better check for fire.

Your coat's been burned Aunt Sally.
Susie! I'll wear you out!

Tom, have your burned your hand?
Yes.

Well, it's time to wash the dishes.
Where did everybody go?
They have to take their naps.
They need their rest, you know.

Yes, you need lots of energy
To sit and rock all day.
What are they doing to my car?
If he burns a seat with one of
Those stinking cigars . . .

They're just discussing business.
Yes, I'm sure they are.
But you can only say so much
About digging ditches.

Are they going to sleep till tomorrow?
No, here's Granny Murphy.
Looks like she's been out
Running in a track meet.

Go kiss them good-bye Tom.
Once is enough.
Go kiss them anyway.
It wouldn't be so bad
But Aunt Millie needs a shave.

Tom!
Wave good-bye.
I don't think they're leaving.
Granny wants out of the car Tom,
Let go of the door.
She forgot her lipstick.
How awful.
Tom.

See you all next month!
Next month? What happens then?
It's Granny Murphy's birthday.
When's all this going to end?

At least I'll be back at college.
Tom, I hate to tell you this,
I didn't send your money.
I want you here with me and sis.

You lose that way too, Ma.
I won't be able to stay.
Uncle Sam will come and get me.
And I'll go far away.

Tom!

And I'll be glad.

THE FABULOUS CDH

PRIMER PUBLICATIONS Ltd.

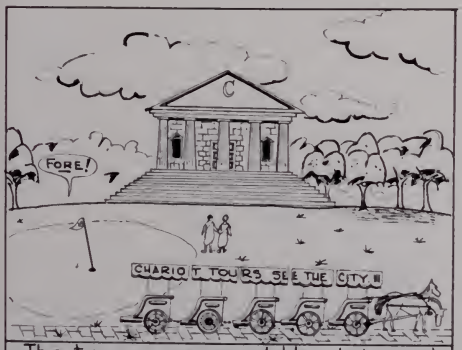
PRESENTS

the MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

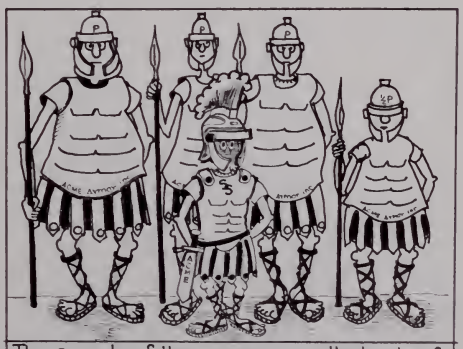
Vol. VI

Once upon a time there was a tiny province called Claemsonia nestled twixt green hills near a great body of water known as the Mare Hartwell. The capital of this peaceful little place was the semi-city state of Claemson and it was near here that an epic struggle of life and death took place. For many centuries this battle was the subject of song and story and great is the fame of the few who dared to stand against the invading horde and by their courage earn the name of the Magnificent Seven....

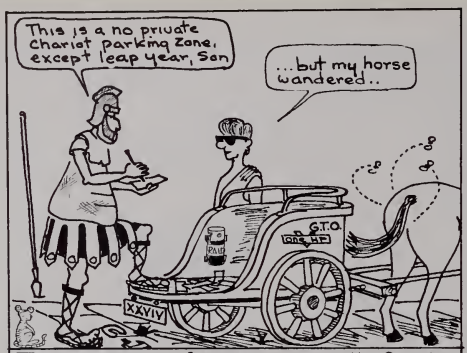
Stinson/66



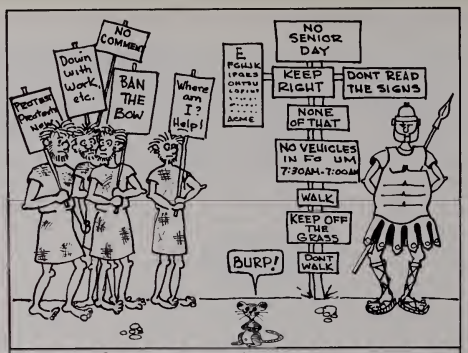
This tiny province was ruled by a high priest whose official title was P.R.E.S. (Potentate of Righteous Entreaty for the Society). He resided in a great temple-like structure situated in the midst of a magnificent golf green.....



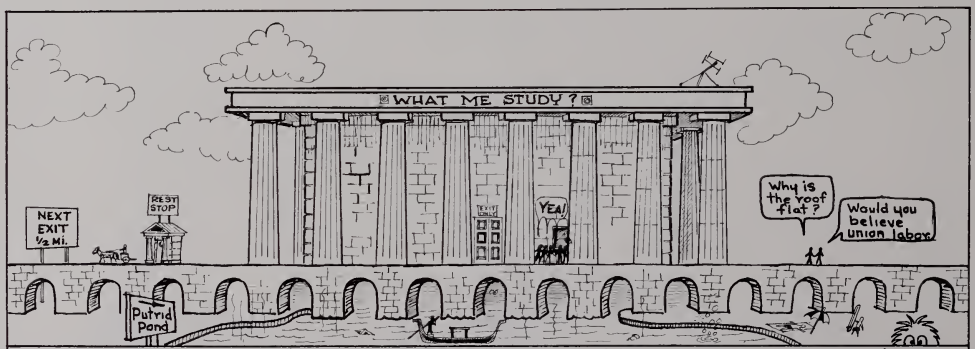
The security of the province was in the hands of an army of mercenaries headed by Supr Sluth and thus they were affectionately known as the S.S. men.....



The army, aside from responsibility for the security, enforced local traffic regulations which were sufficiently obscure to provide vast revenues for the treasury.

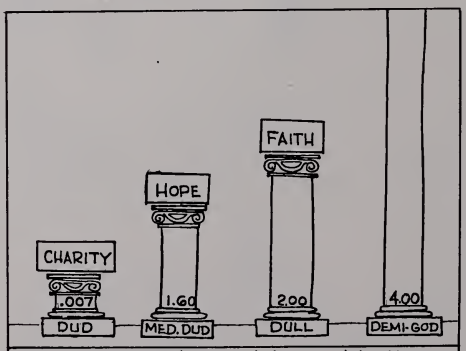


A recent fad called protests, which is the idea that if you don't understand something protest it, had added to the police duties of the army and thus provided a reason for vast new, obscure regulations.

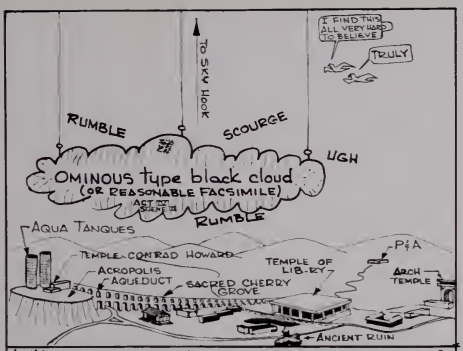


In the center of the Semi-City State and central to the lives of the provincials was the great Temple of Lib-Ry. which was dedicated to Bo-Oks, the god of meditation and sleep. The temple was the Architectual wonder of the world and its perfection was such that even details like windows became objects of close scrutiny.....

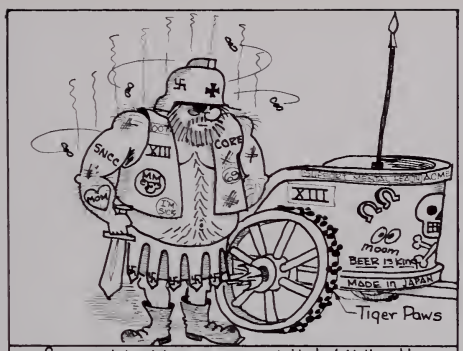
Gladitorial contests were a favorite entertainment of the people and the man who supplied them, Bosfl Baren, held the rank of First Citizen for having been there longer than anyone else....



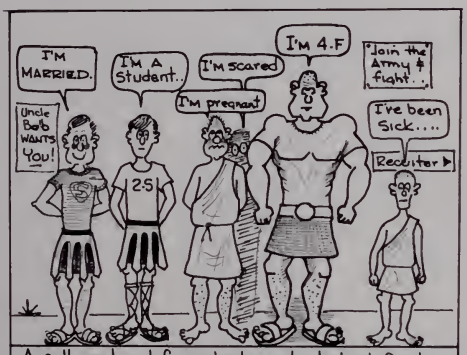
Rank in the society was determined by the somewhat arbitrary Gross Potency Ratio, but it had been around for a while so the rulers were content to "let sleeping standards lie."



Little did the inhabitants of the province know of the OMINOUS dark cloud that hung on the horizon and threatened this tiny utopia with a terrible black scourge of sword, fire and rapine.....

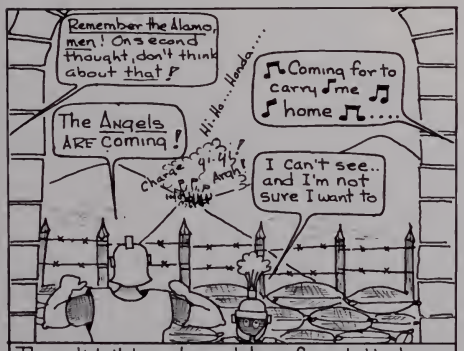


...for word had been recieved that Attilla, the Honda and his Hellenic Angels were headed this way. Not since the Crimson Tide had such a grim danger faced the people of Claemsonia.

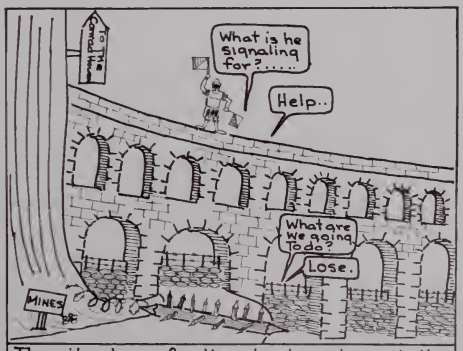


A call went out for volunteers to help defend the province and the provincials responded with typical patriotic fe r in defense of what they held so dear....

Finally Supr Sluth, as commander, managed to round up six of his troops who didn't have any sick leave left. The seven defenders marched out to meet the invaders and destiny....

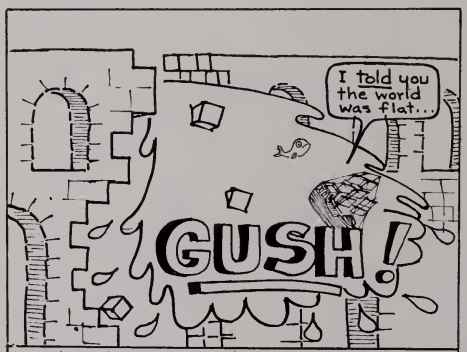


They didn't have to wait long for at that very moment a cloud of dust appeared and from it in a thundering chorus came the blood chilling cry of "Hi-Ho-Honda"



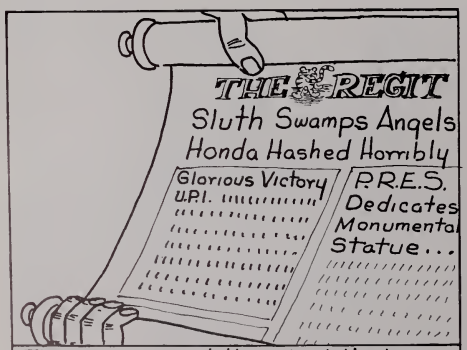
The site chosen for the stand was beneath the ancient aqueduct in Acropolis Pass and here the Seven waited for the thundering horde of Hellenic Angels to attack.....

The battle was joined and it was a contest of qa·nts. The combatants struqql d tooth and nail, and despite the fantastic odds the Seven held their own, for a while. Then the battle beqan to turn aqainst aqainst the defenders and it may have meant disaster except for a sudden twist of fate as a careening chariot struck the ancient aqueduct and loosened support stones .....

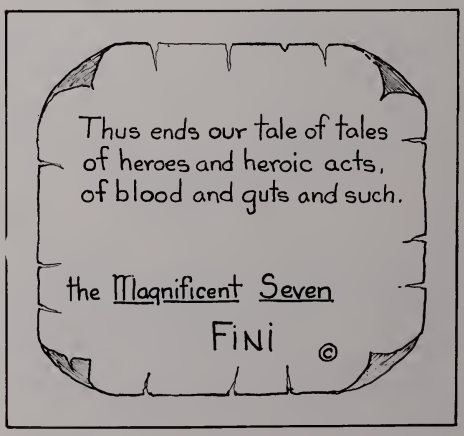


...which broke the duct. A tremendous flood of water came crashing down on the scene of the battle and drowned the conflict in an awful deluge.....

As the water receded a somewhat different scene was viewed. The Hellenic Angels, washed by flood, shone clean in the sunlight and were thus reduced to complete impotency.....



The news spread throughout the tiny province and great was the fame of the the Seven. The victory promised to far outshine the greatest of the greats.....



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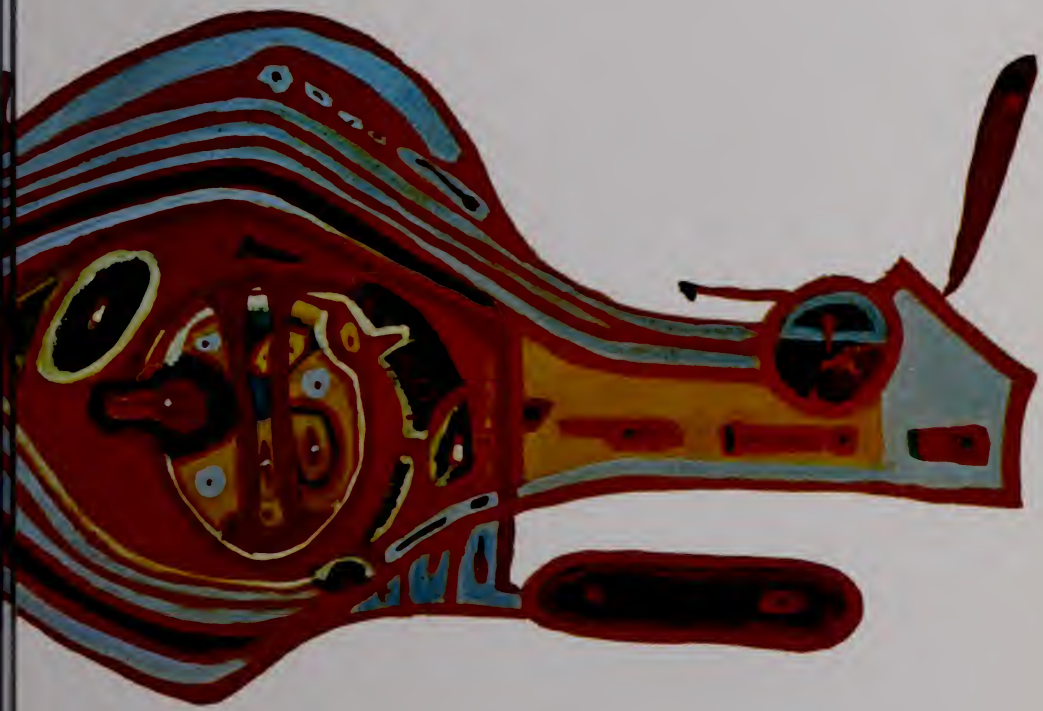
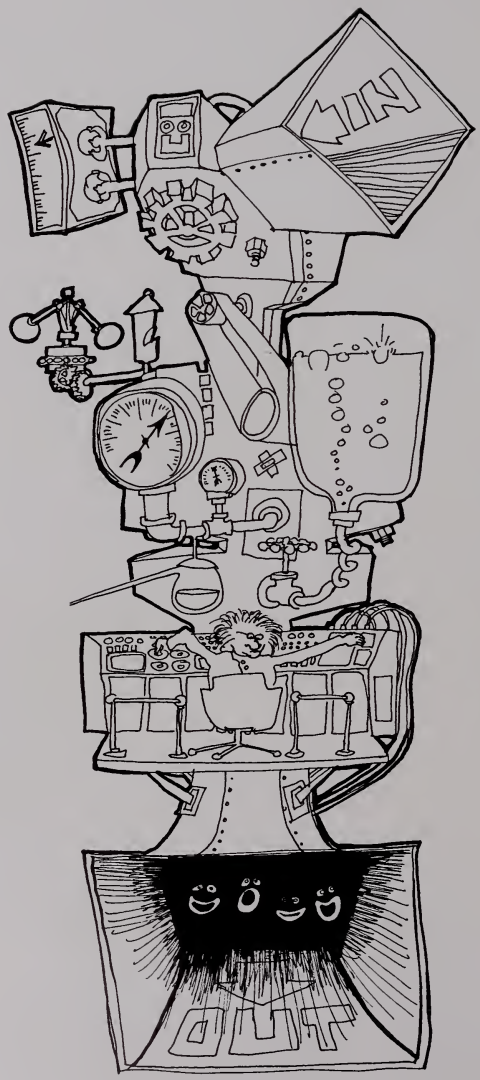


APRIL, 1967

OFFICIAL STUDENT VARIETY MAGAZINE OF CLEMSON UNIVERSITY



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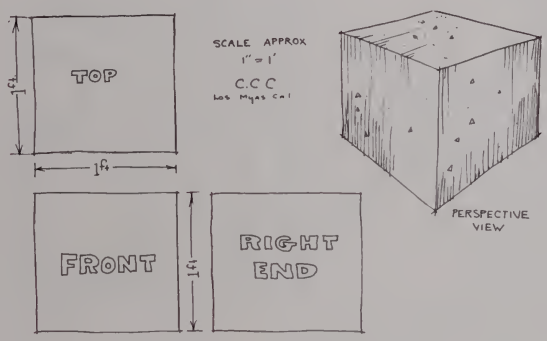

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TAPS

CHRONITORIAL

The journalist is constantly in search of the truth and a story, not necessarily in that order, but none the less every news minded individual seeks to find the reason behind an action or motive behind a cause. This task is by its very nature a difficult and arduous one in the most simple and clear-cut instances. Compound the situation and the reporter has set before him a maze from which few escape unblemished.

Give him a half-truth, lead him through a repertoire of amusing tales, string him along with histories of the "good ole days", answer a question with a question, evade the issue at hand, confuse him with meaningless facts, and you have a reporter who is still in search of the reason behind an action or a motive behind a cause.

It is little wonder that "clashes" occur? Is it so difficult to understand that communication is not reached by these tactics? Will someone at Clemson please stand up and spit out the cold hard facts, unadulterated facts.

"The business of running a university is big business", and with big business comes red tape, officialism, and proliferation, that is to say bureaucracy. Each department is assigned a certain sphere of influence, which is as it should be, thus any action by any of these agencies requires the cooperation and involvement of numerous other departments, this too is as it should be, and here is also where the journalist finds an information gap.

Often writers are confronted with the individual who says so much that certain statements are forgotten in time, later to be denied or qualified as a mis-quote. Once said words, once written, are irretractable in the public mind and prove embarrassing to the speaker. In line with the spoken word we hear many statements that are "off the record". This means that they add little, probably nothing to the press writers story and tend to confuse the issue at hand.

The challenge that journalism faces at Clemson is one of un-tangling the shroud that is cast over most issues, nit-picking the clouded facts for a clearly defined motive or answer to what goes on within this complicated system. We can all reflect though upon one clearly stated fact, that "there are no secrets at Clemson". Reflect, yes, but try and find an answer and see where that leads you, and so we continue, confused yet amused.

CLEMSON'S NOSTALGIA GALLERY

[Second Entry]

Load the entire Tiger Band onto buses bound for an away game and what have you? Canned ham, of course! For what else puts students into the uniform of an organization that contributes much style to the campus and yet demands so much time? Neither the prospect of money nor extra credits is the answer, but rather, as this new monument maintains, it is the bit of exhibitionist which is present in most of us—and dominant in a few. Perhaps it is this same trait which has evoked one of Tiger Band's best remembered numbers—"The Four-Thirty A. M. Rouser" played on four bus horns.

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CLEMSON

Chronicle

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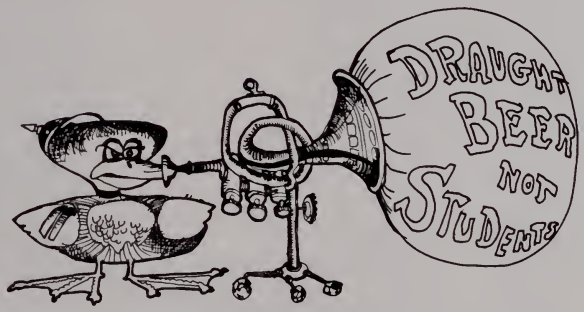

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OUR COVER

A painting in full Chronicolor entitled "Earth Mother" by C. Floyd III.

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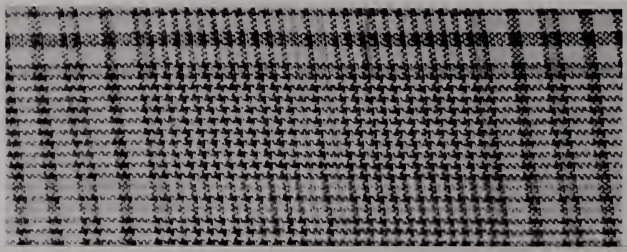
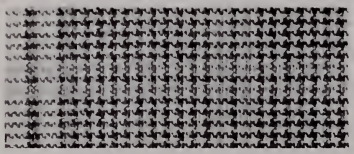
Chronicle Fashion Foray





A Run-in with Natty Duds

By Fred Robinette

What's in a name? We wondered too until we looked at a few labels. The labels were nice, but we noticed that the linings were also pretty good. But who looks at the lining of a jacket anyway . . . nobody buys a coat for the lining, sure you buy a coat because it looks good.

What looks good this year? The same thing that looked good last, and the year before, and the year before . . . when you buy good clothes they last. Why not go out and buy yourself a good looking glenn plaid, chalk strip, or houndstooth. The colors this year are lighter, brighter, and bolder, the patterns bigger and better, the prices higher.

We of The Chronicle are unable to give you any pointers except do try something daring, lighter, brighter, and bolder and, to be sure expensive, and at least try on some of this year's clothing, last year's, and the year before's and just see how much better you look. If you are not satisfied, return your Chronicle and we shall give you a full refund.

The clothes shown here are only a few of the many new varieties. The choice of clothing is not intended to offend anyone and does not necessarily express the opinion of The Chronicle staff nor that of the student body and especially the faculty and administration of Clemson University.

Hal	
suit by SOUTHWICK	$110.00
David	
suit by GORDON FORD	$ 45.00
Rowena	
doesn't sell Granny dress	
Richard	
sportcoat by ST. LAURIE, LTD.	$ 40.00
Charlie	
sportcoat by DEANSGATE	$ 45.00
Shelley	
sweater by ACTIVAIR	$ 25.00
dress by JOHN MYERS	20.00

Hal
sport shirt by IZOD $5.95
slacks 8.00

Hal
sportcoat by NORMAN HILTON $95.00
sportshirt by IZOD 5.95

Richard
sportcoat by SOUTHWICK $75.00
shirt by GANT 7.50

Charlie
sportcoat by NORMAN HILTON $95.00
shirt by SERO 7.50
slacks by CORBIN 22.50

Shelley
coordinated outfit by BOEJEST $20.00

Rowena
blouse by GANT ..... $ 9.00
skirt by JOHN MYERS 12.00

Richard
sportcoat by
DEANSGATE . $45.00

Hal
suit by SOUTHWICK $110.00
shirt by GANT 7.50
shoes by BOSTONIAN 25.00

David
suit by GORDON FORD ..... $ 45.00
shirt by SERO 8.00
shoes by BOSTONIAN 18.00

Rowena
doesn't sell this outfit

Shelley
sweater by
ACTIVAIR $25.00
dress by
JOHN MYERS 20.00

Richard
coat by
ST. LAURIE, LTD. $40.00
shirt by SERO 7.50

Hal sportcoat by ST. LAURIE, LTD. $45.00

Rowena
doesn't sell this

Hal

suit by SOUTHWICK	$110.00
shirt by GANT	7.50

FIRST PLACE CHRONICLE POEM

SONG

By J. C. FEWELL

On the earth
With hands flower-folded I lay,
Eye-grazing the blades of night.
The pale petal moon seemed new sown prey
For the cloud-colored cow to bite.
I watched as she snuffled the moon,
Tasted blue cheese on its petal,
And, lixing it, soon
Ate the rest of the bloom.
I laughed for the moon like a nettle
Had stung the cow-cloud jowl;
And she lowed low thunder
For the new moon pain in her bowel.
When her tears came I unfolded my fingers in wonder
and patted the flank of the earth.

2nd Place Chronicle Poem

SHEET OF ICE

written in tribute to the late Robert Frost upon having read his poem "After Apple Picking"

Have you ever walked
on a garden path,
and stooped to scoop
from an old bird bath
—a frosted slice
  of melting ice?
And did you find
a place below
a white haired pine,
where there fell not
a flake of snow,
and behold such cold
and frosted lace
all about the place?
Did you lie down there
upon your back and
view a sun shaft slant
through a little crack
twixt the frosted trees
in the afternoon breeze?
When you held that slice
up over your face,
did you see those
little spears of ice
imbeded deep
in that watery slice . . .
glinting in the glancing
arrows of the sun?
Was it these little
icy spears and airy spheres?
Or was it the lace
and dusted snow
of a day ago?
When it melted thin
did you let it fall,
and break across
your beardless chin,
like a sheet of glaze
on a piece of cake,
and frosted thin
as a pickerel fin?
. . . Well, so did I
fall asleep and dream
in my youth gone by
of a place beyond
a blue eyed pond
and a wracking stream;
. . . and so dreamed I
'neath a Jack Frost sky!

3rd Place Chronicle Poem

By PHILIP PETROVSKY

reflections off my mind

I.

And what good does
it do it or me now
to think of it or her?
Everything is wasted to
the point of
immobility because a
few scars hold back
the world of the
believers from people
like me and Dimitri,
in which we could
live and play, but
Dimitri doesn't try
anymore for he's
wiser than me. But
I still think of
breaking out of the
five-sided hallucination
prison and find her,
and sex her and love
her and smell the
putrid acidity of
the people I could love,
but hate, for they
wear out money, we
wear out roads
and our minds.

II.

Then there's the long-
haired girl of the
bedroom, coming from
the bedroom, dying
from the bedroom, and
I cry cause I never
knew or know her,
but the long hair
mystifies me cause
I can't see through
the smoke and
neither can she, but
her eyes stay on
the floor and the
concrete bench of
my mind is as warm
as Antarctica, and it
feels like a shotgun
hit and it ain't no
use to fake bein'
happy cause happiness
is a myth of childhood,
but I'm happy for
long hair and her
sideways look whether
she's sane or not,
though society's
sanity can be a big
joke at times, but
the mattress men are
supposedly sane, and
she has satisfied her
biblical sex hunger
and she won't have
to resort to primitive
means for a while, if
she ever did resort
to them or her long
blonde hair, but I
smell the road and
all trace of the monk
is gone.

III.

Cause down and out
can get to the point
where tomorrow mornin'
I'll be like I was the
day before yesterday
and yesterday I was
in my mother's
womb, which is
a stepping stone
to my casket, and
tomorrow nothing will
have changed, and
tears can't describe
the words or words
the tears, you just
have to feel them
and live them
and despise them
for they are the
only resort to
isolation and security.
But who can cry a
year's lifetime in
a day, so I wait
for something
insignificant to
come along and hope
it will let me
posses it. But
it could be the
same in a trench
waitin' to be shot,
and the whole world's
a trench with the
sharpies on the sides
and the men I know
and live with and
write with and drink
with and think with
and sink with down
in the turf. In
subdued tones we once
counted to three and
told the sharpies to
go to hell, cause in
our youth we were
vigilantes, and when I
think of the gravel
in the New Jersey
air I wonder how
much longer till she
joins me or I join
the stillness of the
grave. And the few
friends or people that
make it worthwhile
leave question marks
on my brain which
can only be deepened
by the erosion of
years. To each thing
there is a season,
but to loneliness it's
hard to find a reason,
but the philosophy of
the men on the Bowery
is about all worth
readin' and I wish
I could sit on the
rooftops at night
like I did as a kid
in Brooklyn, finding
adventure in every
perceivable object, but
those days are gone
and the only thing
worth waitin' for now
is the reflection of
the setting sun
off my mind.

reflections off my mind

DEATH WISH

By PETER SNYDER

"O you who turn the wheel and look to windward. Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you."

—T. S. ELIOT

A small assortment of people in the noise of jukebox and smoky beer. "Whad'ya gonna do wit that dog, Bamba?"

"Gonna s'prise Mama Pearl. It's her dog y'know. Just got it a little while ago, he's real young."

"Why didn't ya leave it like she did? If it gets under my feet I'm gonna kick it overboard."

"Don't do it, Chirpa. Pearl really likes him. Talks like she never talked to no human. And this mutt just sits there and laps it up. Licks her tears right off her face."

"Alright, Bamba. The dog's free. But I don't like it, understand?"

"Sure Chirpa, sure." Beer bellied Bamba leaned into the corner of the booth, settling the dog on his lap as he propped his feet over the length of his bench. His leather jacket squeaked at the moves, the dog fascinated by a dangling zipper with a dimestore red metal heart hanging from it loosely.

Chirpa got up and went over to the bar to order some more beer, resting a foot on the footrail. The order for two beers was sentenced with a whistle through Chirpa's crooked teeth. The LOVERS had named him for this freak trait. On his leather back their name in air force orange reflected the waning sunlight coming level through a window. Bamba's back boasted LOVERS just the same. Chirpa pulled a long rag hanging from his back pocket, and wiped the malt dew from off his beard. It had caught the light too. Slightly annoyed and somewhat anxious, he brought the beers back to his booth. The rag got stuffed back in its place. An unmuffled machine came to a stop just outside the pink concrete block wall. "That's Arty, our young man going west. Why don't you jump him and see what he does?"

Bamba was game and set the dog on the table before hiding behind the door. Arty pulled it open and walked in rather calmly. Bamba used two steps for momentum and crushed Arty's stance, planting a most ungodly sick kiss on the side of his face. Arty instinctively grabbed ahold of his assailant, rolled and slammed Bamba against the short wall of the bar, upsetting a drunk who cracked up laughing when he next hit the floor.

Bamba slumped down to the footrail with a most surprised expression, slobbering fruitfully. Arty recognized the situation and squeezed Bamba's cheek with a fatherly thumb and forefinger. Bamba smiled and broke up laughing, all following. The bartender helped the fitful drunk to his feet while the LOVERS gathered around a wide-eyed dog with long fuzzy white hair. Bamba scooped the pup from off the table. Chirpa lit a cigar, watching Arty laugh and got up for one more beer.

"Where ya been boy?" whistled Chirpa.

"Had some things to do. And I still want to see Juhe before we leave." Arty answered, jukebox blaring.

"What for? You don't see me with any broads now. Back on the Mississippi I had plenty. But I got over that. All they try t'do is tie y'down. And you ain't gonna be tied down, not after tonight. Least you're not supposed t'be." Chirpa's eyes widened.

"Yeah, I know, but she don't understand when I tell her it's all over with us. She's stubborn. She ain't over it as much as me. She still watches the sunset and goes ape over the birds chirping in the morning."

"Alright, shutup kid. I was gonna say for her to come too, but I guess she ain't ready yet. But you're going. I'm personally making sure of that, all the way."

"It's alright Chirpa, I know what's up. And I want to go." Arty hesitated. "You get the charge yet?"

"No. I got to do that yet. But the TEMPEST QUEEN's got her best date tonight—with an old hand at log jams on the Mississippi. Captain Jonah's tub ain't gonna have a chance.

It's gonna be real beautiful—with noise and fire and liquor. 'S gonna be great. Just imagine the supreme joy of bein' gone. Man we're really gonna blow this place big. No more damned birds singin' in the morning for us. No more sunsets or lonely stars twinkling. Just warmth all around our hot bodies, and we won't even know what's happening."

"Cause we won't hafta," broke in Bamba. "And I can play a symphony on my bongoes cause it won't be hard no more. I'll know all the secrets and have all the strength and rhythms released in me."

"What's the dog for?" Arty asked Bamba.

"It's Mama Pearl's."

"Mama Pearl! Is she going?"

"Yeah," said Chirpa. And I want somebody t'keep her mind off things," giving Arty a strict eye. "She makes good party talk."

Arty didn't answer, just drank his beer. Then he said, "Whatever comes next for her." This remark settled and he asked how many were going in all.

Chirpa said, "Ten."

"Who's the other odd one?"

"Some actor friend of Jonah's. Bamba and I have seen him on quite a few cruises lately. Calls himself *Jug*. Crazy as hell; should add a lot to the trip. And he's donating the booze—really a believer.

"I'll make sure they all get there." Chirpa checked the slowly blinking beer clock on the pink wall. "You gonna go see Julie? I gotta see about Fran and her 'husband'. Bamba, you better get back to the boat and help Jonah. I'll be there later with the fireworks."

Bamba and Arty stayed for another beer while the tall, bearded whistler walked out into the twilight, long rag swinging from his hip. Outside, three big hogs leaned into the autumn breeze. Arty's had been through a long hot summer of dusty roads. He had quit school and was going west when he fell in with the LOVERS. They named Arty for his frequent passion to paint. He always carried a small canvas with him. The other two halfton machines bustled chrome and pinstripes. Chirpa mounted and kicked his over with a single thrust of his long leg. Dust flew from behind him, and the beast warmed. Chirpa spun away from the beer joint, pelting it with sand and biting into the asphalt road. He was off to further produce his grizzly voyage.

Chirpa rode past Fran and Neil's house, a large executive's. Jan and Jon's sportscar was parked next to Neil's Jaguar. They had spent the last night in this house. Chirpa thought "Probably played bridge until the early hours and slept until afternoon. No, Frannie couldn't ever sleep that long. Tough woman."

Frand heard Chirpa's hog idle past. She figured she'd better get Jan and Jon up. It was a pity, perhaps, that she'd slipped during the last bridge

party. This young pair might never have thought of such a trip. "Ignorant kids, always have to play and play hard. Life's just one big game, another day another song. I guess they figure death was the same, only you don't have to play anymore. Chirpa's logic was all they needed—excitement, escape, and evident security. They're too young to be so preoccupied with insecurity."

Neil called to her from the bathroom. He had been staring at himself in the mirror again, "Frannie!"

"Yes, Neil."

"When we going to see my soldier son? Tonight, Frannie?

"That's right, Neil. Why don't you come change now?"

"OK Frannie." Then a pause as he walked into the bedroom. "What about all the bills, Frannie? And tell the newspaper we can't make the party tonight."

"Yes, Neil. You just get changed and don't worry about things. We're going to see Neil Jr. tonight and that's all that counts." Fran couldn't see putting Neil away somewhere. Although his mind was backed up solid with the image of piles of papers—bills for a false front in the executive's world of wife swapping and all the drunken important persons in the world who had no place on his doorstep anymore. Fran went to wake the college dreamers.

Meanwhile Bamba had gone to help Captain Jonah, and Arty had found Julie—a simple kiss, not Julie's usual, they stood barefoot in the sand, fresh water rolling into the beach. "I could go too. Chirpa wouldn't mind. Another girl would add some life to the trip. And if your plan doesn't work, we would still be together."

"You're so unafraid?" said Arty.

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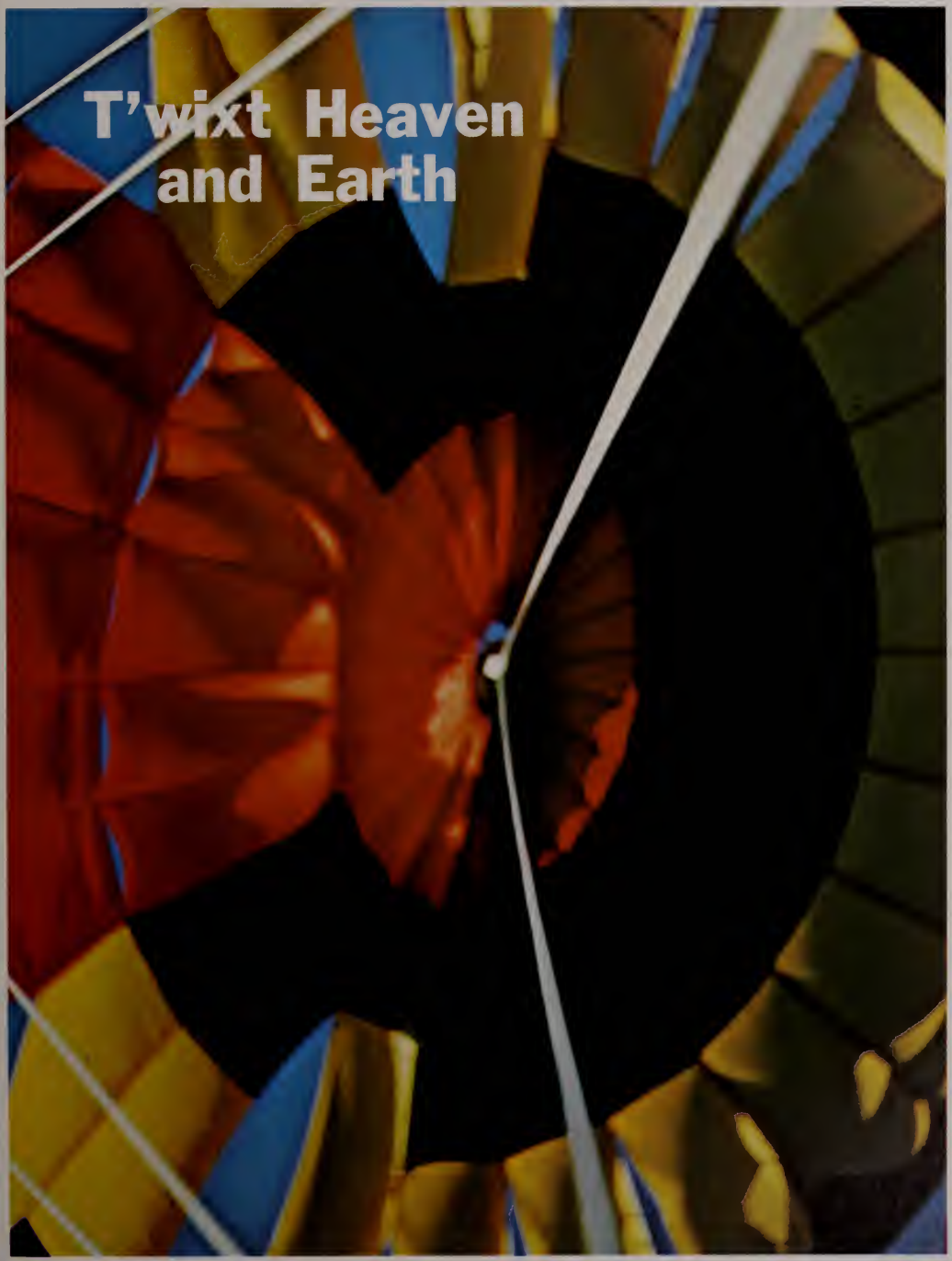
T'wixt Heaven and Earth



Tim O'Riley
Chronicle Sports Writer

The Dixie Sky Divers, Inc. parachute club is one of the newest recognized organizations on campus, and no doubt one of the most interesting. Training sessions are held at the beginning of each semester by P. C. A. licensed trainers.

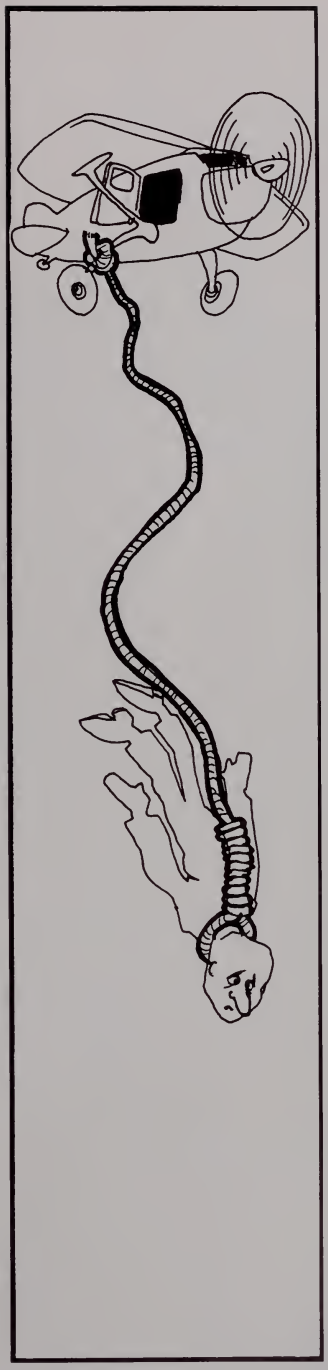
The drop zone for the Dixie Sky Divers is the Franklin County Airport in Ga. (40 minute drive). Every Saturday and Sunday afternoons, spectators are welcome to attend and view this exciting new space age spectuclar. Sky Diving is NOW!!!!!

When we say "Sky Diving" we mean the free fall that takes place between the leaving of the aircraft and the opening of the parachute. By law your chute must be open by 2,000 feet and this means you must go higher for your free fall. Seventy-two hundred feet (about one mile higher) allows 30 seconds free fall; 12,500 feet allows 60 seconds free fall.

A sky diver can do in free fall just about everything an airplane can do, except go back up. He can make turns, back loops, front loops, rolls, and track. To "track" means to cross the sky horizontally.

The body position of a tracking parachutist and the body position of a ski jumper in flight are very much alike. However, the sky diver has plenty of time and greater airspeed in his favor. When he leaves the aircraft, he will accelerate for twelve seconds, at which point he reaches "terminal velocity"; one hundred and twenty miles per hour. This great speed gives him a cushion of air with which to work and aids him with his maneauvers.

Now, in order to track, he brings his hands back to his sides, bends his body forward slightly points the toes, and brings his head back. He will go into some, what of a dive and will increase vertical speed. If his position is correct, he can move across the sky in as much a one-to-two ratio. In other words, if he left the aircraft at 12,500 feet and is going to fall for two miles, he can go horizontally one mile from his starting point.



Truly the sport of the space age, sport parachuting has grown from a daredevil sport of the days gone by to a safe, organized, well supervised sport.

No longer is this a sport enjoyed solely by government sponsored "professional" jumper. Sport parachuting (or skydiving as it is more commonly called) has grown in recent years. Many men and women are now enjoying this exciting hobby.

As any "jumper" will tell you (especially the gung ho sky divers here at Clemson) the state of weightlessness and of falling free of the earth is indescribable, and is an exhilarating feeling reserved only for the sport jumper and an astronaut or two. . .

It is not unusual to see these weekend worriers taking to the nearest small-town airport. Because of the small amount of air traffic and the spacious pastures to serve as drop zones, these airports are ideal for the skydiver.

To become a skydiver an intensive training period is required covering the sport from plane exit to P. L. F. (parachute landing fall). Then before the first jump is made, the student becomes a member of the Parachute Club of America, a non-profit division of the National Aeronautic Association.

This parent organization of sport parachutists was established in 1957 even though skydiving itself has been established in the United States since 1951.

The Parachute Club of America has been instrumental with the growth of parachuting by organizing competitive events on both a regional and a national level, and by stressing safety—the most important aspect of this high speed, space age sport.

Sky diving is different from airborne paratroopers in two respects: (1) The paratroopers are always on staticline, that is, a heavy nylon rope that is attached from the parachute to the aircraft which opens the parachute automatically as soon as the jumper leaves the aircraft. (2) the parachute of the airborne is unmodified and thus there is no control of the parachute whereas sport parachutist have parachutes which are modified, *i.e.*, "holes" are cut into the material to allow the jumper to pick out a target and hit it.

Gentlemen's Choice

By JIM McDONOUGH

Photographs by Peter E. Sherratt and Chip Nusbickel.

MARY HELEN BARRY

CARMA INABINET

ANGIE MORROW

CAROL YOUNG

SUSAN PETTY

ANN THOMAS

ROSEMARY NABORS

As part of The Cr
our photographers pilg
the TIGER was corre
Winthrop.

We photographed
habitat to 1) help res
Clemson men and 2)
Now really, everyone v
completed.)

LE's effort for truth, justice, and the American way,
ed to Winthrop College, our sister school, to see if
their casual observations and gross attitude toward

ge cross-section, random selection of girls in their
Vinthrop girls to their rightful place in the eyes of
lo the damage done last November by the TIGER.
o marry a Winthrop Woman. (Okay girls, resitution

(Continued from page 14)

"You know how much it's worth. Love is all there is. Without it we're just a couple of empties."

"But love is so much bigger than just us. Look at the sky, Julie. See all those millions of stars. And there's a million million more up there if you only look well enough and long enough. The whole world's like that. You just have to live it all. As for this trip, dying is just as much of living as being born is. I have to understand it."

"Those are millions of years too, that you're looking at. Our lives are no longer than one of those falling stars—even shorter. Don't go, just stay with me."

"That's why I have to go, but I need you to report that I'm missing. It's getting late. C'mon, I'll race you to the bottom of the dune." The weaker loses. Arty is full of fire and she knows he'll burn out too soon, unless she can match his spirit. But she cannot.

They reached the bottom as tumbled figures twisted into the August warmth by the fun of falling in soft sand. Julie's foot hit Arty's hand as she tumbled down last, and he pinched her toe shaking it as a small animal might do. She sprang to her feet in gaping surprise, and Arty played innocent. "To the bike!" he hollered, "You haven't lost yet." Taking the new challenge, she sprinted about halfway to the dusty machine. Arty passed with a burst of laughter and jumped on the machine. He slipped on his boots.

He wasn't like this a week ago. In another week he'd forget it for something else. But he's on his way already, thought Julie, so much fire in him. The sand squeaked beneath her feet until the dustry red and chrome beast bellowed its rhythm over the rolling water. "I'll see you off from the dunes!" He waved an answer and checked the time.

Arty rounded the last curve and tromped into the straightaway before the dock. The loud machine's noises closed around him as he passed the high dunes guarding the road. Two incandescent lights on high poles were all that lit the wharf. Bamba was saying good-bye to his hog; vibrations splitting the human silence of the occasion. Arty had left his family at the age of seventeen to ride away to California. Now he was twenty and sailing west on Lake Michigan.

Captain Jonah was coming down from his "land office," a wood shanty which stored parts, tools, and a few file cabinets. Jonah was finished working his books. He stopped momentarily to watch Jug, the laughing actor, raise a flag boasting a new name for the fifty foot pleasure yacht, "BELLADONNA" in black on a field of white, with one red stripe at the bottom. Jonah called over the base grumblings of the warming engines for him to take it down. TEMPEST QUEEN would always be her name, tonight included. Jug just cackled, hollering, "Do it yourself, Captain!" and laughed some more.

From the middle deck Neil and Fran watched the goings on. Chirpa's voice cracked over the megaphone for Bamba to get below. Jonah climbed up to the bridge to assist his helmsman. Jan and Jon felt the engines' drive seize hold as they lay in bed sulking in each other's eyes. Chirpa gunned the engines a couple times to start the TEMPEST QUEEN along. And Arty heard a little dog's yelping.

Arty felt loose, real loose, as he watched the creosoted pilings pass by him. They stood monumentally, like pillars of stability and stillness until the QUEEN slid past and bumped a few which gave them a life and purpose. He noticed how fast the closer ones moved and how slowly the distant ones loomed and just stayed there by the dunes and the shanty, making long shadows with the two lights. He kind of wanted a black pole to come with him. But no, he had only people, nine people. Chirpa had wanted more, but intimacies only went so far.

Bamba came up from his job below and asked where Pearl was. Arty said, "She's feeding the dog leftovers. It seems that Chirpa didn't allow any food on board. And Pearl's the only one who ate supper."

"I wish I was a dog like that," said Bamba.

They watched Pearl come down a ladder from the dance floor. She knew how to swing that butt. The breeze caught her hair, but it wouldn't flow like it used to. She turned and cracked a smile from behind a worn face. Being common property of the LOVERS for three years had gotten to her. Bamba remembered how ripe she used to be.

"Ready for the party, boys?" She put her arms around them both and pulled them closer to her blue-jeaned hips. They grinned, and she asked Bamba, "Did ya bring your bongoes, Baby?" Bamba smiled big and she said, "We better make this one a real blast. Jonah's o'l lady is supposed t'get all the proceeds, and you know how much we all love *her*."

"Shit!" said Bamba, and he leaned on the railing again. Jonah's wife had left him, but he was sickly for her. She got all insurance.

Now Jug was laughing just above them. He'd opened the bar and was yelling for a party. He was always cackling and making liquid sputterings about living in plays and poetry. Often upset and tottering on the edge of a never never land, he would reach a catharsis at the bottom of his own pit, bubbling quotes until his mind

(Continued on page 29)

Boatwright

The Notorious Black Beard

2nd Place Chronicle Short Story

By WILLIAM BALDWIN

Precisely at 9:36 they came around the corner of Dreamland's Cowtown Saloon, middle-aged widows, divorcees, housewives, their gaudy beach wear hanging in varying degrees of undress, revealing sagging breast, bodies misshapen and tanned to a crusty broiled lobster red, in tow, children, thousands, a descending horde of snotty nosed, sunburned, screaming, whining children.

Black Beard stood by the gangplank, his feet spread apart, the coal black boots glistened in the morning sun, his sword hung at the side of his blue broadcloth coat, beneath a red sash holding a pair of flintlock pistols, all this being hung on a lanky frame and crowned by a large flopping hat and bristling black beard, braided and tied off with tiny bits of colored ribbon. Behind him, the less colorful but faithful Harold fulfilled the duties of first mate by fiddling with the rigging.

The group drew nearer. He could make out the cold cream and the hair curlers, and on a lower level the little round evil faces the freckled sunburnt noses, eyes gleaming maliciously.

Nearer they drew, nearer. He stood his ground, his back straight, his eyes set and looking ahead. Thirty yards, 20, coming, coming, closer.

Black Beard opened his mouth.

"Ahoy m-m-mates, I am C-C-C-Captain Edward T-T-Teach, the notorious B-B-Black Beard, scourge of the Atlantic seaboard. W-W-Welcome aboard."

The women in front broke into titters of laughter. Mr. Moody had been reluctant to give him this part at first, but, when it was discovered that the crowd took his stuttering as a joke, it had become an asset. They surged over the deck now, milling about, peering down into the hole, some venturing into the Captain's cabin. The children climbed into the rigging as he tried to give his talk on pirates and the authenticity of this old barge as a replica of a genuine pirate ship. Finally it was time for the cannon. Harold nursed over the tiny piece of brass tubing, priming it and aiming out along the narrow dirty canal in which the boat sat.

The crowd, after its fashion, grew hushed. Black Beard took his place beside the cannon, drew his sword and held it up, then slicing it downward, gave the accompanying command.

"F-F-F-Fire!"

There was an explosion, and a projectile arched slowly from the boat and sent up a column of water a short distance off the bow.

The crowd cried out. There would be a firing every fifteen minutes from now on, and some hung around for the next.

Black Beard walked down to the clearer end of the boat, and stood looking out on the milling crowd of the amusement park. He thought he saw a splash of bright red hair. Yes, there she was coming along the waterfront.

"Hello D-D-Dorothy!" he called out, hailing her vigorously. The girl turned to him and waved. "C-C-Come on over Dorothy," he motioned, and she began to pick her way through the crowd. He took off his flopping hat, hoping to reduce the silliness of his costume.

"Hi, Robert," she said, when she had reached the spot on the dock opposite him. "What do you want?"

"Just w-wondering if you had a d-d-date for t-t-tonight."

The girl thought for a few moments. "Well, yes Robert, I suppose I could go with you tonight. Where do you plan on taking me?"

"Oh, I-I-I don't know. I t-t-t-thought we could just mess around in town. 6:30 okay?"

A little boy had come up behind him and was trying to steal his sword. Robert turned and started to tell the boy to go to his mother, but then remembering the girl on the dock, he said, "You w-w-want to do Black Beard a big favor kid? G-G-Go walk the plank."

When he turned back to the girl she was laughing lightly and he knew he had said the right thing.

"Okay, 6:30," she said and turned into the crowd. He followed her beautiful red hair. He loved the way her Ye Old Sweete Shoppe uniform hung along her compact little body.

She had just disappeared around the corner, when he heard the splash and the screams behind him. By the time he reached the authentic pirate plank, Harold was already pulling the boy from the water with a boat hook.

"He told me to!" the little boy cried out, pointing his grimy little finger at Robert. "He told me to do it."

Robert braced himself as 200 pounds of devoted mother turned slowly and loomed before him.

Mr. Moody stood with his hands folded behind him, looking out the large plate glass window. His back was to Robert.

"Son, I don't have time to play with you. Do you see all that out there?" He gestured out the window to the bulldozed landscape and cardboard houses of Dreamland. "You see all that? I've got a big responsibility. Running all this is a full time job, and I just don't have time to fool with you." He turned to face Robert. "I wouldn't keep you here if your mother wasn't such a good friend of mine." He paused. "She said you wanted to find yourself this summer—discover who you really are." He smiled and crossed the room to pat Robert on the shoulder. "You're a conscientious lad Bob, a lot like me when I was a boy. I can see that from the taunt ship you run." He laughed at his pun. "But let's not have any more incidents like this one this morning. Do we see eye to eye, Son?"

Robert wanted to voice the injustice of it all, to cry out in anger, he wanted to ask what was so difficult about running a two-bit tourist trap, a dreamland. He wanted to say look here you pompous tyrant, I don't give

a damn about this crumy joint. He wanted to say you stupid, bigoted ass—but instead he stuttered out y-y-yes sir and n-n-no sir and looked down at his feet.

"Find yourself!" Those had been his mother's words. She had sat out on the patio with her little Chihuahua drinking a frosted Tom Collins.

"You should try to find yourself Bobby. You go off to college next year. Don't you think you should find out what you want out of life? What you want to do? What you want to be? Who you really are?" As she spoke she scratched the dog behind the ear, and it gave out little erotic moans of pleasure.

"Gloria's son is finding himself this summer, and Doris said that Bill—you know Bill Wilson—he's finding himself this summer."

Robert's father had come up quietly behind the woman and was now making the sign of devil's horns over her head, as he made faces over what she said.

"I think the best way for you to find yourself would be to have a summer job. Now don't you?" She didn't wait for a reply. There would have been none. "But summer jobs are so hard for young people to find, so I've called a friend of mine, Lawrence Moody. You've heard me speak of Lawrence Moody? and he says send the boy straight down, there's plenty of work here at Dreamland. I told him you had a slight speech impediment, but he said didn't matter a bit, just send him on down."

A week later when he had come out to kiss his mother goodbye, the dog had bitten him, tearing his new trousers and leaving a scar which stood out starkly white against his summer tan.

"N-N-No Sir, Mr. Moody! N-N-No Sir, it won't happen again." He couldn't afford to lose this job now, not after he had found Dorothy. "It was just an accident. It w-w-w-won't happen again," he said backing out the door.

When he got back to the room at one, Eddie, his roommate, was making sandwich. Robert said nothing to him and plopped down on his bunk hanging his head over the side to flip through *Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates*. He loved the colorful plates of the vicious blood-thirsty villains. They all wore large flapping coats and carried braces of pistols stuck in the red sashes at their waists. He had added a red sash to his costume—Mr. Moody had liked this, thinking that Robert was a conscientious lad trying to make the most out of his job. But Robert had done it because it was as a pirate should look—how he had seen them on those rainy afternoons as he lay curled up in the den reading his *Book of Pirates*. It was this part of Robert, this pirate of a child's dream which ran a taunt ship.

He continued to flip through the book but couldn't concentrate. His roommates slow methodical sandwich making was too much of a distraction. It drove him crazy to live with this robot, this, this . . . Eddie.

Robert suspected, that as a boy, Eddie had stuck bobby pins into electrical outlets. In any event something had given him a light bulb shaped head and a slow deliberation which always drove Robert into a frenzy of action.

Across the room Eddie was taking the mayonnaise jar up in his hands. He passed it from his left to his right and tested the tightness of the lid with his left hand. It didn't yield so he returned the jar to the table, doing all this as if it were a slow motion film. Then he just looked down at the mayonnaise jar for an unbearably long time, doing nothing, just staring at it. Robert could stand it no more. He sprang from the bed and seized the jar. The lid spun off in his hands. He sat it on the table and charged out the door. He could get a hamburger before he had to relieve Harold. It would give him a chance to see Dorothy anyway.

That night at 6:15 he called for her at the girl's rooming house. She wasn't ready until almost 7, and he had to stand awkwardly in the parlor, catching from time to time the withering glances of the old landlady. But when she finally came down he knew he would have waited forever. She was wearing a light summer dress which revealed more of her than he had ever seen a girl reveal before.

They decided that it would be nice to walk the half mile into town, and then they could eat a seafood dinner and take in a movie.

She skipped along beside him on the sandy sidewalk, and he thought her youth and vitality must be infectious for he wanted to skip with her.

At dinner she ate heartily, devouring an enormous plate of lobster and the better part of his pay check. He thought nothing of it and wished that she would sit across from him eating lobster forever, there looking out on the ocean as the sun went down and gentle waves lapped goldenly onto the shore.

The movie she wanted to see was a foreign one with English subtitles. He couldn't see the point of it, but went along gladly. About half way through his hand had accidently slipped from the popcorn box onto her lap. She had taken up his hand gently in her own and held it there. He was oblivious of the screen now, of the subtitles, of the movie house, he was floating miles above all that.

He hated it when the movie ended for he had to relinquish the hand, and as he had feared, she make no attempt to return it to his own once they were outside. They walked along the boardwalk, other midnight strollers ambled pass, occasionally a group of rowdies passed or some older couple out to capture the last night of their vacation.

Finally Robert sensed the girl was tiring, and he motioned that they stop here and look out at the sea and the moon.

"D-D-Dorothy," he said after they had settled themselves on a bench. "Dorothy, I c-c-certainly had a good time tonight. I hope y-y-y-you did too."

"Certainly Robert," she said smiling at him, "I had a wonderful time and dinner was delicious. It was wonderful of you to take me."

He was choked with emotion and didn't know what to say next. He wanted to tell her of his love, of the night, the moon, a poem he had read once, he wanted to tell her of the burning frustration in his groin, but instead he said, "Dreamland c-c-certainly is a jerk water place. It's a real hole isn't it?"

(Continued on page 33)

Armed with little in its favor but an undying trust in saving grace, The CHRONICLE, in the best traditions of yellow journalism, intrepidly sets out to bring you

THE OFF-CAMPUS STORY

For those students wishing to seek them out, there are many unusual places for rent, some of them virtually underfoot. As the outdoor plumbing facilities loom in the distance, a member of the Physical Plant's real estate staff unlocks the door to this little gem.

Off-campus living affords a chance for those of a more sensitive nature to indulge in activities made well nigh impossible by communal dormitory life. "Life could be tho thweet," coos Farquad Dorquither as he (?) entertains his bosom buddy Lats Logan.

Living detached from under the hovering chicken wing of the CDH, an off-campus student can more readily pander to his own dietary whims. We chanced to observe a typical man-about-town choosing his weekly comestibles at one of the area's oft-visited market places.

Hampered by a student's typically limited budget, this fellow shops carefully in order that he might get the most nourishment for his money. Conservation of energy being second to economy, our friend discloses that intravenous feeding eliminates the need for washing glasses.

In comparison with the uniform and hive-like confines of the dormitories, what can be more satisfying than the worn treads of your own front stoop? Here we share a quiet moment with Purvis Sledgewipe, a junior majoring in Agrarian Reform, as he takes glass in hand to enjoy the glimmering twilight moments.

Freedom to entertain on the premises is a big advantage of off-campus living. Intellectuals may gather in a more liberal atmosphere for stimulating discussions such as this heated debate which has reached a climax over the question of validity concerning the Pseudo Isidorian Decretal.

Our hearts swelled with pride when we were permitted to witness the courageous social experiment of Abnormal Psych. major Jasper Leekton and his little friends in their model community, code name Happy Valley. Leekton informed us that off-campus living gives him an edge over his fellow students in that he can live with his experiment 24 hours a day.

The more mature of the off-campus dwellers are amazingly adept at fitting into the residential atmosphere. We were gratified to see the Good Neighbor Policy in action as two of Clemson's finest, seeking to procure a cup of sugar, got a warm reception from a friendly acquaintance.

Solitude, a boon to study which is sadly lacking in the dormitories, was a big factor in Gerbert Fletch's decision to move into this garret. Alone with his books he has developed a sense of awareness and a slight spinal disorder heretofore missing from his life.

The above article is a CHRONICLE public service presented in the interests of truth and facts. The people and situations depicted here actually exist and the ethnic group hopes You have as hard a time finding them as we did.

(Continued from page 21)
ran out of the standard sounds and his soul, weak, could pop off a couple more. The relative silence was well broken and punctuated by a champagne bottle crashing on the deck near Arty. "Ha haaaaeee! I christen thee BELLADONNA!" Jonah had a soft spot for the demented old fool.

Jug had kicked it off and started the QUEEN's stereo. A fire needed to be built in the dance room, and Pearl, climbing the ladder, bellowed "Bring some wood wit'cha!" Jug broke up laughing, and Jonah put some wood on the big hearth. Chirpa squawked over the megaphone for everybody to meet in the bridge. The Captain maneuvered Jug to the bridge, but Pearl had to fetch her dog. Arty was the last to arrive. Chirpa expected Arty to be somewhat recessive tonight, but he didn't really trust the youngest on board.

Jonah confirmed everyone's belief that the course was westerly, which meant that they would see no more dunes or pulpwood pines. A normal course was northerly. Wisconsin was too far to go if bad weather should arise. Jonah had plotted this course to be clear of commercial routes. Chirpa was to place the charge inside a gas tank, not telling which one—there were three, one aft, one to port, and one to starboard. The Captain was to close the switch before dawn. After that it shouldn't be long before the QUEEN settled on the bottom. When the engines stop, the end is near. The little white dog squirmed in Pearl's arms, and Jug started quoting quietly from the "Wasteland,"

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence in the gardens
After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and place and reverbration
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With little patience.

"Light the fire!" hollered Pearl as she pulled Jug outside.

Chirpa whistled to Fran, "Twit twit twit Jug jug jug jug jug jug. So rudely forc'd. Eliot was so cool."

Fran left the bridge, being followed by Neil and Jonah. Bamba disconnected the marine transceiver and tossed it overboard as he joined the partyers. Jan told Chirpa that he was spooky, but she liked his moodiness. Jon asked how she liked his own, and they both giggled, leaving Chirpa to the wheel.

Bamba got three bottles and sat himself down by the growing fire, bongoes warming. Pearl's dog curled in a corner. Arty was fetching a canvas and some acrylic paints. His passion to paint had been aroused. Before leaving his immediate privacy, he reached inside his shirt to feel the special plastic belt which he was depending on. The man had said it would be enough to hold five men afloat for weeks. His touching it was a minor comfort that he could afford. Or so he thought, Chirpa had set the wheel straps and was doing a little snooping.

Chirpa also checked on the two couples. "Hell," he thought, "that college pair is dumb."—Then, "Neil was smart, but he's blown his brain and is taking Frannie down with him. She's tough. Damn I'd like to . . ."

"Chirpa'" Jonah broke in, "Damn you cheap bastard. Isn't it bad enough that this is their last night? Go get some booze and ice for 'em." Jonah knocked on the compartment door as the bearded LOVER shrugged off the encounter.

Fran was unbottoning Neil's collar, who was seated on the bed, talking about their son, a soldier dead in Vietnam. "Going to see Neil, Jr. tonight, Franny?" He nodded his head slowly as Fran opened the door to Jonah.

"I sent Chirpa for some drinks. Franny, do you mind if I stay with you folks a while? Bongos and that cheap music get on my nerves."

"Sure, it's fine with us," said Fran. "You can tell me again what it's like. Don't you wish your father hadn't pulled you out?"

"Yes, sometimes." He took the bottles from Chirpa and closed the door as the latter left whistling that women come and go, talking of Michelangelo. "Sometimes I don't, or didn't until recently. But now it's the same almost every night. Since my wife left, all I do is sit at the wheel upstairs when I have a charter. When I don't, I go for a ride with Bamba, or try to sleep, and usually end up drinking myself out of it. She thought I'd sell the boat and do what she wanted to do. But her friends are so artificial to me. High society slobs are so disgustingly spoiled. People like Bamba are so much more real. He's just so childish and innocent. QUEEN's the same way; and at least I can busy myself between them.

"I don't know about Bamba's innocence, but I'll drink to keeping oneself busy. I never realized how important it was to have Neil until he split. Now everything I do for him is just fruitless. Maybe I pushed him too much. We have no family and nobody to talk with anymore—not even the neighbors. They're so . . ."

"So all knowing," broke in Jonah. "That's how they are; so damned successful and well to do and secure and full of compassion." Fran straightened up, and Neil asked for a drink. She fixed three.

"Yeah, we used to be that way, too."

"I can't remember if I was or not. My wife always has been. When I married her I admired that trait. 'Suppose I just didn't know what I was doing."

"Tell me what it's like again," interrupted Fran.

Jonah hesitated and then, "It's really kind of funny—I couldn't swim too well and got scared. Only ten feet of water, but I didn't have much control. I got tired quickly. As soon as I was out of breath, and realized there was no air at my mouth, I panicked.

(Continued on page 36)

3rd Place Chronicle Short Story

By BOB KAULAKIS

"I who came back from the depths laughing too loudly,
Become another thing;
My eyes extend beyond the farthest bloom of the waves;
I lose and find myself in the long water . . ."

—Theodore Roethke,
"The Long Waters".

Cold stone blocks shielded me from the wet spray in the air as I walked toward the river. It was a stormy night, typical of the east coast in early February. The echoing of my footsteps on the cobblestones seemed to follow me down the slight hill as I tried not to slip on the algae that grew thicker as I neared the dock.

We had lived on the lower east side of Manhattan for six years, ever since my father and family had emigrated from the Baltic states. He had been the master of a small towboat that pushed the long strings of barges up the canals in and around Riga. I was now eighteen and lived with my father, mother, and younger sister in a squat, gray stone building at the foot of Zuider Street.

It was much like Riga. There, too, the damp crept up from the river into our cellars, and beds, the air was perfumed with rotting hemp, and the low sorrowful foghorns of the big ships shook mother's china as they moved upriver and far inland. The neighborhood inns and alleys knew well the rasping, blasphemous voices of the seamen as they made their way back to the ships, waiting silently. There were always tales to be heard and repeated along the waterfront. These men had been around Florida to the Gulf across the Equator and the Antarctic circle. They had been around the world to Tokyo, Bombay, and into the Persian Gulf.

I reached the end of the dock and looked out over the black, white-capped water of the East River. I could make out the lights of Brooklyn and the brighter strings of the Verrazano Bridge crossing New York Bay. The red and the green of the little tugs as they shoved off from hundreds of docks bobbed in the choppy water.

Thoughts of the weatherbeaten clapboard house that stood on piles in the harbor of Riga came to me. There were the reds and greens and the massive range lights moving ever so slowly through the swirl of water. The wakes slapped lazily against our foundation. There were the slippery cobblestones, too, but much larger and square, leading up, up to the hill where the largest house in the neighborhood stood. There lived the daughter of Bernotaite, the shipping lord.

Doña Bernotaite was only thirteen when we fled the old country. I was only twelve. But I remember the long soft blonde hair falling over her smile and the whitest teeth, golden hair that put the flaxen fields to shame. The white teeth, smile and sparkle in the deep blue eyes humbled the most vibrant seas in the most brilliant sunlight as she stood before me like a picture.

The brutal thump of the pilot boat woke me to the dark storm rumbling so slowly up the Hudson. I slid off the hammered block of wood that served as a bit for tying up the smaller boats and looked over to the dark murky water of the river. There was the boat far below. I could see the white face of my father peering up at me through the fog; squinting against the cold drizzle.

Father had been the most anxious to come to America. Along with him, he had brought my mother and sister and me. Now middle-aged, he had left behind the towboat, home, and his Baltic tongue to work as a bar pilot on the Inner New York Bay. I had left behind Doña.

I lowered a line and hauled up my father's bag. Soon the form of a big man came over the side and pulled itself to its feet. "Let's go home, son," he said as he put his arm over my shoulder. "How was it, Papa?" I had to raise my voice to be heard above the wind. "The storm's heading up, boats, tugs, and all sorts of people out there." "Did you ask him?" "What's that, son?" I looked up to see if I could detect a smile on his face. I couldn't. He looked straight ahead, his weathered face tilted up under his high collar. I thought I could see a twinkle in his eye, "Let's get home to your mother first."

My sister was asleep as it was late, but mother had turned the chairs and sofa around to face a roaring fire that she had built in the fireplace. She was a delicate, well-proportioned woman with a soft voice and a complexion as fine as marble. The shine of her deep yellow hair flickered by the firelight as she hurried to remove our wet clothes. It was a Finnish lumber ship Papa had piloted through the dark channel. There was news of the old country and more important, of a Norwegian tanker that was expected to tie up in New York, before running south, and then across the Atlantic, to Riga! When would it be here? In four or five weeks. How long would it dock? Less than a day? Will they need an extra man, can I sign on? I don't know. There was no sleep that night and there wouldn't likely be for over a month. The picture of Doña sparkled clearer than ever before. We had told ourselves that we would never part, just kids. But it meant something then. I had waited six years, the month dragged on.

Sturdy bronze men swarmed over the docks, stepping on and around piles of provisions stacked for the long voyage. There it was, the blue cross on white background flying proudly from the mast, the symbol for loud laughter in the bars, and the crack of fists in the back streets. It was Norwegian, the *Riksdag*, headed for Riga, by way of Baton Rouge. 25,000 tons of steel plate, 100 yards long with a 32-foot draft.

There she sat in the early morning light, the calm water mirroring her gray sides. Fresh water was taken aboard, and the sailing board said 12 noon. Saying goodbye to the family was easier than expected. Papa, with his massive wooden pipe and squared junker hat, stood tall and proud at the edge of the dock. Mama, well protected by one of father's massive arms, just stared at the gangway, thinking perhaps, when she would see me walk back down it. My little sister ran about, getting in the longshoremen's way, but always getting called back by the rough voice of her father. First the lines aft, then forward, then the breast wire were let go. The powerful tug snatched us from the dock and moved us toward midstream. We rode high in the water, and I looked down on my small family as I helped lower the manila lines to their storage in the damp hole. There was a last wave goodbye and we slipped silently downstream past the coal and gravel barges, riding solidly, the train barges heading for their docks in New Jersey, the top-heavy sightseeing boats slipping around the battery, we moved slowly. The Staten Island ferry was no match for our speed, the people stood and stared, some waved as we went past. The shadow of the big bridge moved over us like night and we moved out past the Statue and into the oily waters of the outer bay.

Night fell rapidly and the cold set in. The deep green water changed to black and the reflection of the stars and the sparkle shore lights took the place of the pale winter sands and white beach houses. For two hours, I stood lookout on the bow, the water sluiced by; it was cold. The rattle of the anchor chain kept pace with the shudder of the stern as she gently rolled in the cold sea.

I had been sick, so sick, with the tossing rhythm of the light ship. The men regarded me as something of a curiosity, as I didn't talk much, feeling well only in my bunk, hands clapsed tightly to the hand rails. Sometimes I would sit for hours on the poop deck, breathing in the clear, brittle air and soaking up what little sunshine there was. And the sea stretched silently around, so big, and never fully understood by the men that rode its swells. It was like a character, but out of the class of the men, the Master, even the great steel ship. We were but a speck on its surface; a surface like a broad outstretched palm that could crush us or coddle us at will.

Some two days out of New York, we hit the Gulf Stream and raced alongside it towards Florida. With it came warm water and cloudless skies, filled with the warmth of the sun. Hundreds of swallow-like birds followed us, dipping at the capped waves for small bits of the waste from our meals. The men said they had come from the pine forests of the Carolinas, over two hundred miles to the west. When they tired, they perched under our cargo pipes and in the fo'c'sle head, resting 'til they would again rejoin their numbers. Dolphins raced with the ship every night. Their flap flap under the bow startled me as I stood alone in the starlit night. As many as twenty at a time would put on a show, through the spray kicked up by the great bow. They would stop and start, cutting through our wake, leaving the *Riksdag* standing still behind their great speed. Sometimes forty feet, sometimes forty miles, they traveled with us toward Florida.

Bluer and bluer was the water as we crossed the latitudes of Jacksonville and Daytona Beach, drawing so

close to shore. The gulls came to us, waiting for the mealtime garbage. Great gray, or white birds, depending on our position on the charts. And the little Carolina swallows left us, no doubt to take berths on some northbound ship that could return them to their homeland.

Then we saw the shore. There was a long sliver of golden beach dotted with pure white buildings glowing in the hot sun. The white foam of the breakers mirrored the glitter of the buildings as the ship surged on, never to stop 'til she reached the brown waters of the ship channel at Baton Rouge. Miami slipped by on the starboard side as we made the angle and started down the Florida Keys. As the sun went down, the glitter of a thousand lights stretched out like a long chain on the surface of the now calm Tanker Alley.

Finally the red and white slash of Key West slipped past our beam and we started out on the broad, flat, Gulf of Mexico, headed North and West. Ships passed by in the night, so still and calm, their gigantic range lights aglow like fireflies hovering over the round yellow of the portholes.

We tied up against the strong current of the Mississippi at Baton Rouge late in the day. The sun sank, giant rubber hoses were connected, and the loading started. I walked down the gangway and the stable wood of the gigantic dock felt strange beneath my feet. The whirring and grinding of the great refinery upset me as I walked past it to escape. The lights and the steel hatted men grew thinner as I moved downriver. Well out of reach, I sat on the levee and tried to think. I couldn't. My head was full of the past week, and the strong current moving silently by seemed to pull all my thoughts with it. My head swam in feeling. The sea, the river, all swirled around me. I tried to think of Doña. She had escaped my mind all week, and I had now just realized it. I failed to bring her picture into focus, and I walked, strangely happy, back to the *Riksdag*.

She lay low in the water as we pulled away from the shore early the next morning. There was a light fog that closed in about us as I stood on the bow. We headed downstream through the foggy green funnel of the levees twisting through the flat lowlands of the delta. Toward the Gulf, Europe bound.

The weeks passed rapidly as I soaked up the sun; my hair grew yellow and my skin brown. The salt from the air coated my lips and I could feel my bronze strength growing. The sea stretched around, sometimes as glassy as a mirror, when the whales, water spouting, surfaced and watched us from afar. During the storms, lightning split the sky, waterspouts stretched up into the black clouds and the St. Elmo's fire crackled along the davits. The *Riksdag* pitched and rocked at the mercy of the great waves. I grew with the companionship of my shipmates.

I shuddered when I saw the low form of land in the distance. Three bells rang and we readied the ship for the dock. There was Riga, lying silently, almost spellbound in the shadowy light, waiting for us as though she would come to life on our arrival.

The cold wind blew through the starless night, as my heavy boot thudded on the dock. I pulled the thick wool of my collar above my ears and stood motionless, watching my breath freeze in the cold air. I lit a cigarette and started up the long hill. My heart pounded wildly because of the cold, the steep climb, and the thoughts of Doña flashing through my mind. Her picture raced forward like a reel in the movie houses, flickering, bobbing to the beating of my temples.

There was her house; I stopped to look at the warm glow of a light shining in the window. The lace curtains stood ever so still. I stared, I don't know how long. A thunderous crack of the ice broke the dead silence of the night. I turned to see a peaked floe break off from the shore a long way below. My eyes fastened on it, the ship, the water. I knew I would never turn again. The orange sparks of my cigarette sprayed through the cold air as it struck the large cobblestones; I walked downhill toward the ship, waiting.

(Continued from page 24)

"Why how can you say that," she said after a short snorting laugh. "I've come back here three years in a row to work and I love it more and more everytime. It's dreamy," she said laughing again.

Three years—she must be older than he had thought, but what was age? and look how young and innocent she was. He loved her even more for her naïveté. His thoughts were interrupted.

"Robert, it has been lovely, but I'm afraid I've got to turn in. I'm a working girl you know."

He protested slightly and tried to get her to stay, but she insisted. At the door of the rooming house he had kissed her. He had done everything almost perfectly, planning it out step by step on the way home, and then executing it with precision until that last moment when he had slipped slightly and planted his lips lightly on the side of her nose, but he had quickly found her mouth and a little confusedly giver her a hard smack.

She whispered good night, placing her fingers to her lips and was gone.

When he got back to the room Eddie wasn't there. He sat in the straight chair looking out the window at the vague outline of Dreamland. It seemed even more dreamlike now—hazy, vague shapes of incoherence, cardboard walls, bulldozed landscapes, bathed in a blue moon light, so intensily unreal, a ludicrous fantasy when compared to his love, his meaningful love for Dorothy. And yet, there was an orderliness, a grotesque orderliness, to what lay before him. The streets laid out in neat squares, there the stage depot, the Indian village, the haunted castle, all supervised by Mr. Moody, set and orderly like the sandwich makings on Eddie's table. The mayonnaise jar, the knife wiped clean and set at right angles to the table, the broad wrapper neatly folded under and tucked in, the "Ye Olde Sweete Shoppe" napkin neatly folded under the knife. Not even a misplaced crumb. But they could have it. Mr. Moody and Eddie could have it—as long as he could have Dorothy.

But the "Ye Olde Sweete Shoppe" napkin? Eddie didn't eat there. Where did it come from? He hadn't come back to the room after lunch, and it hadn't been in here before. He slipped it out from underneath the knife and held it to the light. No, it couldn't be.

He left his chair before the window and went out into the orderly streets—he passed beyond the bounds of Dreamland, and hurried out along the edge of the bay. Finally he was on the beach. He trotted along the dunes, the sea oats rustling, the light waves rumbling landward, and the big moon smiling down.

Then he heard the voices. Yes, there in the hollow of the dunes he could see the vague shapes, a boy and a girl. His heart leaped into his throat. They were naked. The girl lit a cigarette, and in the flare of the match he saw the splash of red hair.

Dorothy? His reason for being? His wonderful, meaningful, red-headed Dorothy?

The match went to the cigarette, and he could make out the features of her face.

Dorothy!

The fine sand beneath his feet threatened to part—to shift around his ankles, and sink him, forever, beneath the surface of the earth, beneath the rustling sea oats, the lapping waves.

Dorothy took a drag and then playfully pushed it to the mouth of her companion, who coughed and then spoke.

It was Eddie.

The next morning at precisely 9:36 they came around the corner of Dreamland's Cowtown Saloon, middle-aged widows, divorcees, housewives, their gaudy beach wear hanging in varying degrees of undress, revealing sagging breasts, bodies misshapen and tanned to a crusty broiled lobster red; in tow, children, thousands, a descending horde of snotty nosed, sunburned, screaming, whining children.

Black Beard stood by the gangplank, his feet spread apart, the coal black boots glistened in the morning sun, his sword hung at the side of his blue broadcloth coat, beneath this a red sash holding a pair of flintlock pistols, all this being hung on a lanky frame and crowned by a large flopping hat and bristling black beard, braided and tied off with tiny bits of colored ribbon. Behind him, the less colorful but faithful Harold fulfilled the duties of first mate by fiddling with the rigging.

The group drew nearer. He could make out the cold cream and the hair curlers, and on a lower level, the little round evil faces, the freckled sunburnt noses, eyes gleaming maliciously.

Nearer they drew, nearer. He stood his ground, his back straight, his eyes set and looking ahead. Thirty yards, 20, coming, coming, closer.

Black Beard opened his mouth.

"C-C-C-Cast off!" he shouted and the highly polished boot kicked the gangplank clear of the boat. Behind him Harold hoisted the tarpaulin and it billowed out as the boat lurched off down the bulldozed canal. Black Beard stood now laughing at the crowd on the canal edge.

He knew who he was—he had found himself. He was Captain Edward Teach, the notorious Black Beard, scourge of the Atlantic seaboard.

The canal was about to empty into the bay, Dreamland was far behind him now, already sinking from sight, vanishing. The sea breeze was quickening. They must act. He turned to the stern. Harold was ready.

They could barely make out the growing crowd which they had left behind, but the excited voices followed them along the surface of the placid canal. A figure, Mr. Moody, was trying to follow them, stumbling along the rough edges of the bank.

The tiny brass cannon was primed and trained in on Dreamland. Black Beard brought his sword down with a swish, calling out the order loud and clear. There was no trace of a stutter.

"Fire!"

PLOT YOURSELF A COLLEGE GIRL

By Aleph O. Null, M.F.

With today's increasing emphasis on the nude body as an art form, the ambitions of all truly-creative students of mathematics have become directed toward a closely related problem—that of expressing, in a *single* mathematical equation, the curve for the perfect three-dimensional female form.

Not being a particularly bright disciple of the science, I have labored long, but alas, in vain. Yet, even though I have not yet come upon the ultimate solution, I feel that I have made some small degree of progress in that I have succeeded in deriving several sets of equations (involving a single independent variable) which describe (somewhat crudely) various orthogonal views of this strangely intriguing curve.

In this paper, I am including one such set of equations—this one being a three-quarters posterior view. Along with my equations and a graphical outline, I shall attempt to include sufficient instructions to enable the average student of Math 106 to plot his own graph from the equations alone.

Have fun!

Instructions

1. Obtain a sheet of rectangular coordinate paper, perferably with finely ruled squares.

2. Place your origin (O,O) in the lower left hand corner. Scale off 40 units on the y-axis and 20 units on the x-axis.

3. Now, you are ready to plot one-by-one the fourteen equations for the different basic bodily curves. Notice that preceeding each equation you are given and "O^1" and a "D".

a. The "O^1" represents the *shifted origin* for that particular curve. E. g. for Equation No. 5, $O^1 = (7, 22)$ means that *just* for the graph of $y = -7x$ we let the point (7, 22) be our temporary origin.

b. The "D" interval tells us exactly what domain of values (around the temporary origin) we consider for our independent variable in that particular equation. E. g., for Equation No. 3, $Dx = [-1.6, 1.5]$ means that we are to substitute (into the equation $y = -\frac{1}{2} \times {}^3$) *only* values of x between -1.6 and 1.5. Notice that some of the equations have two separated domains.

4. The more values you substitute into the equations, the closer your graph should look like mine.

EQUATIONS

1. $O^1 = (8.0, 32.0)$
   $D\theta = [0, 2\pi]$
   $r = 4\ [\mathrm{Sin}\ (\theta - 3\pi) + 1]$

2. $O^1 = (9.0, 30.5)$
   $Dr = [-2.0, 1.5]$
   $x = -[(y/1.5)^4 - (y/1.5)^2]$

3. $O^1 = (9.0, 26.5)$
   $Dx = [-1.6, 1.5]$
   $y = -\frac{1}{2} x^3$

4. $O^1 = (0.0, 0.0)$
   $Dy = [17.0, 24.8]$
   $x = 10.5$

5. $O^1 = (7.0, 22.0)$
   $Dx = [0.0, 1.0]$
   $y = -7x$

6. $O^1 = (10.0, 26.0)$
   $Dx = [0.5, 5.0]$
   $y = -\sqrt{5x}$

7. $O^1 = (12.5, 21.0)$
   $Dx = [-1.0, 2.5]$
   $y = -\sqrt{6.25 - x^2}$

8. $O^1 = (7.0, 12.0)$
   $Dx = [-4.0, -2.4]\ [4.0, 5.0]$
   $y = \frac{1}{4} x^2$

9. $O^1 = (12.0, 8.0)$
   $Dy = [-8.0, 8.0]$
   $x = -1/64\ y^2$

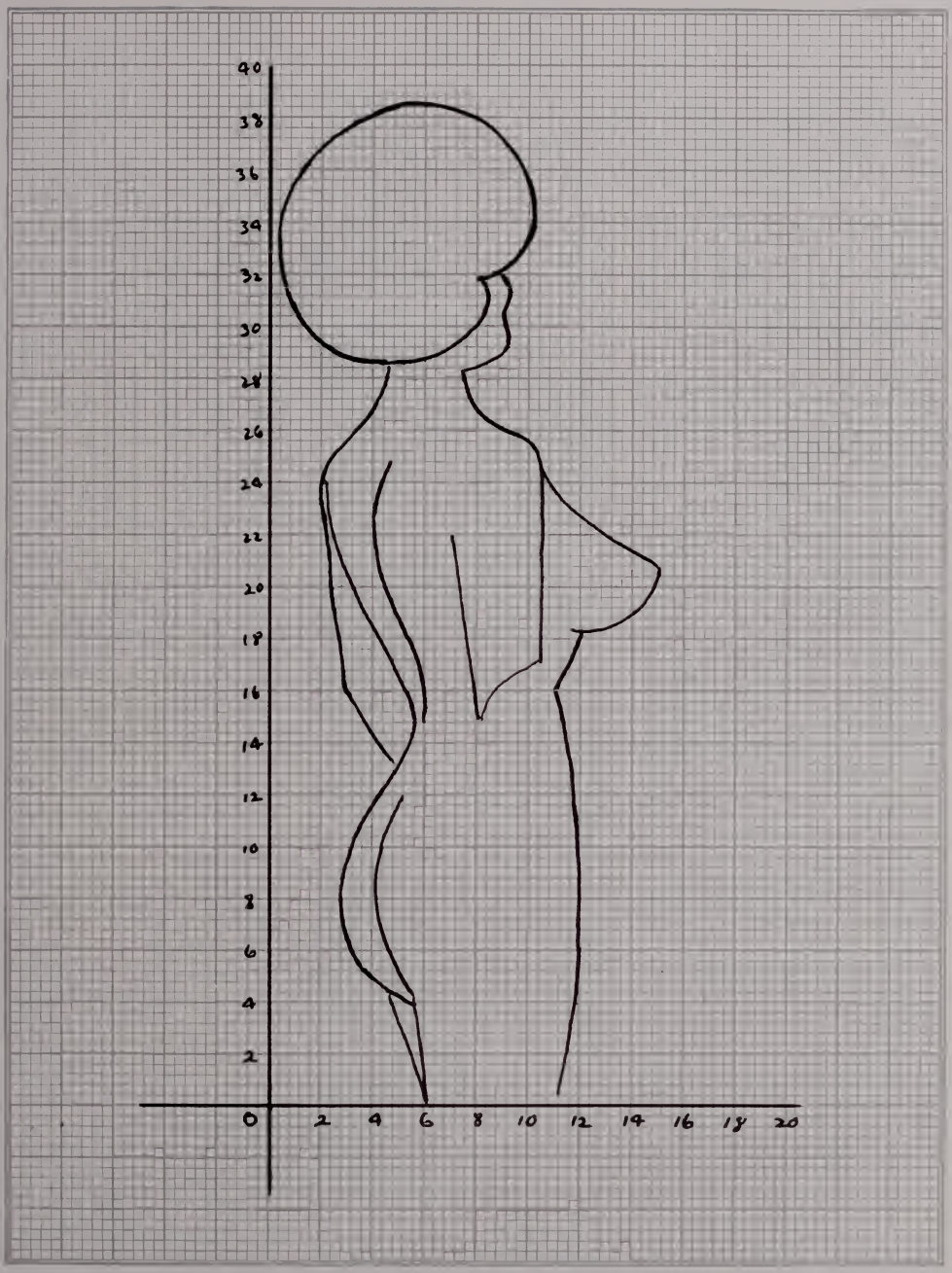
10. $O^1 = (3.0, 26.0)$
    $Dx = [-1.0, 1.5]$
    $y = .47\ x^3 - .50\ x^2 + 1.03\ x$

11. $O^1 = (7.0, -1.0)$
    $Dx = [-5.0, -4.2]\ [-2.3, -1.0]$
    $y = x^2$

12. $O^1 = (5.0, 12.0)$
    $Dy = [-7.5, 0.0]\ [3.0, 13.0]$
    $x = \mathrm{Sin}\ (\pi y/7)$

13. $O^1 = (6.0, 0.0)$
    $Dx = [-0.7, 0.0]$
    $y = -7x$

14. $O^1 = (5.5, 15.5)$
    $Dy = [7.5, 11.0]$
    $x = 12.5\ [(y/11)^4 - (y/11)^2]$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(Continued from page 29)

By that time it's too late. No amount of thrashing will bring air. I think if I could have just relaxed, it would have been so easy."

"Tell me the end," she said.

"You feel like all your pains are being sucked right out of you. You want air at first to relieve the vacuum because it's uncanny. Then when you can't get air, you just accept it, or maybe it just comes so softly that it's easy. You feel cold and warm at the same time and your thrashing arms simply stop—with all the other senses. It's just a gentle pulling inside your chest that spreads all over until there's nothing left."

Fran was in a cold sweat and fixed another round of drinks. The pounding from the dance floor above subsided some. "Poor Neil."

Bamba busted in, sat down in a pile, and popped his fingers on the bongos—pretty high already. Neil complained, and Jonah said to Bamba, "Jan wants you to come play for her."

Bamba sputtered, "OK OK" and his hairy jaw swallowed twice as he stumbled out. The young couple had joined the sweated dancers, Pearl and Arty. Bamba soon clamored into the group and his bongo flipped into the fire. Jon fished it out while Jan busted out laughing and Pearl repeated "Oh no, oh no." Bamba sprawled on a couch guzzling a bottle of rum. The hard stuff got to him quick. He soon turned over backwards the couch and crashed off. (The little dog scampered to his head, sniffing.)

Jug got up, stared out a porthole and,

> Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long,
> But at my back in a cold blast I hear
> The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

He then exited the room of four wild, churning dancers with a bottle of vodka in his left hand. The foredeck was cold in the damp wind. A dark night, and mist swirling about the bow. He turned in a daze to Chirpa, up on the bridge,

> 'My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
> 'Speak to me. Why do you never speak. Speak.
> 'What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?
> 'I never know what you are thinking. Think.'

No answer from Chirpa, who hadn't even noticed the clown. Chirpa, the QUEEN's high priest, was thanking himself for the grand job he'd done on this, perhaps his greatest opportunity. Jug folded into the deck and railing, the bottle being caught and overturned, spilling warm vodka onto his curly head. "Ta, ta," said he. Then with a concentrated effort, he raised his head to Chirpa and summoned all the air that would fit in his twisted torso and pleaded, "'Hurry up please, it's time!'" Chirpa looked down, Jug had passed out. He strapped the wheel and went below.

The party was becoming more intimate in all parts of the boat. The banner, BELLADONNA, stood up for the mist to see. Fog set in, and the boat was a city unto itself.

Jan tired of dancing and had fallen on a couch, Jon fixed a couple hard drinks and nestled in next to her. Pearl kept bringing them more drinks, and the friendly got friendlier. Jon undid her ponytail and they giggled unceasingly until he got more intimate. Arty coaxed Pearl behind the bar to spy on the couple. When the records played out, Jon caught her eye and ever so seriously slipped his hand from her ankle to her knee. She coughed inopportunely, regained her composure, and latched into their common visual speech. His hand crept closer, and she made a move signifying she wanted a darkened place. They got up and walked out, holding each other so tightly that each seemed to pull the other slightly off the floor.

Jonah came in and put Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" on the intercom system. He went up to the bridge to listen. Fran was left alone with Neil; Chirpa still working below.

Arty, drunk on his butt, and hiding with Pearl, poured two more drinks. "There goes an old man, then two little kiddies off to beddie-by while another lies there on the floor. Poor sonofabitch."

Pearl slapped his face, knocking the drink out of his hand. She forced her face in front of his and pushed his shoulders to the floor. "OK Jeesas, who the hell are you!" She dumped an ice bucket over his face.

He didn't move, afraid she might discover his hidden lifebelt. He came back with, "I'm a man, that's who I am."

"And I'm a woman, but I don't see ya. You been actin' this whole trip. Whadya up to?"

He hesitated, and then, somewhat sobered, "You're acting too, Pearl. Except when you're with that dog. This is the first time you talked to me like you were a real human. What are you up to, huh!" He said this forcefully.

She rolled off him and stared at the ceiling, light swinging. "It's all a front ain't it. The whole thing. Chirpa's crazy. He's gonna ruin the front. I know it." Tears came to her softly. "But how can you make a joke about Bamba. Everybody knows he's just a kid. But so are you an' me an' all the rest of us."

"And all the rest back on shore, too," added Arty. They looked at each other. "They all have fronts."

"So why'd ya come if it's all the same?"

"Because just like you said, Chirpa's gonna ruin the front. All the false people are gonna die. And I have to see it, like I'm seeing you now. Chirpa's broke your front, and probably for good."

"So what difference does it make now, front or no front?"

"None, same as it ever did, none. People just won't believe it."

She was confounded, "Give me a drink."

"No. Shhhh."

Chirpa came into the dance room and spied Bamba. He began to laugh loudly and kicked the disgraced LOVER repeatedly until he rose to his feet in a daze. Chirpa took to kicking the little white dog, near Bamba who was taken by a fit of rage. He ran to the top deck, grabbing a fire axe on the way. Chirpa kept his distance, laughing, and followed.

Arty said to Pearl in a whisper, "I'll tell you what difference it makes. People hafta die t'be free."

"Yer crazy like Chirpa."

"Everybody's crazy; but I'm not crazy like Chirpa. Chirpa's only gonna

die once. He's only gonna have one chance t'be diff'rent."

"What's that mean?"

"Just like anybody else, he's gotta make a life. But he's so narrow that he can't see anyway other than HIS way, and only because it's HIS way. And he also sees that all his high livin' has to come to an end somehow. There has to be something more than just his high livin', and he knows it. But he won't let it die. It would if he'd leave it, but he's so close to it that he's afraid his importance would die too. That's why he's carrying his idea as high as he can. I've seen people die over and over again, and each time they live better. But they have to live again."

She asked, "Where does that leave us? What are you doing here?"

"I just have to see to understand."

"Oh, so you're a vulture, huh? Just like I thought. Well it looks like you're catching up with yourself too. Ha!"

Arty was silent. Someone was jumping above them, and a repeated crashing sounded. "You're gonna live," he said, "and be beautiful again, more than you ever were. When the boat blows, get in a lifeboat, or just stay afloat. I've got the coast guard coming at dawn."

On the top deck Bamba had been swinging the fire axe into the lifeboats. Jonah let him go. Jug awoke and drank, amused at Bamba's activity. The waves were swelling higher, and Bamba proceeded to show off with heavier swings. Chirpa laughed hard. But on a level swing, the childish LOVER lost his balance, spinning off the starboard. Jug cackled,

> Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead,
> Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep sea swell
> And the profit and loss.
> A current under the sea
> Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell.
> He passed the stages of his age and youth
> Entering the whirlpool.

Chirpa commanded Jonah to cut the engines and come about. Jonah refused, offering that it wasn't time yet and to leave him. Chirpa bounded into the bridge, knocked Jonah cold and cut the engines back. He threw the wheel starboard and closed the switch. Jug still chanting,

> Teach us to sit still.
> Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.
> Pray for us now at the hour of our death.

Neil had just come out on deck to get some air when the boat swung around and the port tank blew. He was thrown into the waves. TEMPEST QUEEN listed immediately. Jan and Jon burst from their room, half naked, Jan crying that she didn't want to die. A secondary explosion threw her body onto Chirpa, who had locked the Captain in the bridge and was hunting Arty. The bearded whistler dropped her over the side while Jon was gaping wonderment. Jon picked up a broken strip of decking and climbed after the hunter. Chirpa had a gun from the bridge compartment and fired four rounds at Arty diving into the waves. The fifth round summoned splintered decking in the tall one's back.

Jon then cut loose a lifeboat. Mama Pearl picked up her whining dog, and Fran was climbing out of her compartment. The women climbed into the little boat lowered by Jon and the drunken actor.

The TEMPEST QUEEN sank almost immediately. Flames engulfed her after the second explosion and the boat's bowels creaked and groaned as she twisted into the water. A third explosion split the stern and sent the lady under. She hissed and steamed, cursed the air, and frothed long after passing out of sight.

The broken lifeboat soon filled with water but continued to float. The four people clung to the keel of the small boat, legs in the water, as the craft had overturned. Arty found them as soon as the noises ceased. All were silent save Jug,

> I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker
> And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat and snicker.

It was a struggle to cling to the drifting boat. The little white furball was a wet rag slung over the keel. Arty ducked underneath the side and unfastened the emergency package. He found some rope and tied everyone to the boat. A rations kit was opened.

Not much was said, but it was agreed that the QUEEN was lost in an accidental fire and three explosions. The Captain went down with his ship. The lifeboat's hole resulted from an explosion. Jon spoke about how Jan was lifted into Chirpa's arms, "He just picked her up, like so much blooded meat, and rolled her out of his arms. She bounced off a rail, twisted and jerked before going under." Fran passed out.

Pearl watched Arty very intently for a long time. Keeping silent, he loosed his plastic belt and let it drift away. He motioned for her to watch the others. She wouldn't release him from her sight, her face going through a repeated series of emotions: hate, disbelief, and wonder. He finally whispered in her ear, "Watch them die." This left her in a void. She had thought they would all probably live.

Julie was to notify the authorities that Arty was missing. Toward dawn, a couple planes were sighted and flares shot off. Soon a steel hull came over the horizon sporting an ensign of vertical stripes. The actor mumbled something about having risked more than his vanity, and laughed rather pitifully.

A small boat was lowered to pick up the survivors. Pearl asked if the starched uniforms didn't look queer. The dirty white dog took some food from Arty, who was still munching on some rations. Fran's hair was mostly dry and stood on end, frazzled. Jon held her to the boat with an air of reverence. Jug perceived a contrast between the fresh faces and his four friends. He loosed his grip on life, slipping quietly into the water to join Phlebas, the Phoenician.

"O you who turn the wheel
and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once
handsome and tall as you."
–T. S. ELIOT

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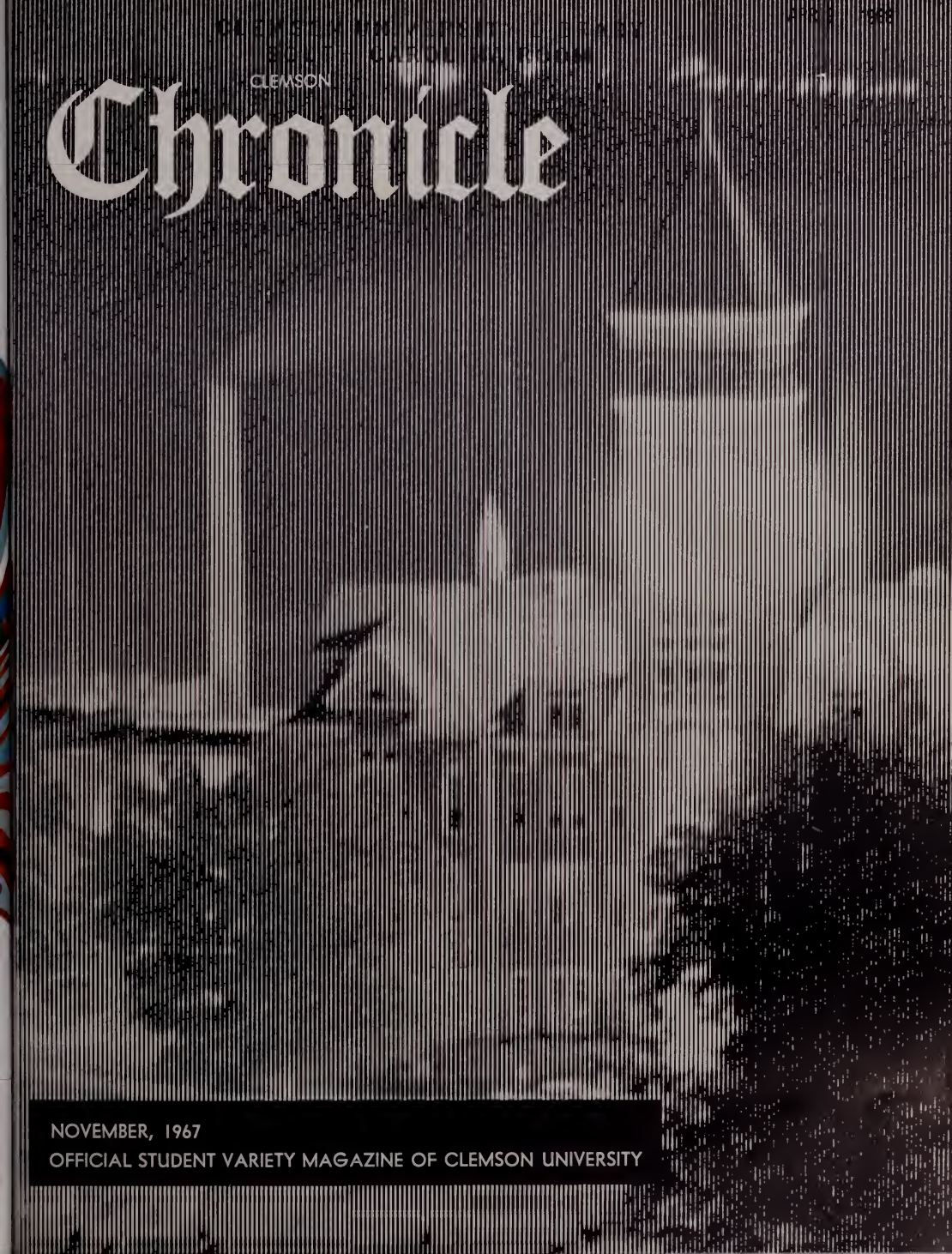

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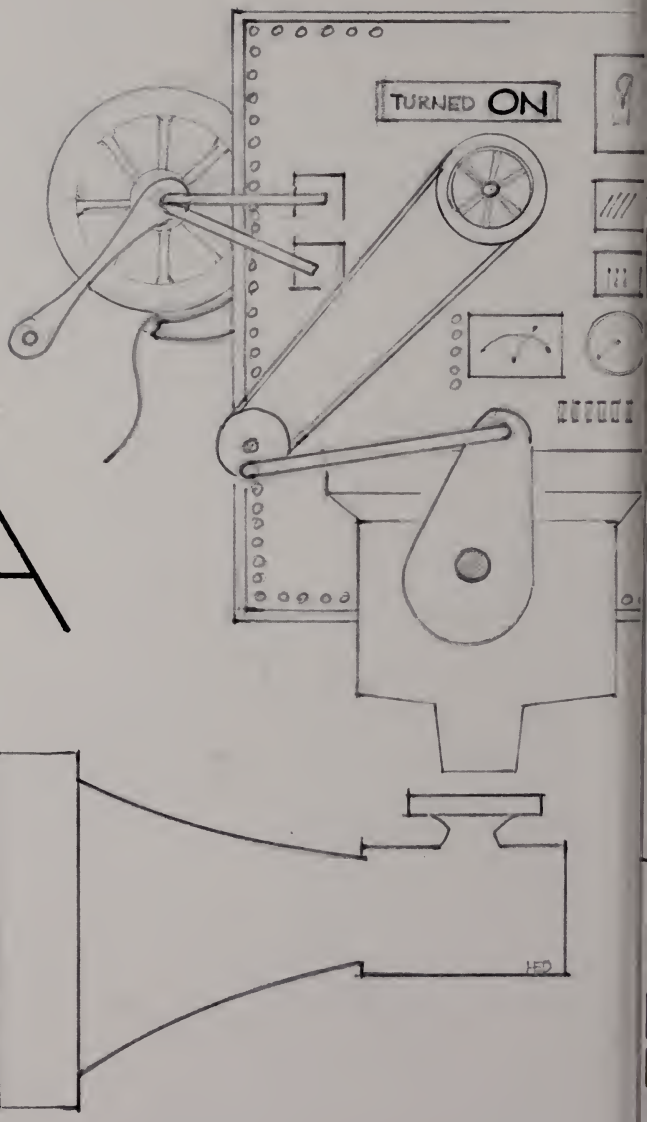
OFFICIAL STUDENT VARIETY MAGAZINE OF CLEMSON UNIVERSITY



CDA

: CRANKS OUT

- FRIDAY NOV. 10

  THE PIECES OF EIGHT
  BRENTON WOOD

- SAT. NOV. 11

  JAMES & BOBBY PURIFY
  THE SPONTANES
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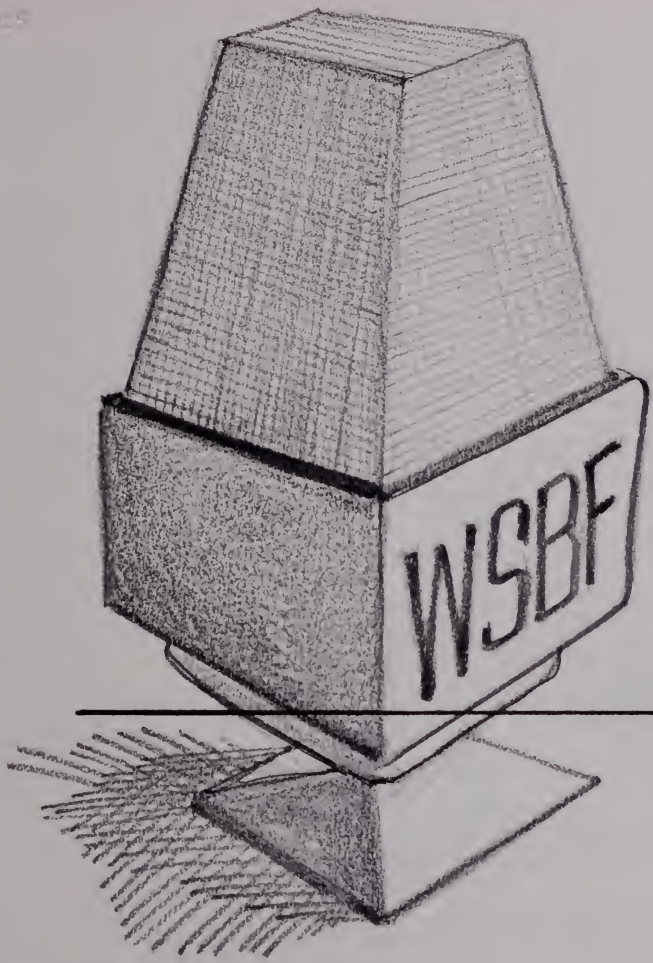

ON THE AIR

TAPS

BUTLER
Fred Waters
FINE ARTS COMMITTEE
Victor
CONCERT SERIES

Groovin!

EDITORIAL

APATHY

We heard an interesting story the other day about a student demonstration at a not too distant university campus. It seems that there existed a group of activist students who could not believe that a university campus could shelter a sect of wishy-washy, do-nothing students. With this in mind as well as the knowledge that they themselves were joiners, doers—call them participators—they set out to demonstrate against student apathy.

This clever twist of demonstrating *for* something as opposed to against something, a positive rather than negative approach, resulted in some fairly interesting and not the least startling findings. Three students showed up for the anti-apathy demonstration.

Now, of course, this sort of thing could never happen at Clemson—the demonstration that is—and since our campus is so totally free of apathy there would be no reason to march for such a cause. Clemson students care; they are a breed who show great concern. Why just the other day we saw a student helping a fellow inebriate across the loggia. What greater concern can one man show for another?

Everyone here at Clemson is doing something. All are actively involved, and where there is involvement there can be no apathy. One has but to pick up the paper each Friday to find out how involved students are at Clemson. We hear that students want more social activity, and when some comes along it isn't good enough. Some want top names to appear here, but are rude and ill-mannered at a charity talent show. Some complain that there is nothing to do at Clemson, and then proceed to do exactly that—nothing.

AT HOME

The Tiger comes out with a weekly paper (which is why I work for the Chronicle) and invariably someone has a complaint. The Chronicle comes out occasionally and experience has taught that there is always something ailing it. The continuing complaints show industrious minds, not apathetic ones, but the lack of desire on the part of a great majority of Clemsonites *to do* instead of complain, *to become involved* instead of watch is indeed pathetic.

I smypathize with every editor, president, everyone who is trying, in earnest, to override this wave which has swept over Clemson, and I'm sure they have uttered the "you can't please" chant many times.

Someone has suggested that we learn from our professors. This statement is loaded with wisdom, perhaps we did, only too well. Someone has said that the tenor of our University is set by the administration; perhaps this is only too true. No matter you shall continue safe in the thought that you were not involved and are a bit shallower an individual because you weren't.

I wonder how many Clemson students would stand up for anti-apathy. Check the definition of apathy, then 90% of you sit back down.

Humble? No!

Grow with

The Tiger

An All-American College Newspaper

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OUR COVER

A Chronicle photograph smuggled down from Clemson's highest water tower, under cover of night, depicting yet another view of Tillman Hall.

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JOHN YOUNT

A Dynamic New Voice In The Literary World

By Bill Etheridge

Writers are a very special breed of man. It is their innate talent to verbalize deep insight into the subtle meanings of life and death. The common man's apathetic nature condemns him to accept the psychological and philosophical absurbities of his existence without ever straining his stagnant mind to ask why. The writer's perceptive mind condemns him to question why and to express his feelings for others. John Yount has insight. John Yount is a writer.

This young writer has a dynamic power for grasping life in all its brutality and throttling truth from it. His first novel, WOLF AT THE DOOR, was released early this past summer and has received quite favorable acclaims from critics. On September 20, John Yount came back to Clemson to give a reading from this novel. Came back? Yes, Yount was formerly an English professor here, and there are many students still around who have fond memories of his classes.

On the occasion of his Clemson reading, between joking and reminiscing with his former colleagues, Yount gave some truly significant insight into his philosophies and the motives of his book. One of his first observations was his theory on the purpose of writing. To him life is full of moral questions. His purpose in writing is to grasp these moral problems and to reveal their true nature. While all forms of art are moral pursuits, the artist does not try to answer all moral questions. His endeavor is to reveal these moral dilemmas and the effects they have on the relationships between the individuals involved in them.

Discussing his novel, Yount described the main character, Tom Rapidan, as being partially insane with suicidal and homocidal tendencies. Rapidan's insanity has developed from his guilty feelings over the lack of a god in his life. The author did not think that Rapdian's insanity invalidated his thoughts or observations, since it was the purpose of the book to show the feelings of a person under such a moral dilemma.

Love gone astray is the overall theme of the book, according to Yount. Rapidan, in expressing his newest theory of theology, depicts God as the epitome of the rejected lover. God is doomed by love, because He created a world which could not love Him as much as he loved it. Yount felt that Rapidan relates himself with this love-doomed God.

John Yount is a man whose insight into human emotions is deep and realistic. He has a rare gift of telling a story in a way which carries the reader right into the situation. One feels the power of emotion and the intracacy of relationships between the characters. We have an effective new voice with a message on the reality of life.

BOOK REVIEW

A Wolf At The Door

By John Yount

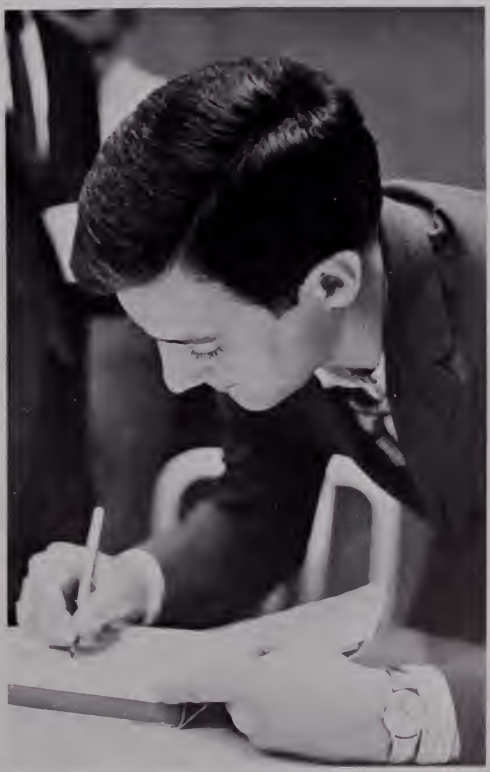
Reviewed By Bill Etheridge

John Yount's first book, WOLF AT THE DOOR, is the moving story of a university student, Thomas Rapidan, whose metaphysical nature has all but ruined and ended his life. It is a story which wraps the reader in the emotional dilemma of people whose relationships have deteriorated to mentally embittered motives.

Radidan is a university student in his early twenties whose life is torn by love, marriage, and religious problems. He is reduced to a suicidal, homocidal, and all but insane mass of human emotions. Tom's wife, Maggie, is torn by her love for him and his gross mistreatment of her. Finally, he has to send her back home to her parents to relieve the tension so overpowering between them. Suicide seems to be the only alternative for Tom to completely free himself. Eventually, a relationship with Dixie, a local lady of low morals, seems to give him the need to face the reality of his situation and to set aside the panacea of suicide.

"Love gone astray" is the interpretation of the main theme of the book given by Yount. The reader deeply senses the warped view of love and understanding evident in the main character. Yount's characters are beautifully developed to a very real degree. The language is harsh, sometimes even brutal, but seems appropriate to develop the character analysis.

Critics have acclaimed this book to be a vital new interpretation of human dilemma. There is no doubt that WOLF AT THE DOOR is a dynamic start for a young perceptive writer, John Yount. At the present time he is on leave from his position as English professor at the University of New Hampshire to complete his second novel. We look forward to its release with high hopes.



Patrick Grady is a Yankee. He lives in East New York City and owns a little quality shop called "The Silver and Blue Shoppe." This is his heritage and trade. For years Mr. Grady's world was one of books, records, stock inventories, buyers, sellers and customers who were snobby college kids and, worse, their parents. Mr. Grady resented these people. He was in a different class than they and felt uneasy around them. He was very well-off; in fact, he could have bought and sold almost any of his customers. Robert Fisher was one customer whom Mr. Grady would liked to have bought and sold, perhaps to the U. S. Marine Corps.

The first time Robert drove up to "The Silver and Blue Shoppe," he was in the shiny new Mercedes-Benz his father had bought him to celebrate the "A" he'd made in Sophomore English. Robert sauntered into the store in his suede slacks and cashmere cardigan. He walked to racks of sports coats, made several quick selective glances, and started snapping his fingers. Mr. Grady immediately disliked Robert, but since the other salesmen were busy, he obeyed the finger-snapping and felt very much like a puppy dog.

"May I help you, sir?"

Robert ignored both the question and Mr. Grady for a full minute while he closely examined a moss-green sports coat.

"We have a large selection of tweeds on the other side. Would you like to try them on," Mr. Grady asked patiently.

Robert was quiet for another second or two. Suddenly he looked at Mr. Grady as though realizing for the first time that he wasn't alone.

"Huh? Oh. Tweeds. Hmmm." He lit a cigarette and thumbed through the coats rapidly, then went back to the solid coats.

"Good grief," thought Mr. Grady, "don't tell me tweeds are out this season! Half a shipment of Nottingham tweeds coming in and the kids are going to stop wearing them?" Robert was a typical customer with typical tastes.

Robert took the moss-green coat from its hanger and tried it on. He

RIDE ON A PALE YELLOW SWAN

By JEAN ROGERS

gazed upon his magnificence in the mirror and the corners of his mouth twitched with a suppressed smile which would have been an outward admittance of smug self-appreciation. "I'm beautiful," his look said.

"It's a tiny bit large at the shoulders," Mr. Grady said.

Robert frowned, glanced impatiently at Mr. Grady, and handed him the coat while grabbing a brown one. Mr. Grady took the coat obediently and returned it to its hanger. Robert flicked ashes on the carpet. He tried on the brown coat and was again amazed by his comely reflection. Mr. Grady pointed out that this coat also was large at the shoulders and that, since it was a natural-shoulder coat (naturally), it was not very becoming on Robert.

"Perhaps you'd like this one better." Mr. Grady held a woodsy-brown tweed coat while Robert thrust his arms into it. He watched it critically in the mirror as though he was looking at a dull economics professor. He smiled at Mr. Grady with a twisted grin having overtones of something close to sympathy.

"Damn!" thought Mr. Grady, thrown into an abrupt panic. "Half a shipment. . . . That new buyer. I should have known she's too young to make an astute judgment. Tweeds won't come back for another seven years probably, and here I am with . . . ."

Robert Fisher shrugged his shoulders and said, "Okay, I'll take it." He flicked his ashes on the rug again and walked over to the cash register, taking off the coat and tossing it on the counter.

"Shall I make this cash or charge, sir?"

"Charge it to Mr. A. D. Fisher and throw in three of those ties."

Mr. Grady sighed as he watched the young man walk out the door and drop his cigarette down on the floor next to the stone ash stand in the vestibule.

"Nice kid probably," he thought to himself. "Someday he'll be a banker or partner in a big establishment. 'Fisher and Son.' I see it all now," thought Mr. Grady bitterly.

Mr. Grady began remembering

when he was a son. He was much younger than Robert Fisher at the particular time in his thoughts. He was about seven years old, a quiet, sensitive boy. He was in the sand lot, sitting under the big maple tree in the corner of a vacant lot. His big yellow dog, "Alfurd" sat at his side and snapped at flies. Little Pat Grady was involved in a scheme to build a full-sized army tank out of leaves. He stuck them in the sand, stacked them in various intricate networks, balanced them delicately on top of each other. It was autumn and the leaves from the cold maple tree were brown and crumbly. Patrick worked until he had built a strange structure about four inches high. It was a chaotic igloo of maple leaves and bore no resemblance to an army tank, but Patrick was not yet finished and in his soft young eyes it was already beautiful.

A big gush of wind came whirling through the lot, the little boy, the dog, and the igloo. Leaves were spewed around Pat. They fell to earth in broken clusters and rustled on the ground. Patrick felt very sad as he saw his work lost to the wind. But he was industrious, so he started over. The wind became a constant breeze and blew down all his offorts. Patrick sat watching the leaves in their little whirlwinds; he listened to their dry, rustling crackle and decided he liked the sound. He raked them up into piles and tossed them in the air. The dog jumped to catch them, barked and ran around the lot and the little boy. When Pat grew tired of this, he sat down amidst leaves and sand and Alfurd settled beside him. Another little boy came walking up the street holding a woman's hand. He was dressed in green wool slacks, shiny brown shoes and a camel-colored wool car coat. In his free hand he held a new red fire engine. When they approached Pat and Alfurd, the little boy stopped and pulled his hand away from the woman.

"Is that your dog," he asked.

"Yeah."

'What's his name?"

"Alfurd."

"How come he doesn't have a collar?"

Pat studied Alfurd a while and said "I dunno," because he didn't know.

"That's stupid," said the kid, and with that, he hit Alfurd on the head with the new red fire engine. Pat's lower jaw dropped and he rushed toward the boy who stepped back with a squeal. The woman grabbed Pat by his arm and scolded him severly. He stood aside, dumbfounded, as the woman took the little boy's hand and promised to buy him another new red fire engine. As he watched them walk away, he felt very sad. Sad because the boy hit Alfurd, and because Alfurd had no collar, and because Pat had no fire engine and because the lady had yelled at Pat and because Pat was very poor.

Patrick Grady felt the same sadness as he watched Robert Fisher blindly drive the copper-colored Mercedes into the lane of traffic. As Mr. Grady understood it, life for people like Robert was a ride on a pale yellow swan with great silver-tipped wings.

He sighed as he returned to the task of filing charge slips. Life was rotten for Mr. Grady. The cash register money never balanced with the receipts at the end of the day, customers always seemed to rush in just before closing time, the fall shipment of Coxmoore sweaters had not arrived and lately, coffee began to taste like unsweetened grape jello. That evening, as every evening, Mr. Grady went home to a family of silent, unsmiling people, ate a noiseless supper, and read the unhappy newspaper. That particular paper contained a front-page story which made things even more unbearable for Mr. Grady.

The New York Transit System was on strike. Subways and bus depots would be closed. How on Mother's earth would Patrick Grady get to work in the morning? He always caught the bus because it picked him up at the corner and let him off right in front of his store. Now Mr. Grady was not such an idiot that he would brave New York traffic for the whole mile to his store: his alternative was walking. Could anything else happen to further deepen the frown of an already-depressed man? Nothing was worth anything for Patrick Grady and life was an endless rainy day.

He got up early the next morning and put on his scarf and gloves and his big beige overcoat. His wife was still asleep so he had no breakfast. It was cold outside and misty from smog. In the bleak semi-dawn Mr. Grady started on his dreaded trek to a place of work which held little joy for him. It semed that as he got older, there were fewer and fewer places which held joy for him.

Shivering, Mr. Grady set out for an unhappy day and on his way he saw things he didn't know existed in his home city. On the corner was an old empty lot the kids used for playing baseball. Was that a tree over in the corner? Of course it wasn't! What's a tree doing on a city block? But look at all those brown and red leaves under it. They make such a nice rustling noise. He remembers that noise from sometime in the past. He smiled with the rememberance. There were several people walking that morning because of the strike. A young man passed Mr. Grady at the moment he smiled, and smiled right back. Mr. Grady did a double-take, still smiling. He thought how good it felt to have something warm and young inside of him burst forth in honest joy on ageing features. Mr. Grady walked a little straighter.

He decided that gray pigeons are not really so ugly and that the white ones are almost pretty. He told himself to bring bread crumbs the next morning. Looking up, Mr. Grady saw something he couldn't remember noticing before: the sun. It was coming up behind that building over there and it seemed somehow clean and untouched. No one could build a skyscraper on a sunbeam.

Poems

Old Friend

By JOHN NORTON

Old Friend,
Long ago we played as children
Evil games at times
But they were part of growing
Part of life
And as we grew, we grew together
Realizing manhood
Public,
Starling
Manhood
Our games were still in fun
But now they took a serious tone
And we made the mistakes
Of all youth—everywhere
We drank together
And met sex between a pair of thighs
Common to us both
Public,
Startling
Sex
All in all, we had our times
Our days of fun and growing
But now—
We have come of age—
the past is gone.
You leave now on a venture of your own
And it is said
I would cry if I could
But as it is,
My heart just dies a little

From Form to Finesse

By BYRON F. STONE

The desk of Mrs. G
sits stodgily stooped,
bearing the burden of parts of people
piled perhaps perchance.

The poor people-parts
sport spots and splashes of
ridiculing red,
their wounds spanning
from form to finesse.

It's clear now why
patients covered and bound by
cool-white penalty sheets
need desk-rest.

Poems

April 14, 1966

By CLAUDIA CHEEK

batman swings and heroes through
    our chevrolet-ford world;
mr. clean stands like a monster
    of Rhodes and rules like ajax;
tinsel, foot-worn sphere, reeking
    of jade-east from new york,
lay down your transparent laurels
    to rest in a sepulchre,
push back the patio gate of non-
    rustable aluminum and relive;
escape the dirty drain of unforseen
    dreams to the reality of vanishing
time that must be washed clean
    with new-found elbow-grease.

Son of Demogorgon
By PHIL BUCKHIESTER

Reach high and catch the flaming sun,
for then your life has just begun.
The stars come next, just bring them in.
The clouds, at least get nine or ten.

Then build a world as you see fit
With all the sin left out of it.
Stand back and gaze at what you've done,
Then fast return to the other one.

Poems

When . . .
By LUIS E. LOPEZ

When shall I learn
The things I am to learn,
When shall I become
The man I should be;
Is this mysterious world
That makes me far apart,
The man I am now
From the man I should be?

Nature
By LUIS E. LOPEZ

Nature! What did you give me?
Beatiful flowers!
. . . Majestic rivers . . .
Twilihting stars . . . A deep blue sky . . .
Still . . . I am being sad!

White of Roots
By BYRON F. STONE

White of roots
and wrinkled walls,
still passion haunts
these bare, ruin'd halls;
but eyes alone
belie a passive glance
at youthful thighs and come
to rest on blushing breast
where nature's hand
has done its best.

When I am old and lose my touch,
I'll have no dreams of youth and such;
I'll close my eyes with yearning sighs
As lovely limbs go strolling by.

Cow-Lossus

A Modest Proposal

for a

SIGN OF THE TIMES

We of the Chronicle staff were wondering one Monday evening in September why the administration of this university (whose side we are a constant thorn in) has never seen fit to grace the grounds of this institution with a sign proclaiming our given name, Clemson University, to friend and foe, resident and visitor alike. Now, one will have to admit that a sign is a very useful thing. After all, Dan's Sandwich Shop has a sign, Judge Kellers has a sign, the Study Hall (beer on tap), has a sign, and do you know why? Because they want people to know who and what they are, that's why. Granted, Clemson University may not handle the revenue that Dan's does, and it may not have the atmosphere of Judge Keller's, nor the loyalty and faithful attendance commanded by the Study Hall, but we are growing and we are proud of who we are. Why should we hide our identity? Sometimes, and we hate to admit this, we really do, but sometimes this lack of identity has shocking consequences among the students. For instance, just the other day we chanced to meet a sophomore who thought he had been attending Wake Forest for the past three years. But that's another story.

Now, Alpha Phi Omega, Clemson service fraternity, just recently happened to bring to our attention their efforts to secure a frontispiece for our university. A representative of their organization dropped in on one of our Monday night get-togethers (we hesitate to call them meetings) and was granted a hearing. He showed us plans, drawings, letters written and letters received, figures, etc. All in a noble effort to obtain a sign for Clemson, and all in utter futility. "Fool," we cried in unison, "no wonder you're not getting anywhere. It's all too clear, too logical. Any fool can see that we need a sign and we all know that we want one, ergo we haven't got one. Perhaps the difficulty lies in your approach to the matter. You're being entirely too conservative. A radical administration such as ours can't be expected to go for such a proposal. What they want is something big, something flashy, rather like the library. Obviously they haven't found it yet." At this juncture we called upon our staff artist, took his teething ring away, and charged him with the task at hand. "Look," we told him, "this here boy from A.P.O. ain't been having much luck in his efforts to get this school a sign. Why don't you see if you can come up with something that will really make the administration sit up and take notice. How about drawing us a sign that will be an udder delight." And he did.

But You Can't Teach---- Writing

By R. SORRELS

I was more or less enjoying my salad at the Clemson House one day, by paying little attention to the luncheon conversation of my colleagues, until one of them—a man with a very local reputation for being somewhat of a wag—said, "The only difference between a course in freshman composition and a course in Creative Writing is that in the latter the teacher doesn't take off for punctuation."

I chewed on a piece of gristly ham and smiled faintly, partially writing off the remark as something right typical of someone who taught sociology or education, whichever it was.

But I repeat this more or less true life episode not to be mean, certainly, and not because I imagined that the fellow was absolutely serious: after all, sociologists and educationists aren't exactly well known for the high quality of their prose styles. Too, a little paranoia in the right places never did a writer anything but good. What did rankle a little bit, though, was the implication that the study of English—composition, rhetoric, literature—involved no more than being able to recall certain arbitrary rules of punctuation or grammar which could be plugged in at the proper time. In much the same way, the typical engineering student (if my colleagues in the Mathematics department are to be believed) has no interest in mathematics: all he wants is to be fed formulae which he can "use" (never understand) at the proper time.

What bothered me in a more serious way, though, was that the little scene seemed to typify an attitude on the part of uninformed (if not out and out belligerent) people about what a course in Creative Writing is attempting to do and what goes on in the classroom itself.

My sharp-shooting luncheon acquaintance, in a more serious mood, might have said, as so many others have, "But you can't *really* teach a person how to write, can you?" And by *write* he would mean create art in the form of fiction and poetry.

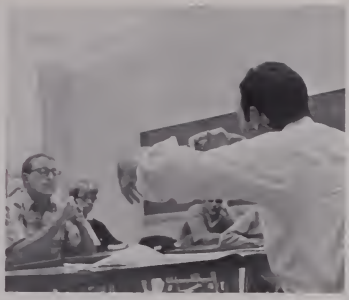
The next common thing for such a questioner to do is to rattle off a list of authors from Chaucer to Faulkner and ask what good a course in Creative Writing would have done *them!* And that always seems to be that.

Conveniently enough for them, the doubters invariably mouth the names of some of the world's geniuses: Chaucer, Shakespeare, Mann, Proust, Hemingway, Faulkner. But they are missing a most salient point. Faulkner had Phil Stone to talk to, to give him lists of books to read so he could educate himself (Ole Miss was precious little help in that regard); Shakespeare had God only knows how many cups of coffee while he sat around listening to Ben Johnson educate an entire generation of writers and thinkers; John Crowe Ransom spent untold hours talking to Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, Robert Penn Warren, and other members of the Fugitive Movement in Nashville during the '20's; and what about the relationship between Thomas Wolfe and his editor Maxwell Perkins—not completely ignoring, either, that Wolfe was a member of a Creative Writing class at the University of North Carolina and a play writing class at Yale; and Hemingway? Just think of Paris in the 1920's: Pound, Joyce, Stein—an incredible group of people Hemingway knew and talked to; and Wordsworth, surely, didn't spend *all* of his time with Coleridge talking to him about the evils of dope; and artists' and writers' colo-

nies—peculiar and contrived though some of them may become—don't spring up for nothing. Even though writing is a damned solitary business, the writer occasionally must come up for air and converse with his own breed. He may pop up to New York from Durham, or wobble out to Iowa (Yes, even there) from Memphis; or he may simply write letters to other writers, or run up bodacious phone bills so he can hear his writer friends' voices; or he might simply send off copies of his work to friends whose critical acumen he has come to trust.

What is happening, what I have been hoping would come across in the long paragraph above, is that writers have always found out other writers, shown their stuff, looked at the other fellow's stuff, and sat around to talk shop.

Too, they have read. That is, they have read the works of writers with whom they cannot talk as well as those with whom they can. But when writers read, they read as writers not as readers. They read not so much for the emotional involvement in character, situation, or whatnot, though they may get as involved as "regular" readers. Rather, they read to find out how another writer has handled a certain problem. They read, that is, from a pretty technical point of view, a point of view which is not necessarily relevant to the literary biographer, bibliographer, historiographer, textual critic, or general reader. A writer may think, along with many another reader, that Emma Bovary—good or bad—is pretty much a hell of a woman. But he may be primarily interested in how Flaubert managed to keep the story of Homais relevant to the theme of Emma's failure; or a writer may feel, along with many a captive student, that the problems of Lambert Strethers are pretty alien to anything he's concerned with—and far more tedious; but he still can learn volumes from James about how to handle point of view. Or, though Hardy doesn't have much to teach us about the modern novel, a writer can learn a good bit from him about the importance that place—setting and background—can have in a book and



how it can be used to support action and character. Or a writer can read Cozzens' *By Love Possessed* and learn a pot full about how to handle Time.

Now what all of this amounts to is that writers learn a great deal about writing—how to write, if you will—by talking to other writers who are having similar problems, by talking to or reading other writers who have learned how to cope with a great many of the problems of creating a piece of fiction. And most of all, naturally, a writer learns to write by writing—writing a very great deal. At this point I am not in the least embarrassed by genuflecting once toward the altar of John Dewey who articulated for our time the idea that we learn by doing.

But to return to the charge that one can't really teach another to write. The only honest response is, *True*. But it is true in this way: There is no way a teacher can teach a student to have something to say; there is no way a teacher can teach a student how to perceive the world; there is no way a teacher can teach a student to have imagination. But having said this about teachers of Creative Writing courses, what has been said that can't also be said about teachers of sculpture, of quantum theory, of painting, of geology, of organic chemistry, of fluid mechanics, of horticulture, of esthetics, or of silviculture? The most any teacher can do is light a few candles and hold them out to whichever students may wish to take them. After that, it is up to the student who may then stare at the light until he can't see anything at all, or start walking where the light shows him a way, or blow the light out altogether. I suppose that it is even the student's prerogative, as he turns to curse or embrace or, worst of all, perhaps, be unconcerned about the darkness, to stare at the candle in the teacher's hand and remark that the light isn't really very bright.

Earlier, though, I raised two questions: What is a Writing course for? What goes on in the class?

To answer the second question first, in a Creative Writing class a

(Continued on page 31)

A CHRONICLE SHORT STORY
By Charles Hill

The door of the hotel room opened, and the overhead fixture responded to the click of the wall switch. The light revealed a disheveled scene.

The white enameled top of the varnished veneer desk was blanketed with an assembly of collegiate mugs, half-filled tumblers, soft drink bottles, crumpled cigarette packs, empty liquor flasks, a few beer cans, a depleted bottle of maraschino cherries, and an ice bucket sitting in a puddle of its own making. Occasional piles of discarded clothes and shoes dotted the liquid-stained carpet. Two suitcases sat on racks against the wall, one spilling out its feminine contents. Both twin beds were unmade, and the pillow of one was absent. The shade of the table lamp was slightly askew. The room was empty.

"Come on in," she said cheerfully. "Looks like the party has finally moved on."

"Yes," he said as he entered, locking the door behind him. "Probably the ones that were here a while ago are those that have passed out down in 714 now. How about your roommate?"

"Oh, she's spending the night with some relatives in town."

She paused in front of the desk, checked her appearance in the mirror, straightened the small red velvet bow in the top of her hair, and examined the collection on the impromptu bar. "They didn't leave us much to drink, though. Do you have anything?"

"I've got a pint of Canadian Club I haven't even opened yet," he said, producing a flask from the inside pocket of his blazer. "Did they leave us any mixers?"

She assessed the supplies. "We've got a couple of Seven-Ups here, and a little bit of ice that hasn't melted. And here's a couple of glasses that don't look like they've been used. I think I can scrape us up a couple of drinks!" She turned to him, smiling, to take the flask; her hand momentarily brushed against his arm. Accidently?

"Fine." He removed his coat and tie and tossed them carelessly onto a chair, already overburdened with abandoned articles of clothing. Then he sat down on one of the beds.

She was starting to mix the drinks now, and he watched her face in the mirror. She reached to the back corner of the table to get the glasses, still in their sanitary protective envelopes; as she leaned over to get them, her trim white overblouse separated from her black well-fitting slacks, showing the dark flesh of her back. Then she was dropping the cubes into the tumblers, which were monogrammed with the hotel's initials. "How much do you want in yours?" she asked.

"Oh, about three fingers, I guess."

"I don't want mine quite that strong."

She finished the drinks and turned toward him. She bent down to hand him his, and her blouse dipped in front of his eyes. Then she sat on the other bed, facing him.

"Now," she said, her dark eyes snapping, her face shining, "where were we?"

° ° °

From the beginning, the evening had promised to be an eventful one. Henry Latham and Rick Johnson were two of the delegates from Southern University attending the twelfth annual convention of the Association of Eastern College Newspapers. Henry was an editorial columnist for their newspaper, *The Rebel Yell;* Rick was its sports editor. They had driven Rick's car north to the convention city together, they were rooming together at the hotel, and they had informally agreed to pal around together at the convention. It was Rick, who considered himself to be the swinger of the pair, who had the evening's entertainment lined up.

"Listen, Henry," he had whispered excitedly to his friend during the Awards Banquet earlier in the even-

ing, "I'll tell you what we're gonna do tonight. I've found a couple of naive Yankee freshmen from one of those little all-girl schools in Pennsylvania. I told them we'd show them the town tonight, and they're all excited and ready to go. We'll take them to a couple of cheap night clubs, get them about half tight—it won't take much liquor for them—and then we'll bring them back to the hotel room and . . ." Here he had slapped Henry on the back rather loudly. The young man across the banquet table glanced at them condescendingly; Henry was embarrassed.

After the banquet Rick had scampered off to get the girls. He had met them that afternoon in the coffee shop while Henry was attending a convention workshop. Henry knew just what sort of girls to expect—freshmen in only their second month of college, they would still resemble the high school types. They would whisper together conspicuously, they would giggle incessantly at the slightest provocation. But Henry had not had a date in three weeks, there was the possibility of fun with these girls later on in the night, the cosmopolitan spirit on the convention had laxed his Southern small-town morality; in short, he was game. Rick soon returned with the girls in tow.

Rick's strategy for the evening had worked entirely too well. After only a few mixed drinks, Rick's date was decidedly tipsy, but Henry's was about ready to pass out. They had returned to the hotel early in the evening and gone to the girls' room on the seventh floor. Rick's girl necked heavily with him: the alcohol made her cooperative. Henry's date, by now really drunk, collapsed on her bed and was soon sleeping soundly.

"Sorry about that, Henry, ol' pal," Rick had laughed. "Your girl really bombed out on you. Listen, I hear a party going on down the hall. Why don't we go down there and see if we can't find someone else for you?"

So the two boys and the girl had trooped down the corridor to room 714, identifiable as the scene of a party by the muffled uproar it emitted. Their knock at the door was answered by a bearded Bohemian-type with a beer can in his hand; he bid them enter to join the frolic. They squeezed their way into the already over-crowded room. Rick and the girl found a bed corner to sit on; Henry spotted a chair at the far end of the room and sat down to view the spectacle.

The party was at its height. Several couples were piled together on each of the double beds, talking, joking, and drinking. In the opposite corner from Henry sat a self-styled folk singer, in sleeveless sweatshirt and dungarees, with beard and shaggy hair, plunking occasionally on his guitar and mournfully singing a popular protest song. Two girls sat on the floor and studied his every move with devotion; both had long straight blonde hair, both were dressed in sweater and jeans, one wore big circular earrings. Henry wondered which would get the singer when he tired of his guitar.

A few bodies lay around on the floor, already passed out from drink. More nimble partakers stepped carefully over the lifeless forms as they made the pilgrimage to the bar, where they mixed themselves drinks with someone else's liquor, and then returned to their dates. On the balcony a boy and girl clung desperately to each other and danced to the boy's incoherent humming; an empty glass slipped from the girl's hand and crashed to the floor, disturbing no one. Rick and his girl (Henry had forgotten her name) relinquished their position now and staggered out of the room, Rick smiling broadly. They would go back to her room, Henry thought, where they would sprawl on the bed and make love passionately; then she would cry and beg Rick to stop. He would, but he would take a different story back to his cohorts at Southern.

Henry had now begun to notice a girl sitting a few feet to the right of him, who also seemed to be watching the party with interest. He had seen her, of course, when he came in, but his mind had automatically rejected her as not being one of his kind, and he had paid no more attention to her. Now he began to notice her again.

She was alone. She sat in a straight-backed chair, reflectively smoking a menthol cigarette, her dark eyes somberly attentive. She wore a trim white overblouse that softly accented her complexion. Her black slacks were neatly tailored and fitted discreetly. She wore neatly buffed brown loafers over stockingless feet. Her jet black hair fell prettily around her neck, where the tips of it curled up slightly; bangs fell halfway down her forehead. She had pinned a small red velvet bow in the top of her hair.

Henry began to give more and more attention to her. He found himself strangely drawn to this girl, who seemed as detached from the actual whirlpool of the party as himself. She seemed attractive, neat, and well-mannered; Henry felt a compelling desire to get to know her, to talk with her, to find out how she thought. He decided to speak.

"You seem about as thrilled over this party as I am," Henry opened, hoping to sound sarcastic. Her response was immediate and pleasant; she seemed happy that a conversation might develop between them.

"I feel kind of out-of-place here, really," she smiled back. Was she making fun of herself? "I came here about an hour ago with some friends from my school, but they soon got bored and left, and I just kept sitting here." She spoke softly, pleasantly, without accent.

"Say, you know that's the same thing that happened to me," Henry said, becoming more animated.

"Yes, I saw the couple you came in with. They didn't stay long—he had that look in his eye. I'll bet today is the first day they've met."

"How did you guess?"

"I don't know—it seems that it alway happens that way at these these things."

Henry shifted in his chair to face her better. "Where are you from?"

"I'm from Pittsburgh—I go to the city college there. How about you?'

"You can probably tell I'm from the South. I go to Southern Univer-

(Continued on page 22)

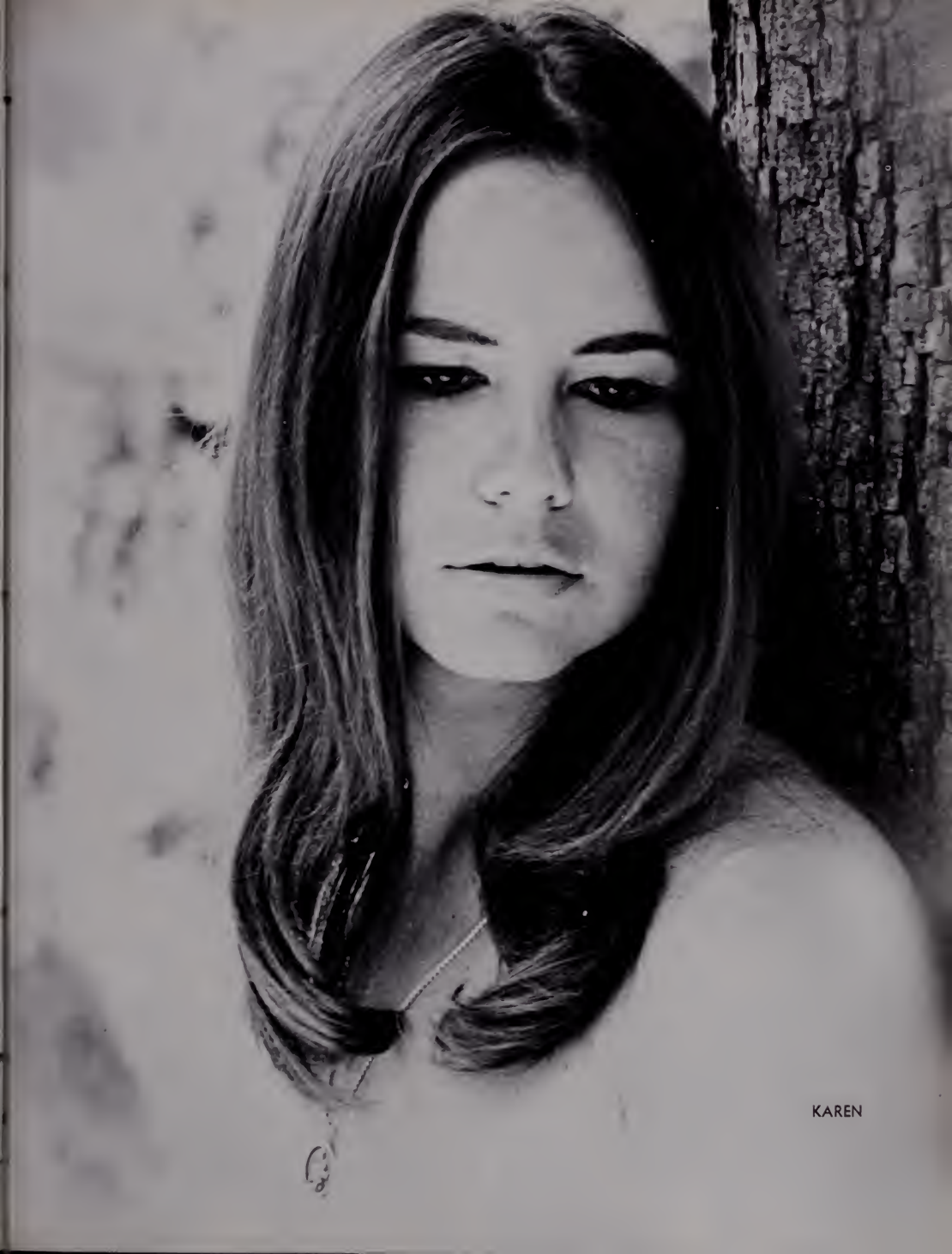
Images of Memory
By Jeff Palmer

A CHRONICLE PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

To me photography is a search for images in the outside world that are projections of my memory. I express myself—like all would-be artists—through my work. My search takes me from Florida, my home state, to Canada. I do not preplan my shots; they just happen. Most of my photography is spontaneous, comes from being at the right place at the right time. I put myself in a situation and I let my mood direct my actions. For the most part I let nature create for me. Afterwards, I always look for a way to polish the photograph, doing this in the darkroom usually.

6 O'CLOCK

MARTHA



KAREN

HUMANITY

KAREN

LOVE

CONVENTION—Continued

(Continued from page 17)

sity, and I'm from a small town in south Georgia."

"Really? We're originally from south Georgia. I was born there in a little town named Hazlehurst, in Jeff Davis County, yet!" She smiled teasingly.

"Good grief! I live only about sixteen miles from there, in Baxley? How's that for a small world?"

Henry hoped his outer expression did not give away his inner astonishment. His mind pictured the section of the town where she had probably been born—the shabby, run-down houses, the dirty, ill-clothed children. He had ridden through the section several times as a boy—perhaps she had been one of the little girls he had seen playing in the street! Now they were sitting here carrying on an intelligent, enjoyable conversation. How strange, how remote it all seemed! Suppose someone from his home town should see them now? But she was talking, and Henry's mind returned to the conversation.

". . . but Daddy moved us up to Pittsburg when I was five. He got himself a good job in a steel mill, and we've been living pretty good for the last fifteen years."

They fell into a period of silence, each mulling over their own thoughts. It was she who reopened the conversation, along rather conventional lines.

"What do you do for your newspaper?"

"Oh, I write editorials." Henry grinned apologetically, knowing he was hardly considered the type to tell others how to think. "How about you?"

She smiled broadly. "Say, this is really getting coincidental. I'm an editorial columnist myself."

"No!" Henry was becoming seriously interested. "Do you enjoy writing editorials?"

"I love it! It was rather awkward at first—you know, people kind of resent you thinking you are qualified to advise them on what opinions they should form—everybody thinks they could write columns just as well if they had the chance. I've found it especially awkward (she was confiding now) because I've taken a pretty conservative position—at least that's the way most of them look at it—as far as civil rights and the race revolution go. The liberal organizations on campus think I should adopt a more—well, militant position, I guess you'd say." She smiled slightly.

"You know, it's funny. At Southern they look at me—my columns—as being rather liberal. You know, of course, the old tradition of my school—spokesman for the Deep South, conservative in politics, strictly segregationist, and all that. Of course, it's become quite a bit more liberal now—we have a fairly liberal history department, we're integrated now, and most of the real 'thinking' students don't go for the hard-line white-supremist attitude that's presented by some of our alumni. But still, I get a good bit of criticism when I write a pro-civil rights editorial or something like that. I wrote one column—'The Modern Southerner Looks at the Race Issue'—that brought some rather heated rebuttals from the old alumni."

The conversation continued to run in this vein for several minutes. They found many ideas which they shared, a few on which they disagreed. Henry found her to be intelligent, frank, even charming; he tried to be honest, candid, and sincere. They were developing a strong rapport, and the situation which Henry had feared would be awkward and embarrassing had become stimulating and enjoyable.

As they talked on, Henry became vaguely aware that the party which had raged on about them had diminished somewhat. The guitar player had quit strumming and was cuddled up with the blonde with the big earrings; the rejected blonde had stretched out by one of the snoozing boys on the floor, who was now rallying considerably; fewer trips were made to the bar, its supplies having been depleted; everyone who remained conscious was coupled up and making out with a partner of some sort; Henry and his friend represented a singular island of coherence in the sluggish sea of somnolence. It occurred to Henry that they were conspicuously out of place, and he said so in a lull in their conversation.

"Say, I think we're the only ones left in this room with any presence of mind at all." He took in the room with a broad sweep of his hand. "Out of fear of disturbing some of the communicants," he continued, tongue-in-cheek, "I'd feel better if we could go somewhere else to talk." He wondered if the suggestion would offend her.

"Well, we might try my room," she ventured, almost shyly. "There was a party going on there, but that was hours ago."

"Well, let's see." They got up to leave the room, picking their way carefully among the people and things that littered the floor, until they finally reached the door. Once she stumbled momentarily; he caught her side with his hand to steady her.

Out in the hall, the cool air-conditioned atmosphere struck them, contrasting with the dank, smoky air of the party room. Henry's mind began to function quickly, lucidly. It suddenly occurred to him what he was doing. His heart beat faster. Suppose he should run across a friend from Southern here in the hall? What would they say? What would they do? What kind of stories would they carry back to Georgia and tell about Henry? He felt suddenly apprehensive, embarrassed, ashamed about the whole thing. The hall cooperated by remaining empty; he hoped they would not meet anyone in the elevator. They reached the end of the hall; she punched the "up" button; they waited silently.

The man on the elevator was about fifty years old; he was fat and partially drunk. He looked at them passively as they stepped into the car, not seeming to notice. "What floor?" he mumbled.

"Seventeen." She had answered clearly, composedly. Henry could feel himself shaking.

The ride from the seventh floor to the seventeenth seemed interminable to Henry. He kept a nervous eye on the indicator light, hoping it would not stop on a floor in between. Four-

teen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen. The door opened and they stepped out.

This hall, also, was empty; Henry breathed a sigh of relief. They walked on down the corridor; still no one appeared. They had not spoken to each other since they left 714.

She was smiling now. "You know, I just though of something. I mean, I'd kinda like to know—what's your name?"

Henry laughed out loud. "Yea, I guess that would be a good idea, wouldn't it. I'm Henry Latham."

"And I'm Jayne Lee," she replied, smiling prettily. "Pleased to meet you, Henry," She did a mock curtsy as they stopped in front of room 1709. She produced the key and fitted it into the door.

• • • •

"Oh, we were talking about race and liberal and conservative and all that." Henry sounded as though he wished they might speak of other things.

"Yes, I think we've about exhausted those categories." She sipped lightly from her drink, then studied the glass self-consciously, feeling his eyes upon her.

"You know, you're a pretty unusual person," reflectively.

"Well, how should I take that?" she returned, teasing him.

"Complimentary, of course!" He had not seen the double meaning. "What I mean is, I've never met anyone quite like you before."

"No, I don't guess you have, in the South. But I'd consider myself pretty typical around Pittsburgh, or here."

"Do you mind if I ask a kind of personal question?"

"Not at all."

"So many rumors go around down there. I just wandered—do you get any financial help from the Association to go to school?"

She smiled. "Funny you should ask that. They did offer me some money —I had pretty good grades in high school (Henry guessed she was being modest) and they knew my father didn't have a lot of money. So two men came to see him one night and offered to arrange for some money through the Association. But my father turned them down—he's a proud man to be so poor. I was glad he did—I didn't want to be obligated to them and now it's a good thing I'm not. Besides, Daddy kept enough aside to send me to the city college, at least."

He nodded his understanding. They were silent for a time, and Henry finished his drink.

"Here, let me take that for you. I don't want any more of mine." She got up to return the two glasses to the table. While she stood there, Henry stretched out on his back on the bed, his head resting on the single pillow. She watched him in the mirror, then turned to him smiling.

"Hey, you aren't getting sleepy, are you?"

He nodded affirmatively. "If I'm the least bit tired, and then have just a little bit of liquor, it always puts me right out."

"Well, the little man's had a busy day," in mock pity. "Just lie back and take it easy. Here, let me take your shoes off. Sorta like my being your slave for the evening." Her eyes sparkled.

"Say, you don't mind kidding yourself like that, do you?"

She laughed as she unlaced his shoes. "No, I do it often just to see how other people will react. It's pretty funny."

"That's a heck of a way to get your jollies," he ventured. He noticed her yawn as she sat the shoes on the floor. "Um, you wouldn't be getting sleepy too, would you?"

Caught in the act, she smiled and nodded.

Henry patted the bed with his hand. "Come on, lie down and tell me all about it." He was instantly sorry he had said it that way—he was joking, not trying to be forward. Or was he?

She hesitated slightly, then walked over and sat on the edge of the bed and looked at him for a moment with serious eyes. Then she lay down on her back beside him.

"Hey, gimme part of the pillow!" Henry was glad to hear her joking again—the serious glance had slightly unnerved him. He lifted his head and shifted the pillow to her. Then they both laid their heads back on it.

They lay there for a while, silent, rigid, studying the ceiling. Then she moved her hand down to her knee to straighten her slacks and left it there; presently Henry slipped his hand into hers, and she returned an acknowledging squeeze. Still neither spoke.

As if on cue, they both turned on their side and faced each other, each looking deeply into the other's eyes, searching for answers they had not found on the ceiling.

The first kiss was tender, remarkably so. It was followed by another period of silent questioning, with anxious eyes.

Now the kisses came more often, were harder, lasted longer. Henry found one of his hands on her shoulder, pulling her toward him; the other was stroking her hair, playing with the small red velvet bow. He was not thinking now, only reacting. They kissed again, and again.

It was she who broke off the kiss, she who retracted her arms, she who pushed him away.

"No, please, we can't! It's no good, no good! Can't you see?" She turned away from him and sat on the edge of the bed, holding her head in her hands.

It took Henry a moment to recover from the surprise, a moment to resume his logical thought processes. Then he got up, walked to the end of the bed, sat down, and quietly put on his shoes. Then he stood up, picked up his coat and tie, and turned to look at her.

"Jayne?"

She shook her head no, still burying her face in her hands.

Henry turned and walked towards the door, leaving her sobbing softly on the bed.

• • • •

Henry Latham stood in the hall outside of room 1709, blazer and tie slung over his shoulder, waiting for his eyes to adjust to the bright artificial glare of the lights. He looked down at the small red velvet bow, clutched tightly in his hand.

When he finally turned to walk away, he could still hear the Negro gently crying in her room.

GENTLEMAN'S CHOICE

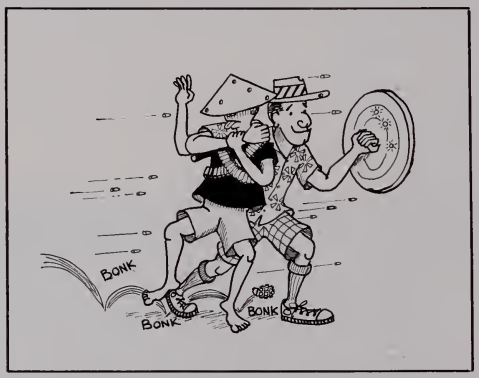
The CHRONICLE, as is its habit this time of year, sent its photographers out into the green fields and verdant glens of Clemson University to collect on film some samples of local wildlife and vegetation.

They pretty much ignored the vegetation and fought ferociously over the wildlife before they returned home, panting happily and all warm and glowing inside over a job well done.

From their selfless efforts we have culled these few pages in hopes that they will provide you the reader with the joy, wonderfulness, and complete moral catharsis that should be an integral part of every Clemson man's life.

"In the streets of Saigon I played 'Dodge the Terrorist'," writes Elwood Driggers, long-time friend of Canadian Club.

"I saw that one slip-up could be a painful experience as I slowly learned the ground rules."

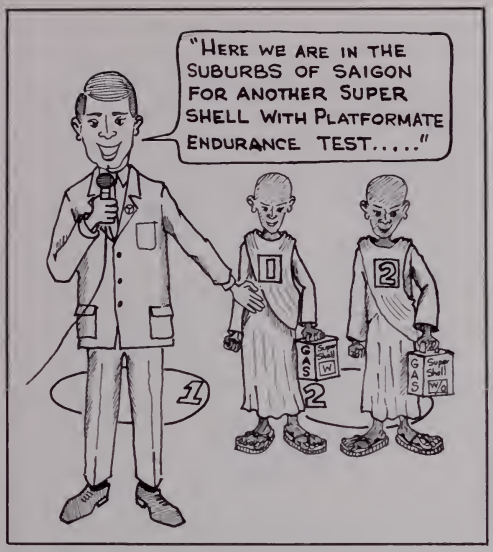


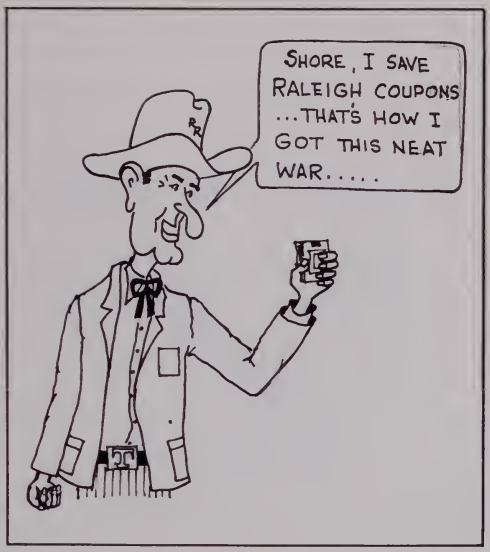
"With the help of the friendly natives, however, I finally reached what I thought was a fair degree of competence until—."

Chronicle Conjectural Foreign Affairs Department:

Ever-striving to live up to our reputation as the suave, sophisticated beacon of collegiate journalism that we are, we have decided to broaden your horizons and sock a little foreign affairs to you. For instance, we wondered what would happen if good old Yankee commercials (those things that interrupt your favorite programs the night before finals or any other night you're not playing bridge) went to Vietnam. At the present rate of Americanization of that country it's only a matter of time before: MADISON AVENUE GOES VIETNAMESE

"After a gruelling day in the streets we retired to a nearby billet for a glass of their favorite whiskey and mine.

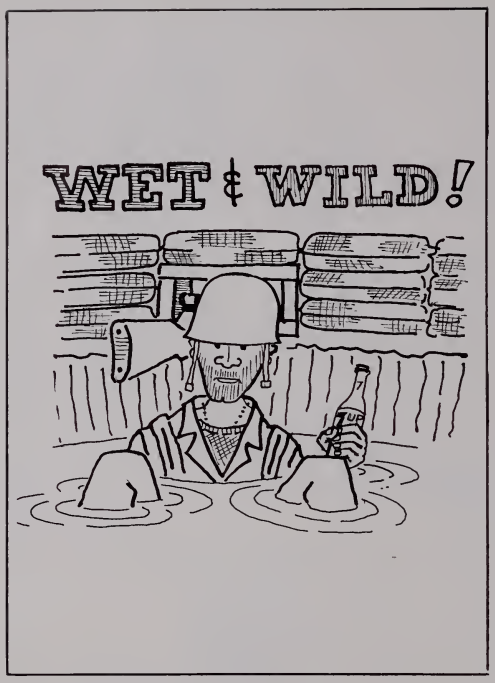




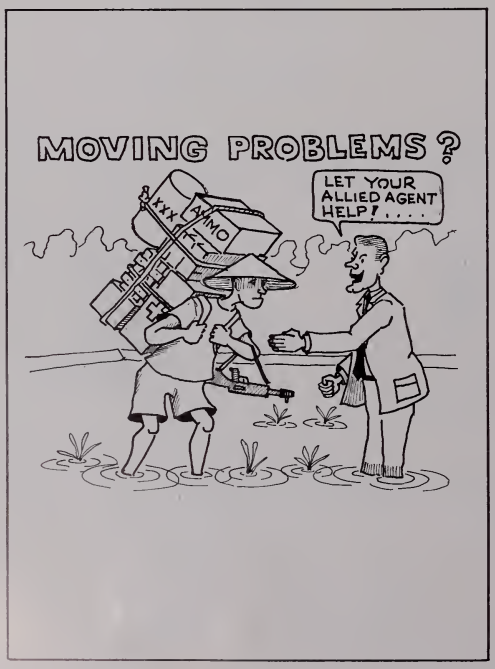
When Whut Fo returned home from a hard day of terrorizing the country side, he found his hut had been demolished by an errant napalm strike.

His call to All State brought an agent out by helicopter in a matter of hours to settle his claim on the spot.

Which proves once again, you're in good hands with All State.


WET & WILD!

AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU USE DIAL!
DON'T YOU WISH EVERYBODY DID


MOVING PROBLEMS?
LET YOUR ALLIED AGENT HELP!....
XXX
AMMO

THE DODGE REBELLION WANTS YOU!
?

TEACH—Continued

(Continued from page 15)

student writes. Then he re-writes. When he has done everything he knows to do, he hands to his instructor as finished a piece as he is capable of writing. That piece—fiction or poetry—is then read to the class whose duty then is to jump in with both feet to kick around those parts of the piece that don't work. A writer generally knows when something in his writing is good, but in his early learner stages he seldom knows when—or *why*—something is bad. After the class discussion the student is faced with the necessary horror of revision, of re-writing again, and again, and again. . . .

That is pretty much what goes on in the class. But the question remains, What is such a course for? After all, if a student is going to write, then he is going to write whether there is such a course or not. Again, *True*. Absolutely true. A quick answer is that if the student is going to write anyway, then he might as well get some academic credits for doing it. That answer, of course, holds the water of logic or reason like a sieve, but I will return to it briefly in a moment.

The questions raised about the writing course can also, alas, be raised for practically every course offered in a college or university. If a student is interested in reading—that is to say in learning—he will read and learn on his own. He will find the libraries, he will find the books, and he will also find someone who knows more than he does about the things in which he is interested. That leads us right back to Faulkner and Stone, Ransom and Tate, Hemingway and Joyce, Socrates and Plato; and that leads us right back to the writing course as well as back to institutions of higher learning: reading on a formal, organized basis.

Let me approach the question negatively for a bit. The purpose of a Creative Writing course is NOT to turn out (an anti-creative phrase if ever there was one) a bunch of published, publishing, prize-and-award-winning alumni—authors from whom prestige accrues to the University which "produced" them, to use another term borrowed from industry. No, no. A Creative Writing course is intended basically to help students become better readers. By *better* readers. I do not mean readers who read faster or who improve their vocabularies. I mean better readers of literature. Better in this sense: they have *done* something, they have participated in the joys and horrors of personally engaging themselves in the act of trying to wrestle some raw material into the form of fiction or poetry. They are better readers of literature because having participated in the craft—no matter how poorly or unsuccessfully—they have also participated in the end results of that craft. Even though a student may never be able completely to transform an experience from life into a meaningful work of art, he nevertheless is better prepared to understand and appreciate the accomplishment of those who have managed such transformations.

It is much the same as the fellow who went out for high school football only to face the embarrassment of trotting back to the locker room game after game, year after year with a clean uniform on. Such a boy should be able to better appreciate the task of the starters on his college's ball team. Such a boy may never have been in a game, but the dents on his shin bones and the swollen knuckles on his hands from countless scrimmages have earned him his knowledge—a knowledge more profound and valuable than all the rat cap waving or TV observing in the world. And appreciation, let it be said here, is not necessarily a dirty word. The kind of appreciation I speak of is far finer than the bored cynicism fopishly displayed by so many college students—and teachers.

Purely as an aside, I want to comment briefly on what I termed a quick answer several paragraphs back. I said that if a student is going to write he might as well get some academic credits for it. What keeps spinning around the slipped gears of the back of my mind is that one reason so many students leave English 204 with whoops of glee and scalding tears of joy coursing down smile-creased faces which never again will have to stare in misery at another grim visaged teacher of English is that such students have never been required to engage themselves in an act which requires them to synthesize within a literary form what they see and do every day of their lives. I am not naive enough to think that a captive who wrote a story or a poem would forthwith pound on the door of the English Department and demand entrance to the inner sanctum for purposes of prayer and adulation. But I have a hunch that he would be a better builder of bridges or spinner of threads.

I have asserted that writing fiction or poetry helps to make a person a better reader of literature. The value

of that might be questioned, of course—especially in a school such as ours which was conceived to be for and was born into agricultural training, and which continues primarily in engineering and technology. There are many people who constantly question (honestly and sincerely, for the most part) the value of anything that doesn't have pretty immediate application. What is involved here is the old argument concerning the efficacy—or lack of it—of a humanistic education as opposed to a more pragmatic or goal-directed period of training. In short, it is the difference between education and training. Well, the reader of literature and the writer of literature are involved quite intimately with what we consider to be very important: People. Human Beings. The students in an average Creative Writing class don't intend to be writers. They are going to earn their bread and spend their lives selling insurance, managing mills, raising children, running farms, surveying forests, and being good people generally. Then what has the writing of a short story or a poem to do with that?

The answer, I think, is Everything. In composing a story, the writer must discriminate, select, choose, pick, make decisions, organize, think; then he must have the courage to re-think and start all over again. And because fiction deals—always—with people, the writer, in order to come up with something approximating "Truth," must spend a considerable amount of his time actively engaged with other people, then spend even more time twiddling his thumbs or picking his nose in an effort to understand what all the involvements amounted to. The result is that the writer is dealing not with abstractions, not with generalities, not with theories, but with reality of a very high order. He is always dealing with people, not charts or percentages or graphs or statistical abstracts. Important as such tools can be, it is far too easy for us to let them take the place of the people they represent. For example, it is very easy to read a thorough study of poverty in Pickens County, South Carolina. After careful perusal of the charts, graphs, percentiles, etc., we can feel sorry for the poor—or contempt for them or whatever we happen to feel. But to go into Headtown or into certain dwellings in the Calhoun or Old Stone Church areas of our own blessed community where we can see fear by looking into human faces, smell despair, taste it on the thick air from the garbage dump, and feel it slithering and scurrying around us: that is another matter. Statistics, charts, and graphs finally dehumanize us. The generals and politicians and technologists can talk as glibly as they please about "overkill," but the writer must talk about the death of a human being and what that death means to those who have witnessed and survived it.

The student who has written will always carry with him, hopefully, some residue of remembrance of his own active engagement with vision, revision, order, and form.

A contemporary novelist and short story writer, R. V. Cassill, has written:

> Writing . . . is a way of coming to terms with the world and with oneself. The whole spirit of writing is to overcome narrowness and fear by giving order, measure, and significance to the flux of experience constantly dinning into our lives. Out of that din come fear of ignorance, fear of being alone, fear of dying without having defied the brutal indifference of the physical universe. Everyone who writes makes some attempt to face those fears by the very act of writing as best he can.

Certainly a course in Creative Writing in a college or university is not necessary for a writer. Just as surely, it may not even be good for him to be in a college or university at all. There are many writers who simply could not exist in the often stuffy atmosphere of a campus—it's all *so* formal, *so* organized, *so* (by now) computerized. Still, there are others who have thrived on the academic fare. A student who is seriously interested in writing must understand that an academic community might be the very worst place in the world for him and that a course in Creative Writing might do him absolutely no good whatsoever.

But for the person who can exist with the academic regimen, for the person who honestly wants to stretch his imagination and find out what he's got, a Creative Writing class isn't a bad place to spend some time. And for a writer who wants criticism so that he can learn, rather than back scratching or head patting to further inflate his already obese ego, it can even be a pretty good place.

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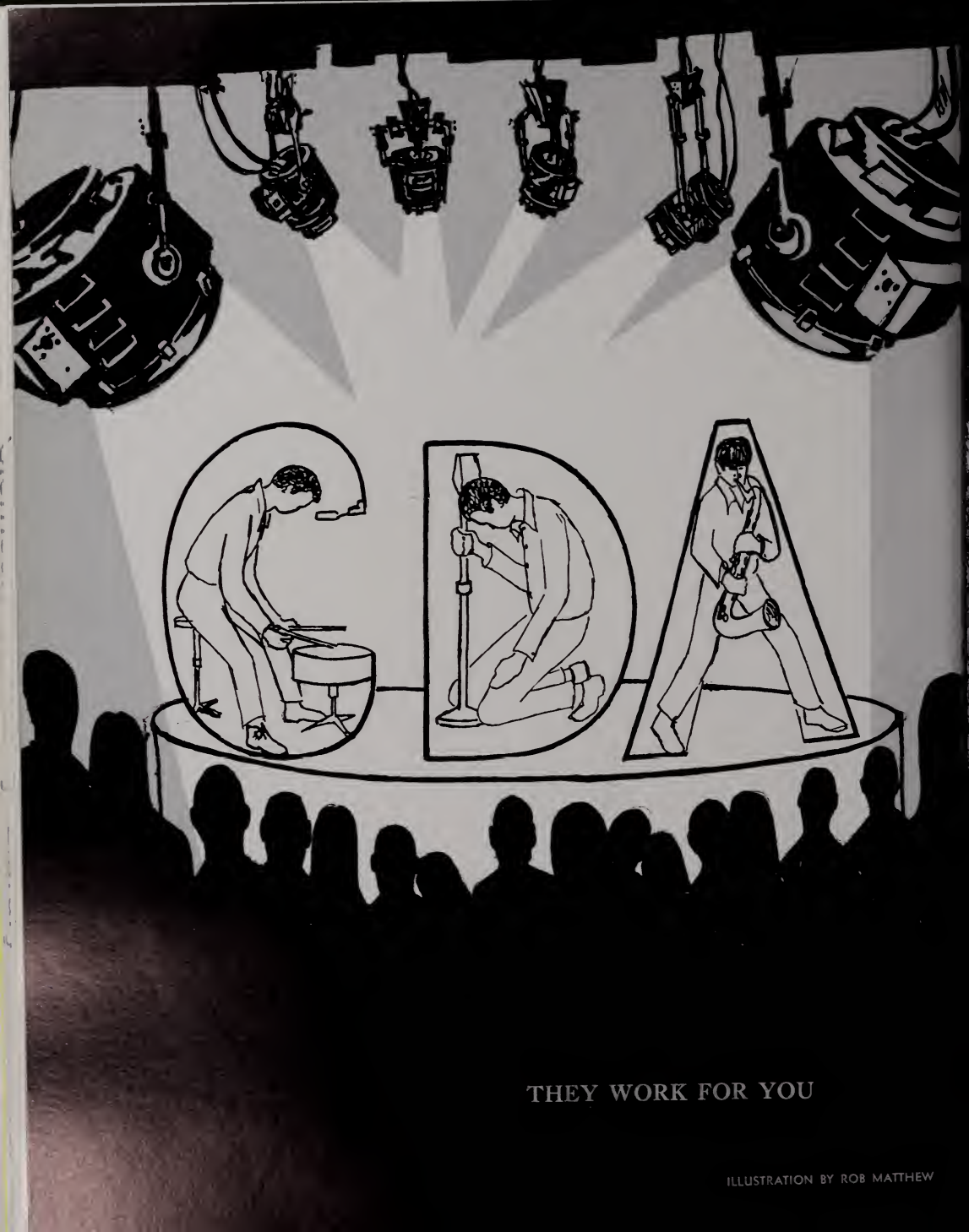
Chronicle

MARCH, 1968

STUDENT VARIETY MAGAZINE OF CLEMSON UNIVERSITY



THEY WORK FOR YOU

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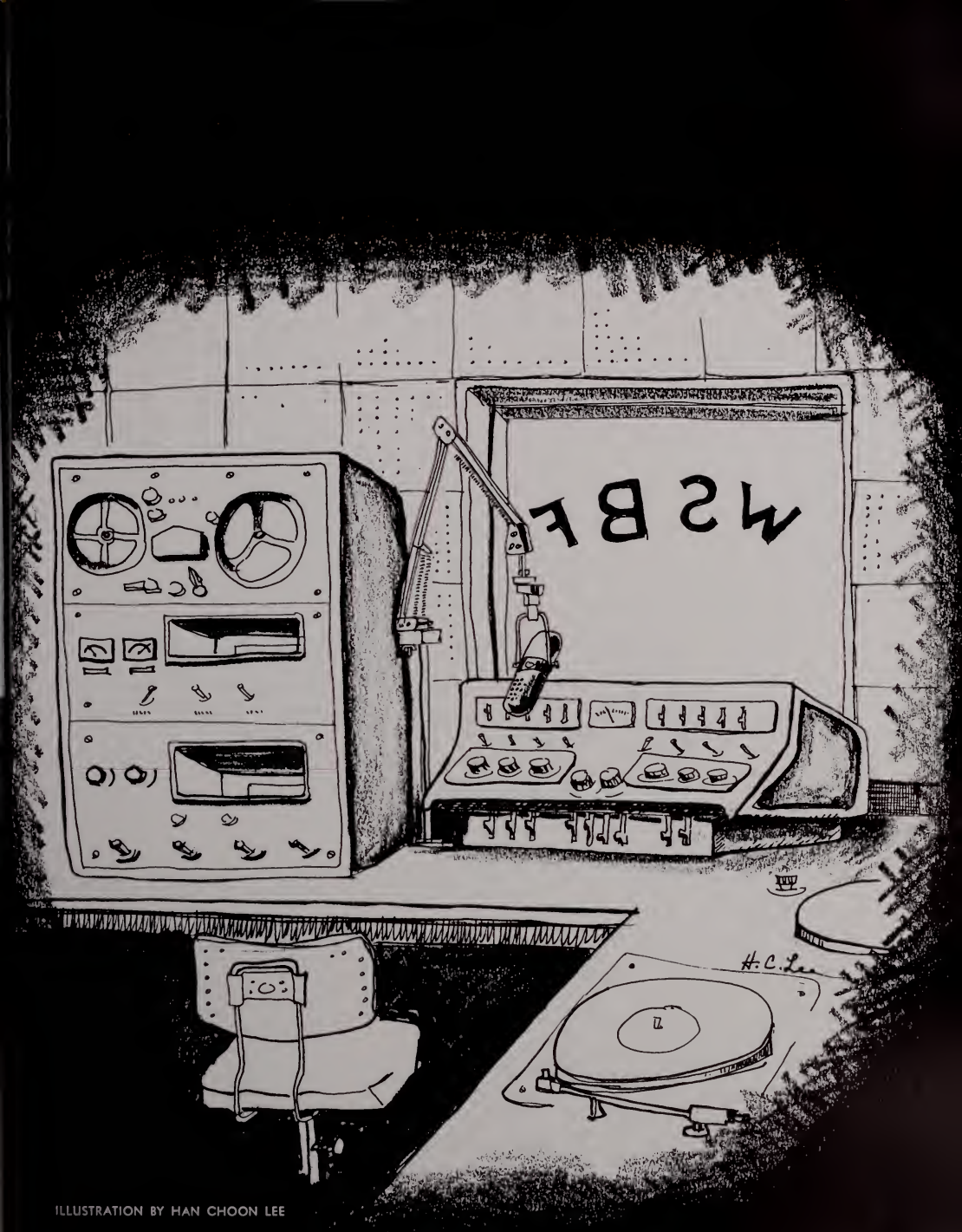

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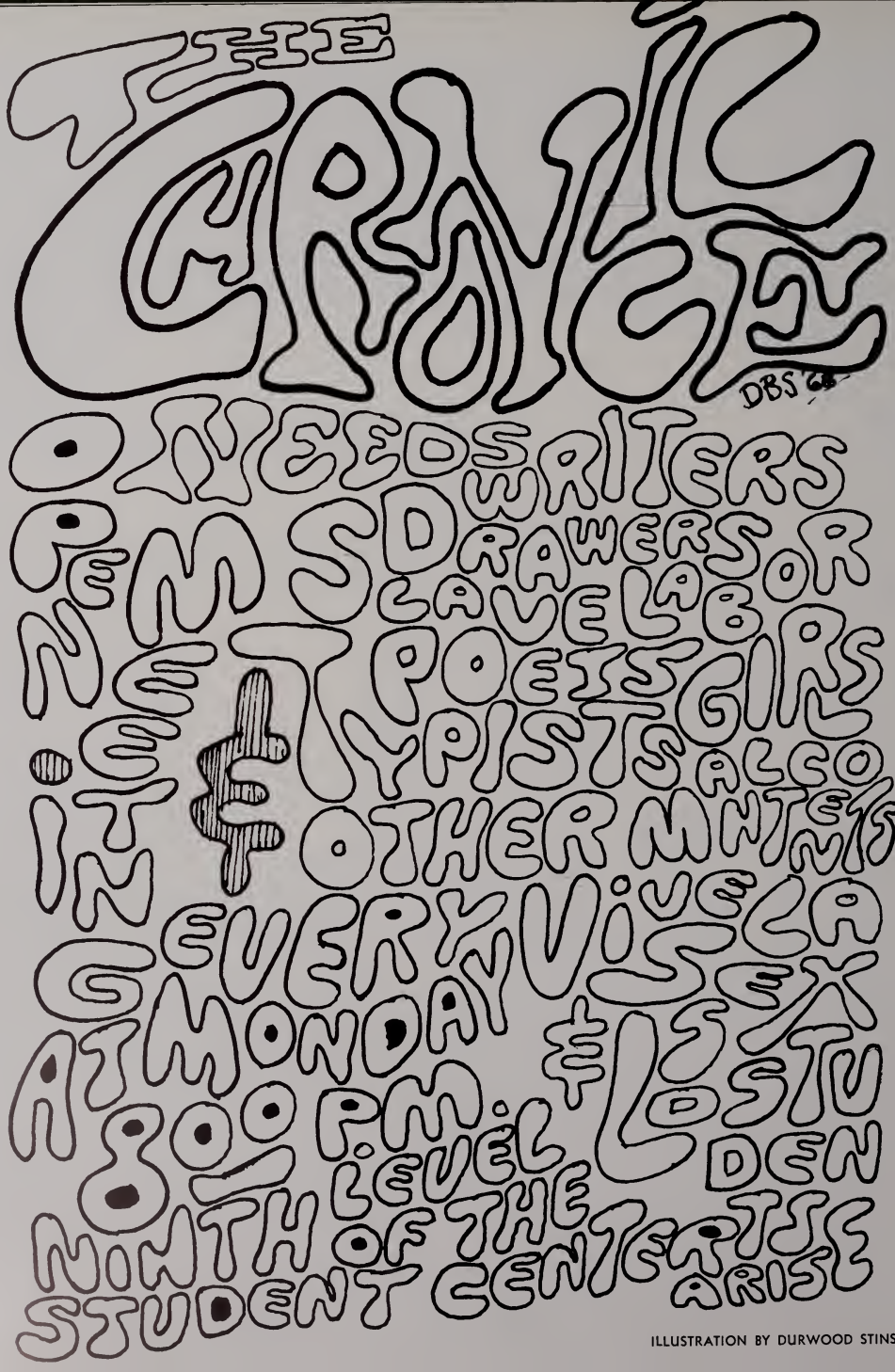

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CLEMSON

Chronicle

STUDENT VARIETY MAGAZINE OF CLEMSON UNIVERSITY

Organized 1897

Volume VIII, No. 2 March, 1968

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FICTION AND POETRY

Fiction and poetry for this issue of the Chronicle were selected from the manuscripts of Gamma Alpha Mu Honorary Literary Fraternity. Those whose work appears in this issue are:

David Bundrick
Larry Joe Payne
Garland G. Gooden, Jr.
James Battle
John Fowler
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COVER BY PAUL LEVINE

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ILLUSTRATION BY PETE SNYDER

CHRONICLE EDITORIAL

WAITING FOR GOOD PAUL

It has been rumored that editor Paul Morris has been tried and found guilty of criminal neglect in allowing this, the Christmas issue of the CHRONICLE, to be termed the Easter issue. Our sources, however, would not disclose the nature of the sentence, nor would they reveal the earliest possible date of execution.

Excerpts from the night of February 12, 1968.

What are we doing here?

We're waiting for Paul.

Who?

What?

Why?

Because he said he'd come.

Who?

Paul.

When?

He said he'd come tonight.

Which night?

Are you sure?

I'm sure he said he'd come some night.

When was that?

Who is he?

He's Paul.

We can't leave, until he comes.

Why?

Because.

What are we going to do?

Let's put out an issue of the CHRONICLE.

Can't.

Why?

Because we're waiting for Paul.

What if he doesn't come tonight?

We'll wait.

Why?

Because he's Paul.

Who?

Paul.

Paul who?

Just Paul.

What does he look like?

Don't know.

How will we recognize him?

We'll know.

Why?

Because.

What are we doing here?

Waiting for Paul.

Who?

What?

Why?

FLICK REVIEW

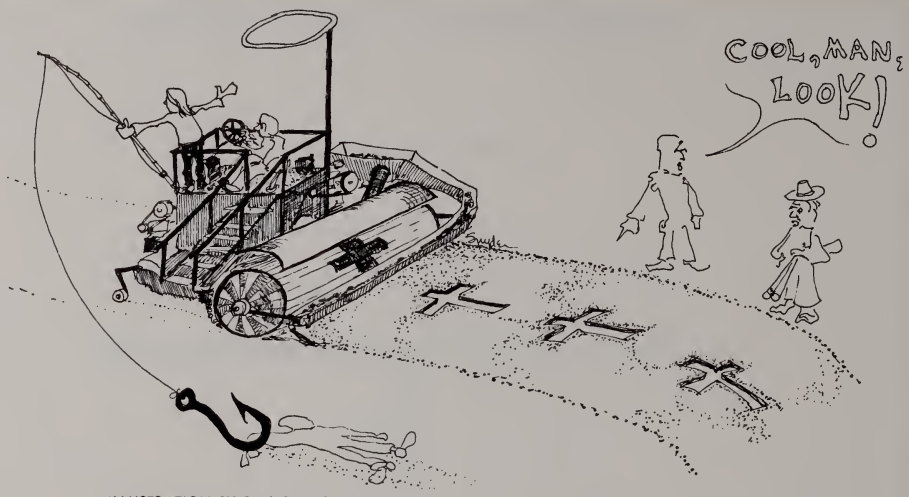


ILLUSTRATION BY PETE SNYDER

By Chuck Whitney

Never in the history of modern cinema has a motion picture received more undeserved acclaim than that given Cool Hand Luke. It is overacted, overstuffed with symbolism and oversentimentalized—in short—overdone.

Five minutes of good healthy Christian symbolism would have been sufficient, but Cool Hand Luke stretches it into boredom and leaves the spectator hoping Christ was a little bit better.

Twelve prisoners sit on a porch watching Luke getting beaten. Three times Luke digs a hole. Three times in and following their escape, Dragline denies Luke. Luke's almost-naked body lies alone on a table looking for all the world like the Pieta. The fade-out features a crossroads superimposed over a picture torn in quarters and shoved back together to make a cross. Ho Hum.

And Luke once says, "Don't feed on me." Holy Host!

A bit of a bore.

Dragline (George Kennedy) and Luke (Paul Newman) can't act worth a tinker's dam, which doesn't particularly upset anyone, since, reflecting over their previous credits, this might be expected. Newman is very pretty, and Kennedy is full of bluster, so that is good enough for a Christian allegory. If Newman makes an unconvincing Christ, Kennedy makes a worse Saint Peter—he can't even fish, although his prison poker game gives him the opportunity to be a reasonably tolerable fisher of men.

The Man (played admirably by The Man) makes a good Satan, except that he never gets behind Luke, who appears not to care particularly, or is that the usual blank expression on Newman's face? Newman acts well in the expression of pain. So does the spectator.

The Collective Bosses (played by the prison guards) are tolerably good Chief Priests and Pharisees, except that their dialog suffers from the director's conception of whatever a good Southern ignoramus' drawl should consist of. Whatever it is supposed to be, it quite obviously isn't.

Somewhere in the script—it doesn't particularly matter where—Luke escapes and comes across a particularly friendly bloodhound, which he sacrifices to The Father (and to save his scrawny posterior) in order that he may reach that City of God—Atlanta. Luke remains in Atlanta for a fairly long time, say forty days.

He then returns to the prison farm to do penance and sooner or later gets shot in the jugular vein. He quite obligingly waits four or five minutes to die, in order for the fan to grasp the full significance of his famous line, "What we have here is a failure to communicate." Pathos. In a large dose.

The movie ends as St. Peter (excuse me, Dragline) tells the other disciples (excuse me, prisoners) what a great guy Luke was, and he then passes around a crusty Saltine and a glass of Old Milwaukee and the movie ends.

Unfortunately, what we have here is not a failure to communicate—we are indeed bludgeoned to death with the excess symbolism—but a failure to mean anything. The movie carries no great meaning with it—it simply drags out into the open a collection of four short books on the life and death of one man and condenses them (and adds a consumptive mother), puts them in a microcosmic prison farm in the South and uses them to Macadam a road.

Otherwise it was a good flick.

A SPECIAL FRAME OF MIND

BY RICHARD WOODWARD

For most Clemson students going to the movies means a late show on Saturday night at the Clemson Theatre or a rerun at the YMCA or maybe a foreign language film if your language professor can successfully threaten you. But for a fortunate few there is now an added source of cineramic entertainment on campus. A film club has been added to the scene. Maybe you're surprised it was so long in coming, or perhaps you don't care one way or the other, but it's here and what's more it is extremely successful.

Chronologically it all started after "Blow Up" when a small group of student and professors started wondering why such top-flight films can't be shown in our area more often. They were tired of going to Atlanta to be assured of seeing a good movie, so they started thinking. Would there be enough interest to start a film club on campus? Well, why not? After all, there must be a few people around who would be willing to band together in the interest of culture and art.

A few preliminary meetings were held for those interested to discuss the feasibility of such a club, the type of club it would be, and the type of films that would be shown. It was decided that the membership would be limited and the films shown to a closed audience. The Fine Arts Film Club for all intents and purposes was born.

Films were chosen for viewing and $3.00 tickets were sold at the beginning of school. Not only were tickets sold, but *all* the tickets were sold, and people have been turned away at the door for several showings. The films are shown the third Wednesday of every month in the Civil Engineering Auditorium and have met with enthusiastic response.

For this, its inaugural semester, the films were chosen by the core group of students and professors who started the club. For next semester, however, the officers and advisors nominated films which were voted on by the entire membership. A wide variety of films are lined up for this year. They range from black comedy such as "Kind Hearts and Coronets" to pre-World War II Nazi propaganda ("Triumph of the Will"). There are also experimental films and award winning shorts. The primary aim of the club is to obtain good movies which ordinarily would not be shown for economic reasons, and which most of the members haven't seen. These include high and low budget features alike. The selections voted on for next semester include "Shoot the Piano Player," "The Pawnbroker," "Woman of the Dunes," and "La Strada."

Depending on the type of film, open discussions are often held after the showing. These discussions are moderated by a panel of students and professors and are directed toward a better understanding and more thorough enjoyment of what has been seen.

At the present time there are 220 members for Clemson's first film club. Those who are members now have first choice for tickets next year when, it is hoped, membership will increase to 500. With the increase in membership it will be possible to show more films each semester. Two showings for each feature will probably be held in the Civil Engineering auditorium or the series will be moved to the larger Chemistry auditorium.

This, however, is just the beginning. Hopefully, if enough interest can be stimulated and maintained, the club will be able to make its own films as part of its activities. Right now it is a relatively small operation, but one which has worked well on other campuses and one which has terriffic potential on this one. It is also one which a large number of people are glad they are associated with.

PHOTO BY DAVID LANK

KEEP THE FAITH,

BABY

BY PETE SNYDER
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PAUL LEVINE

The snarling of angry dogs sounded in Mrs. G's ears. On a tutoring trip into one of this area's poverty pockets, she turned off the motor of her car. Two dogs were tearing each other to pieces. Children were watching, some covering their faces and peeking through dark fingers. The slowest dog died in the other's teeth. The victor shook the corpse convulsively with his teeth and dropped it for sniffing. The children here learn about survival at an early age. Mrs. G. had come to tutor an unmarried mother of two in reading.

Some of the children left to continue their playing with plastic Clorox bottles swinging from little hands. Their best toys are ones that come naturally with the necessities of life—sticks and mud, rocks, cardboard boxes, bottles, old tires and wrecked cars. They make the best of whatever they can.

They're poor. The "nice" way to say it is, "Not as lucky as some of us"—"some of us" who hardly even know they exist. But through an organization called the South Carolina Council for Human Relations an interracial smattering of people from many walks of life have come to know some of this area's poverty; uneducated people living in uninsulated houses with no running water inside and no sanitation facilities, cultivating rats; but more important, cultivating more poverty. The poor often feel as though a door were locked to refuse them admittance to a more successful society.

Education seems to be the key for unlocking this door. With a little schooling in the most rudimentary practices, a poor man has a tremendously better chance for survival. He can find a job easier, and he can care for his family on a level superior to the bare necessities of animal life.

Yet, as Christ said, "The poor will always be with us." Perhaps that is a good thing. There is something strangely interesting about an impoverished area. An earthy quality pervades. The inhabitants live close to the dirt from which everything grows. A friend of mine said that he thought slums and ghettoes, of which we have none in this area (only impoverished areas), were beautiful. The physical forms symbolize decay and contrast starkly with affluent artificiality.

There is a richness in decay. Rotten wood has such a sweet smell. Decayed organisms fertilize new life which grows quickly and strongly. But, you say, these local areas are far from sweet smelling, and you can see no growth. They stink of urine and feces, dying animals and weathered machinery. The laws of existence are those of animals. But the children are abounding in exuberant animal energy.

Then again, many are disease stricken, and playfulness has been severely drained from their tired bodies. In a few cases, where a child dies, the father buries her or him somewhere in the woods. Funerals are costly, so no death notice is filed, and the child goes back to the earth unfettered by the artificial rituals of affluent society. Life and Death are frankly in the open. The affluent society objects to this, often seeking protection from Death—and Life.

The slums are a furnace of tradition, sometimes flaring brightly. The old is strongly established, but it is burning out its own roots. A few people recognize an opportunity to learn about this fire. Some affluent

young people enter an impoverished area looking for something—sometimes taking a camera, or a sketchbook, or just an open mind. Then too, some arrive with schoolbooks and intend to teach the poor something about the affluent way of life. But they know, before they leave, that the poor have as much to teach—if not more. Booklearning comes from successful communications. But liveliness is sometimes locked within books, and readers forget how to see beyond the words—they fail to get involved. The poor are involved without any words. They feel things deeply and have to build up a calloused attitude. Affluence thrives in soft, clean beds, wearing a thin skin.

Communication has become meaningless in much of today's society. Most people would rather continue to have little communication—plenty of words, but words which mean so little. There is an obvious lack of communication between the different fields of business. People and industries are continually in conflict—witness the sad state of many of our cities: water and air pollution, traffic miseries, suburban boredom; and then witness the credibility gap between our government and its people. (When will we hear the truth about Vietnam? And how will we know it has come?) You see, competent communication causes people to think and sometimes realize truths, and truths cause people to work, whether they want to or not. Commonly, people would rather live in an artificial womb, soft and clean, unexposed to the rigors of change.

The lack of communication between the affluent and the poor tends to maintain conditions. Communication causes problems. Television is perhaps one of the greatest educational devices open for use in today's world. But TV has been blamed as the cause of many riots all over the world. A car on television can be a symbol of revolt for a poor society. "Others have it, Why can't we?" In riots, frustration spends its pent energy, and those who survive are required to accept the surrounding ruins in terms of a "work order."

Within an impoverished area one can see the several stages of social growth. Apathy is the most prevalent. Realization of a relation to the overall community comes next, and then frustration with the difficulties of growth and change. Impatience with self and others causes harm to everyone. But, finally, an acceptance of position and controlled involvement, or work, make for the sadly needed growth.

But how does an uneducated man know what to do next, or what lies over the hill, or how to get to the other side. Common sense and brute strength go only so far. South Carolina public schools are considered, on a national basis, as pretty rank. So the poor folk in this area are hurting. And there are no "qualified" Negro teachers in Pickens County.

(Continued on page 36)

TIME BEFORE LAST

JAMES BATTLE

I

How strange it is
I passed that way before
So many times
And never saw that little clock
Ticking softly in its place
So sure its springs would never fail
Like powdered bones fold up sometimes
And well-versed minds are buried
Where only the ants can admire their wonders
For its mission was that noble
To unwind the reel that God had wound
Back when the pages that bear our wisdom
Still had leaves and nested birds

I stopped to watch a while in awe
As each traverse of its arm
Swept an old life out the door
And set a new one
In the clean spot that was left

Too much to marvel at though
While muddy boots tramped all about me
Hurrying to reach some place
Before the curtain of tomorrow fell
To make it yesterday
And then not there at all
So I tucked my scarf about my neck
And bumped into those I passed
As I thought my way to home

II

Time rolled on and sent my way
Bundles of straw that weighed like iron
But left in conflagration
Should reason's candle burn too near
My teeth fell out like old friends leave
When the party is over and the wine is drained

Leaving the Stage with the soul coming first
Inflicts twice over the pain
Of splitting the womb with a narrow head
And cries for air are louder
Last than first

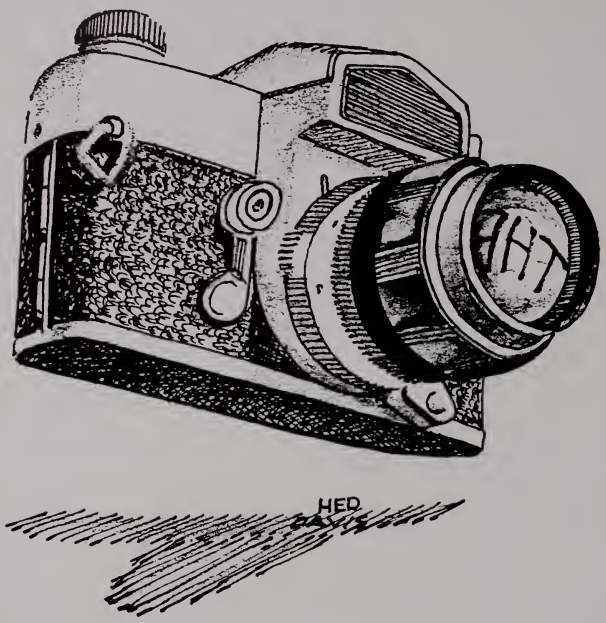
When I felt the hour near
And the last hard vein had faded
I sent the mice out of the cellar
One last time
Tottered with my cane along the pavement
In shoes with rundown heels
To see the little clock
Serene and unafraid
Slipping the folds of eternity
Each in its proper place on the shelf

To be as close to the hands of God
As any fool can be

But its face was creased like mine
The tiny arms were knobbed and wrinkled
It had swept itself out
And stopped

photo by crouch

THE FOLLOWING IS A SEGMENT FROM A SHORT STORY ENTITLED



THE MANTLEPIECE GOD

BY
GARLAND G. GOODEN, JR.

"It was a trying moment that which found him
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,
Where all his household gods lay round him. . ."
—Byron, "Don Juan".

Peter Bix put his head out through the window of the taxi and looked up at him, squinting against the streetlamp. He lifted one hand from the sill and flicked it across his mouth to drive away the swarming moths.

"Well, look here, then. Are you going to come tonight? Or what, It's free drinks night," Peter Bix asked.

"I don't think so. Will there be anyone I know there?" he returned.

"Yes, I suppose so," Bix said. "You know Walter and his wife, and then there's that stupid little one with the moustache—"

"Linderman."

"Yes. Faggy guy. He'll probably be there. Never misses this sort of thing. And there's this piece I want you to meet. But look here. Come on when you finish up. Things won't really be started until I guess about ten-thirty," Peter Bix said, withdrawing his head carefully, looking like a turtle.

"See you, then," Bix shouted as the cab moved into the clutch of darting headlights along the street.

He turned from the curb, his camera swinging, tapped him gently on the leg. Party. Foolish party. But why not. I can't manage to keep occupied around here all night. The bitch is probably waiting now, has been for half an hour. Maybe by eleven or so, when things are settling. Bix is such a stupid ass about these damned parties. He loves them. Fits right in with the people too. No one but Walter and his wife have enough intelligence to carry on a decent conversation. Damn these moths. He beat at the frail wings flying crazily about his head, running several steps to be rid of them, out of the streetlight's circle. Hard enough to get Walter to say two words to you anyway. Wife's different, though. Lot more open. Throws good bull if you can corner her. Too many damned bearded flits. Walter has a beard. That's different. He has the intelligence to warrant a beard. And all that rag of hair. Genuine artist, though. The rest are imitators. No talent. None at all, nor sense enough to come in out of a rainstorm. It's rained today.

As he walked the glare from the lamp posts became series after series of tiny sparkles, stars in the pools that lay in the gutter. Broken by—what? Hardly any breeze. Shattered. Like glass, like liquid glass. The stars twinkling eyeward from the street grew dim as he rounded a corner. He raised the camera by the strap and slung it around his neck. Stars in the gutter. Right in the stinking gutter. He focused, each pinpoint of light giving rise to sets of identical arms reaching out from the body, growing thin. Perfect. Four-pointed stars; he checked the speed, opened the lens wide. Focused again. The shutter snapped. Just like that. One more, slower. He reset the speed. The shutter jumped, something he couldn't see. Captured.

He gazed down at the miniature galaxy lying in puddles in the street. A whole make-believe universe. Gone tomorrow when the street dries. At least I have a photograph. He backed away, his head tilted, turned, stum-

ILLUSTRATION BY HAL DAVIS

bled. His hands flew up. A face in the dull light.

"Sorry mister."

He looked now. A wrinkled figure bearing years on his stopped shoulders. Frightened, gazing intently, the eyes like liquid, wary, the skin hung like melted wax on the frame of his skull, folding on itself, burying the eyes in deep shadow, the sockets wet and black, a light swam there.

He raised the camera, the shutter clicked. What the hell did I do that for?

"Watch where the hell you're going," he said angrily, his feet moving away.

"Sorry mister." The old man shuffled away quickly, peering back, a spider on broken legs, turned the corner, took his sound with him.

Christ. He moved with nervous steps down the sidewalk, looking over his shoulder, fully expecting to see the old man in the glow of the corner streetlamp. The camera swung against the buttons on his shirt front with a ticking sound. He crossed the street, passed the smoky noise of a pool room, the lights of a downstairs club shown through the dirt-glazed windows in culverts at sidewalk level. A guitar danced above the roll of voices.

Another block, dark windows of pawn shops yawned at him. Blue lights unseen somewhere in the back lazily illuminated the deep, junk lined throats. Another corner, down the alley, through the gate in the brick wall. At the doorway he fumbled the keys from his pocket, turned them to the dim light, took the door key by its tip and shook the others away from it. Rattle of tiny bells. With his fingertip he traced the circle of the lock, touched the mouth. The key scratched metal, grated into the lock. The force was enough to push the door open. Unlocked. He removed the key and let the door swing away, framing blackness on the other side. Must get the damned key from her. He shoved the keyring into his pocket angrily and stepped inside. His fingertips brushed the cool stucco wall, moved down it through the hallway. A chair scraped as his foot glanced off it.

Not there before, I don't think. Can't avoid them even if you know where they are when the light is on. The switch; there. Easy with the light on. Everything rushes away.

At the end of the hallway the stairs rose above him. He could see the door was closed at the landing. Probably been there an hour or more; well, she can wait longer. He turned to his right and entered the studio, light passing around his legs and throwing his distorted shadow across the floor. Pleasant when there's barely enough light to see by. Only see impressions of things, not all; sort of peaceful. He turned on a floodlamp. Light struck out and threw the hazy shadows into relief; black, impenetrable, almost solid: only two worlds, the light and the dark. Absolute white and black. So simple said that way. Absolute. No problems. All right. Get organized. Tripod, where. There it is. He placed the camera on a table and picked up another, swinging the tripod unceremoniously into the center of the floor, mounting the camera on it.

"Come down," he shouted toward the staircase. Something damned irritating about her. Must get the key back. That last day of June she raised such hell in the restaurant over the crabmeat. Apologetic waiter hating her more every minute, trying not to show it, didn't believe anyone would actually raise hell over food that way Not done anymore. They say it was once. Standard thing to raise hell with the cook and manager over an underdone steak. Self-important bitch. Never seen in public with her since.

A door swung open; her naked feet padded on the wooden stairs. A glow from the stairhead brushed down before her, faded through the doorway. Shadows danced across her skin.

Still, something cool about her. Her skin. Sometimes I think I can see right through her, blue veins, white bones. Translucent, like porcelain, only very soft. Her voice is that way too, as if she were speaking through a powder puff or something. Use a diffusion lens and make her look soft. Bad effect on the clothes, though.

"Where have you been? I came at seven."

"I was out. Listen, do you want to pick some things out of that closet? Got a new selection yesterday." Might use a diffusion lens, If I could make the clothes look hard. As if she were glowing underneath them.

"Do you have anything in blue?"

"I haven't looked through them yet. Try something black and white first. I want to use up this roll." But the morning she was sitting on the bed with the light falling on her through the curtains. Not posing then. Something very beautiful about her. Shooting down to get the curve of her breast. She knew I was making the shots, but she just sat there, not posing, as if it were in a dream or something. Trance. Could put a light directly behind her head to diffuse the hair. One behind shooting down through the legs, fuzz the hem of the dress. Good effect with the shadows of the legs. Must remember that.

"Is this all right?"

"Yes." Amazing the way the morning light seemed to come through her skin. I felt as if I had never photographed her before. She did lean a little to expose the breast, but it was not as if she were being manipulated. A mannequin, most of them are.

He placed her before the floodlights. The light broke in her hair. Not good this way. Might throw light in front of her to offset the shadows on the face. It might work this way. Something different. No face, just a big black hole in the light. Must light the dress front, though. Put one above and in front of her. Sort of mutes the leg shadows. At an angle. Better.

The camera clicked and whirred.

"Move around a little now." Doesn't move that well. Lovely limbs, but move like sticks. "Slower. Try to be a little . . . that's more like it." Graceful. Doesn't know what it means. All that lovely skin on such a bitch.

He moved the light behind her head and directed the one above across her face. The light behind still flushed the floor.

"All right, no frowns. And don't give me that damned silly smile. Look puzzled or something. Anything. But

(Continued on page 31)

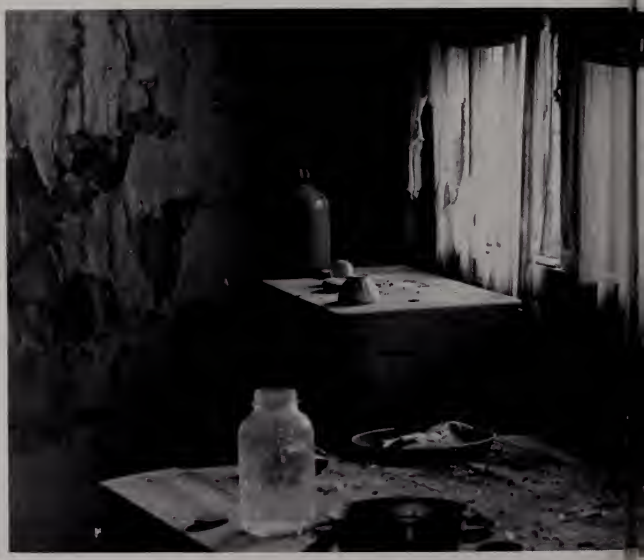
GARLAND GOODEN

A WRITER LOOKS AT CREATIVE PHOTOGRAPHY

BY
GARY E. LIGI

Recently, photography emerged as a legitimate art form. The creative photographer, experimenting with subject matter and darkroom techniques, now finds himself faced with the "what in the hell is it supposed to mean?" remarks, previously reserved for the creators of modern painting, sculpture, poetry, fiction, and drama, because of their rejection of existing rules and definitions held sacred since the ancient Greeks.

The photographer, however, finds himself alienated from the problems shared by the avant-garde of the



CAREN CROUCH

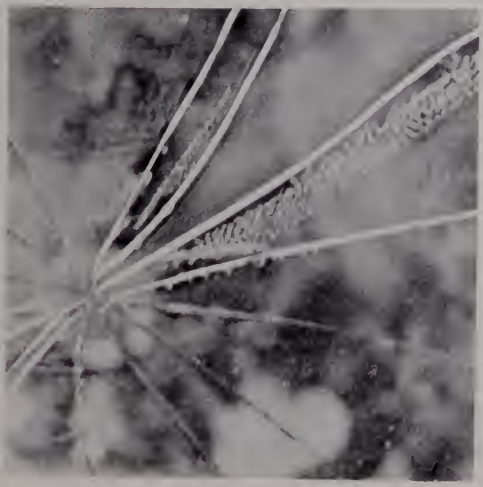
other arts, simply because his art is too young to have any well established rules to revolt against. In this respect, the photographer stands alone, seeking innovation with his camera and dark-room. No one, save the photographer himself, knows exactly what it is he is attempting.

As people realized the importance of photography as a real art, universities throughout the country began to offer courses devoted to the study of photography. These courses were promptly followed by creative classes in photography and cinematography. On our campus, there is Mr. Wong's course.

This course is run on a workshop basis, more or less, with each student feeling his way into the medium through contact with the opinions and efforts of others. Mr. Wong's main purpose is to act as a mediator between the raw idea and the execution in visual terms. The student has the freedom to determine his own direction. This combination of artistic freedom and exchange of ideas can lead in various directions, away from or towards art. I choose to say towards.

PAUL LEVINE

MARCIA BUGG



CAREN CROUCH

JERRY KLAWITTER

PETER DAVENPORT

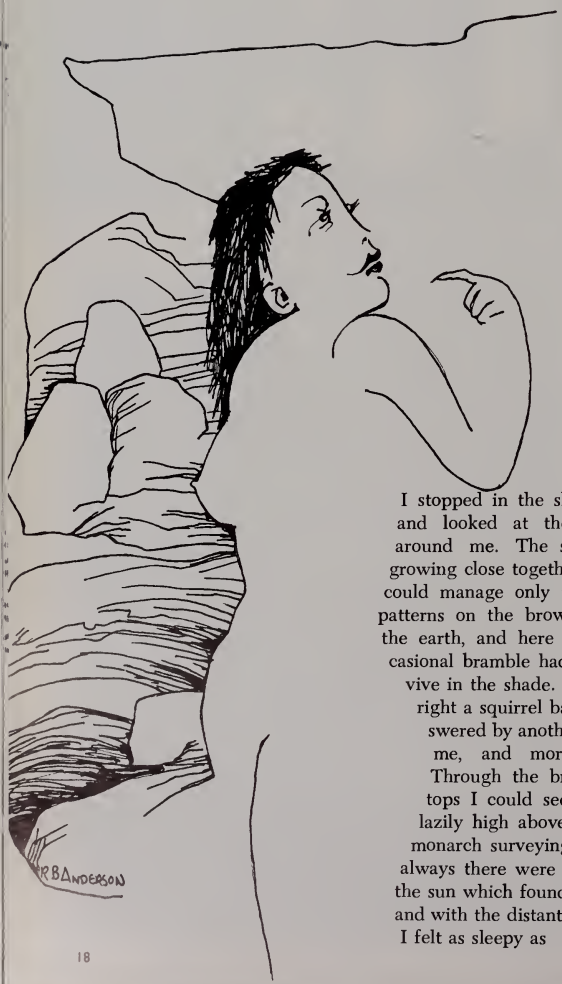
PAUL L

ART LIDSKY

GARLAND GOODEN

the lower level

BY DAVID BUNDRICK



I stopped in the shade of the pines and looked at the peaceful scene around me. The small trees were growing close together so that the sun could manage only to make blotched patterns on the brown straw covering the earth, and here and there an occasional bramble had managed to survive in the shade. Somewhere to my right a squirrel barked and was answered by another a little closer to me, and more to my front. Through the breaks in the treetops I could see a hawk circling lazily high above, as if he were a monarch surveying his domain, and always there were the warm rays of the sun which found their way to me, and with the distant cawing of a crow I felt as sleepy as the sun was warm. It was as if I were being drawn up by these small tentacles into the great ball of fire, and that I would surely be cast into a conflagration of hot gasses and nothingness. So warm was I that I sat down and leaned against a tree and began to recount the days before.

We had come South to spend the summer. We always spent the summer in the South, because I worked so much better in the peace and quiet, and in the warmth of the sun. My wife and I had been very happy here, and now our child could learn to love it as we did, though we spent the winter in Vermont, and actually it was every bit as appealing as Georgia, but somehow I always did my best work here, especially after walks such as this. They seemed to fill the well within me, and start the flow that sometimes stopped, or at least slowed for a time.

But this country was different, for now we were in a new part of the state. The land here is not as mountainous, and the hills are more gentle; the ground seems to flow over the globe, causing the flora to rise and heave as it did so, and in the misty distance letting it fall again, none the worse for the trip. This was the time of year when the young corn was a green sea, and the tide changed at the discretion of the wind, a warm breath from somewhere across the growing land, which penetrated every part of this land, and it seemed to warm a person and fill him with some mysterious energy. This was a beautiful place.

From my vantage point I could see a pasture which began at the edge of the stand of pines about thirty yards from me, and flowed over the slopes, only to be halted by a highway, and it was dotted with grazing cattle. They were held within the bounds of the pasture by an electric fence, invisible to me, but always there, ready to punish the animal that happened to touch it. But the men went over it and the dogs under. The sky was unbelievably blue, broken here and there by a fleecy white cloud, now a girl, now a dog, and always just a cloud that would fade and be lost for-

ever within the day, or else join others of its kind and be so surrounded that it would cease to exist as a unit.

Far in the distance I could see a highway which seemed to spring from one hill and disappear into another, living only briefly in the valley. Vehicles moved like ants along this ribbon, and once one stopped, but soon it started again and was gone into the slope to my left.

Just then the wind changed and the sound of rushing water came to me, very faint but unmistakably that of falling water, and I felt almost compelled to follow it to the source. I was on a slope about fifty yards from the top, and when I had climbed to the top I could hear the sound more distinctly. At the summit I came across a well worn path which surprised me a little, for I liked to think of the places I went as little traveled places, though in reality they were not. But I did take pleasure in letting my imagination have the reins. But here was this well worn path, and the small bubble burst and hurt somewhat, and I reconciled myself to reality and began to walk down the path toward the rushing sound. There was no grass on the way so every step created a small cloud of dust, and it rose to the height of my shoe tops; it fell again and was calm, waiting for another footfall or wind or whatever to disturb it again, at which time it would rise once more, or for a rain to turn it into mud and it would wash away, maybe to a river and the sea, where it would be lost in the great depths. But as I walked the terrain became more swampy; the pines gave way to large oaks, and there was a great deal of moss on the sides of the path. The sun had more difficulty in projecting its rays through these giants, for the Spanish moss growing in them acted as a filter to keep out any rays that might get past the branches and the leaves. This moss hung in the path, and as I am quite tall I kept hitting these gray clusters, and to my somewhat vivid imagination they seemed to be fingers reaching downward to pull me into the mouth of this giant vegetation. As I walked on, the noise became louder, but it seemed as if I was not getting much closer. Now the sun was completely blotted out, so thick were the trees, and small pools of water appeared along the sides of the path, and the stagnant water lay as death itself, covered by a scum and smelling very bad, as does quicksand, and it was waiting for some creature to attempt to cross it, and beneath the nasty surface were great depths which reached to hell, and the creature would be sucked into it and spin downward into the blackness and be lost.

The path at one point ran tangent to a small natural pond which was bordered by trees, and the glassy surface was calm and still, broken only by the zigzag lines of the water bugs. But there were no frogs, and I supposted that they were not out yet, though it did seem strange to me. As I stood listening, a slight wind picked up, and after blowing across the pond it hit me in the face, bringing the smell of stagnancy and death with it, and the smell of death was very strong, it seemed to me, and this registered on my mind; I felt it sink into my subconscious mind and then the thought was there no more. I knew that once in my inner mind the thought would build, as a pearl builds in an oyster, and it would come out on paper one day and I would polish it as a jeweler, and perhaps throw it away, for pearls have flaws.

I came back to reality and began to walk down the path again, and now it seemed as if I were nearing the source of the noise, for the sound filled the air around me, as did the breeze on the hillside; the bushes around me dripped water, for there was much moisture in the air. There were tall cypress trees now, standing in water or moist earth, looking like the forepart of some great creature that was trying to escape from hell by digging through this soft ground. The air was very stagnant, and seemed to pile in layers above the marsh. The deafening roar filled each small crack in the bark of the trees and seemed to echo from their trunks and grow louder. Suddenly in the path ahead of me I saw a wall of gray mist swirling to the tops of the trees and enveloping every bush, every tree, and every bit of ground with a thin veil. I stopped on the outer fringes of this bank and peered into it in an attempt to penetrate the thickness of it, but it was too thick, and the ever changing mist seemed to invite me to enter, as if a trap were set in its midst, and it was cold and reeked of foulness, and there was the sound of water, ever present, all enveloping, and the source hidden by the fog. I stepped into the wall and after a few feet everything around me was pushed into oblivion, for I was wrapped up in a thin material that would give but seemed not to yield, for it closed in after me as if it were alive and was hurrying me eagerly, expectantly forward, ever forward, to some central coldness. For a while all that I could see was the path before me, and that was visible for only a few feet, but then the vapor began to thin and I could see the ground around me again. Then suddenly it came into view—the origin of the noise that had brought me to this place and had so stirred my imagination. A rather large stream was rushing through the mist of the swamp and at its visible end it fell into a large hole probably, I thought, to become a new river underground, and its falling made a roar that was out of proportion to the size of creek, or so it seemed at the time.

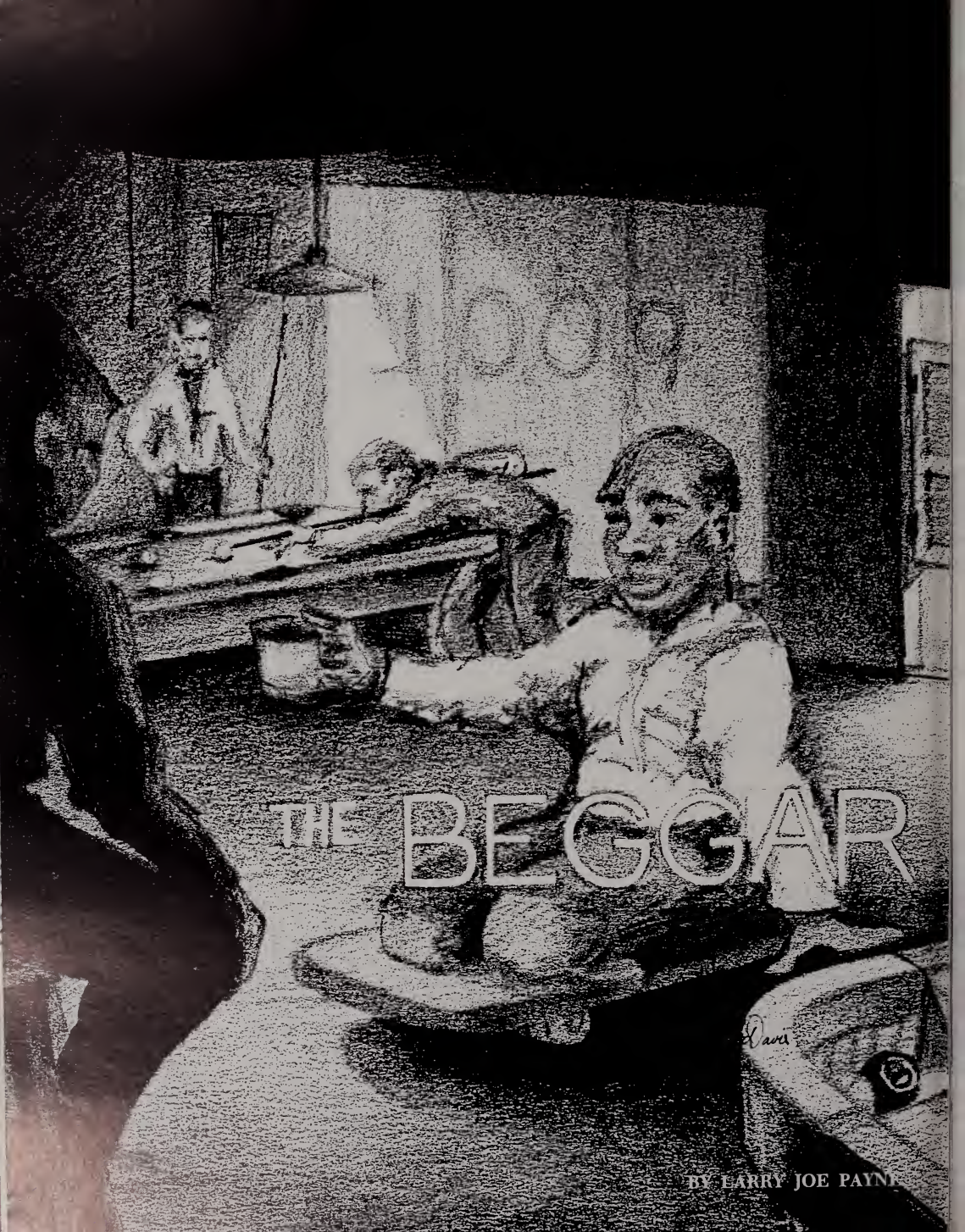
I was still standing in the edge of the wall of vapor, and now I stepped out of it to see that this place was surrounded by such a barrier which rose on all sides to form a circle around the hole into which the creek disappeared. In the circle small spirals of vapor rose here and there, but the air was clear enough to see through, and I saw that the ground around the hole was barren of all flora. In fact, in the entire circle there was not one tree, or even a little grass, which I thought strange. I looked at the little river, starting at the point where it rushed out of the fog, and following it to the point where it flung itself madly into the cavernous mouth of hell, though I could not see into the place from where I stood.

(Continued on page 35)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAREN CROUCH

Thou of lonely eyes,
Remember we when those bright flowers fade
As one who cared, seeing you laugh;
Thou whose hair like long silk
Reaches into what has passed,
Or falls in troubled sleep across my mouth,
Thy beauty be preserved within this temple;
Thy limbs are like certain
Slender blades of grass;
Thy silence is that of sleeping birds;
Thy face: a sweet, tragic dream.

GARLAND G. GOODEN, JR.


THE BEGGAR
BY LARRY JOE PAYNE

Everybody in Doomisville knew Sears Robinson, and if anybody in town had a dislike for him or held a grudge against him, it had been a well-kept secret for the past ten or fifteen years. He was an easy-going, good natured, chubby-faced bachelor in his late forties who owned a poolroom next to Pop Baker's drugstore. Sears liked running his poolroom because he said it gave him a chance to sit around and talk about all the latest happenings. He said there wasn't anything a man couldn't solve by sitting down and talking it over with people.

Sears was always talking about someone trying to pull the wool over his eyes or about someone trying to talk him into a fast deal. The truth is, nobody ever tried it because they knew that Sears was too smart for a shady deal.

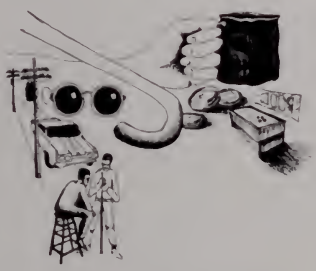
"Damn doggit," he would say as he sat in the poolroom talking to the men who were sitting around or shooting pool. "They ain't nobody never pulled nothing over on me. No sir, old Sears ain't one to get reeled in."

Someone in the crowd would ask Sears what his secret was and he would look real serious and say, "I ain't got no secret. I just know people, that's all. I just know an honest man when I see one." Sears never let any of the men talk him into shooting pool. He always said he didn't think a grocer should eat his own groceries while he was trying to sell his own groceries, and he wasn't going to shoot no pool while running his poolroom. "But what about all that cussing and fussing at you, Sears?" somebody would ask. "You know yourself pool players can think of some of the dirtiest things in the world to call people. Doesn't that bother you at all? Looks to me like you would get mad and lose your temper and shoot pool with 'em just to show 'em you was a damn good pool shark!"

"I'm used to that talk now," Sears would tell them. "It doesn't bother me at all. I've heard all there is that a pool shark can call me. I don't lose my temper and play 'em. That's what they want. They want you to get mad and play 'em. Thats when they know they got you. If they ever once beat you, they'll keep ragging you 'til you shoot 'em again so's you can try to get even with 'em. That's what they want 'cause then if you beat 'em, they want to play again to see who breaks the tie. If you win, then they say you ain't no sport 'til you play 'em again. It just goes on that way 'til no end. Nope, I ain't never going to be taken in by no pool shark or nobody else out to make an easy dollar."

Since Sears had never been cheated or taken for a sucker by anyone, he was always ready to tell the men how not to be taken in by a con-artist.

"Sears, you just ain't gonna let nobody con you outta nothing, are you?" someone would say.



Cathy McNeight

"That's exactly right. That's exactly right. Just learn to spot a false fast talking con-man and you ain't got no worries. No worries what-so-ever." Sears was not a stingy man and he didn't mind contributing money or helping a good charity or somebody that was really in need of help. He always said he would help a person who was honestly in need of help or sick. But that was before the beggar came to town.

One Saturday morning the poolroom was full of the local men, and all of a sudden the men stopped their loud talking and cursing and stared at the front door. "Why, I'll be damn, he ain't got no legs from the knees down," whispered one of the men. "Bet he's worn them same clothes for the past year without taking 'em off and washing 'em. And look at that damn hair of his. You reckon he's ever combed it? He looks like one of them blasted people that's in them horror pictures they show on T.V."

The beggar had a silver tin cup in his hand and he crawled over to where Sears was sitting. Sears always sat on his stool in the middle of the poolroom. From this position he could see all the tables and could talk to all the men without having to move. Sears looked at the man but couldn't think of anything to say. The beggar started asking the men if they had any extra money they could spare.

"Sirs, I ain't had no job now for over five years. I'se can't get no job nowheres and I'se sho' need some money fo' some food an' medicine. I'se ain't ate nothing all day an' I'se is awful hungry. If'n you'se kind gentlemen could just spares me a little money, I'd sho' be obliging to you'ns."

"Ain't nobody in here got no money to spare. Since them Republicans got in the White House, ain't nobody had nothing," said one of the men from the back of the poolroom. The beggar didn't say anything after that. He just mumbled to himself and started to crawl back out the door.

"Hold on there!" called Sears who was now standing on the chair in the middle of the room. "You skinflints! You . . . can't you men see that this poor soul needs our help? You can see damn well that he ain't able to work. I don't mind helping a man when he's in need of help. I'm gonna give this here man—this truthful pityful soul five dollars, and I'm gonna pass his cup around and I want to see all you men give him some money."

"Sears, we don't mind helping a man in need of help, but I ain't too sure this man needs help. I don't trust him. You never could trust a beggar, and especially a nigger beggar," said one of the men from the back.

"Fellows, what are we arguing 'bout? Has Sears ever been conned outta any money? Well, has he?" asked one of the men up front. All the men had to admit that Sears had never been conned outta any money, not as long as they had known him. "Well, what have we got to be scared

(Continued on page 40)

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS

Genesis

By JAMES BATTLE

a god they never knew
or wanted
that saw the seams split open
the fire drain out
from septures and crowns
and whored-out kings on foolish thrones
see the juices that they suckled
drip around the morning
to stain the edges of creation black
oh for the days of pink
when bodies seared together
in hate or love
it makes no difference
and orphans cried and breadth
of grave decision
mourned the length
of taut despair
filled each pitcher with gambolling clowns
drank the foam of scudded introspection
laughed to see the children
go to war

Poets Pause

By BYRON F. STONE

A symbol symphony,
as a glint in time's eye
trips tale trails fear flecked
and flaunts fashion.
Borne by the heart,
the flickering shadow-shield
trains in a brain-school
learning the way-of-man.

Like a Crown

By JOHN FOWLER

He didn't understand the
universal laws of
combusion friction momentum
until they pulled the
car off the curve
and over the hump through a
finite but quite palpable
telephone pole

which gave him splinters
like a crown of thorns and
now (i think) he
understands

A Race of Dischord

By FRANK PEARCE

Did the blind stumble while the seeing fell?
Did the mind fumble for retreating day?
The deaf led them to the pit of Hell,
And the fools leaped.

PHOTO BY CROUCH

RUGBY

BY MARK RUBICH

Something different happened at Clemson this semester. A rugby club was formed on campus, due mainly to the efforts of two British gentlemen named Geoffrey Tyres and Nicholas Scoular, who decided that Anglo-American relations could be improved somewhat if a bit of the Mother Country could be introduced at Clemson. And what staunch Englishman doesn't think of the Homeland without rugby coming to mind?

Imagine a football game in which the play is interrupted only by the infrequent whistle of the official, in which two teams of fifteen men each bash against each other without pads or substitution, and with no forward pass. Bonecrushing!

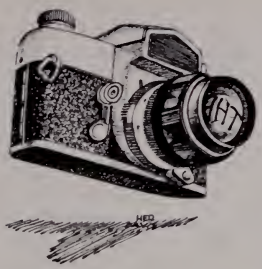
There are not set plays in rugby. Instead, the two teams huddle together to form a "scrum" into which the ball is tossed. With luck, the ball is given to the scrum half, who tries to maneuver it into the opposing team's end zone and touch it to the ground to score. He can run with it, kick it, toss it backwards, but woe be to he who attempts to hold onto it when he is tackled.

But anger seldom enters into the play, because after the game, both teams traditionally engage in a mutual fiesta to celebrate the victory.

Rugby is a sport requiring skill and finesse, and as much desire to play the game well as to win.

Those of you who have witnessed the Clemson rugby team this semester, thanks for your interest. For those who didn't, well, it's a ruddy shame, chaps.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARLAND GOODEN AND PETE DAVENPORT



THE MANTLEPIECE GOD

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don't frown and don't smile." The frames ticked away, each a fragment of her. "Move more. Lean into the light. The other way. Sideways. That's it." The roll counted off.

"Try the blue." Not really sexy though. Strange thing, she can be sexy, but then it was more like . . . more like she were a mother, or a wife. Hard thing to imagine. After a month of her body it gets to be too regular a thing. Always. Harder to get her turned on, and get turned on yourself. She can control it. That's what I dislike about her. Can't—or won't—be controlled. Impossible to look at her in the mornings. There are some too easy. Must try for that effect. Mother. Wife. Can't seem that way in the photograph or it won't sell.

"Where do you want me?"

A white wooden box. Pedestal-like. Light from behind and above down along the shoulders and chest. Good. She sat, one leg stretched lazily, the toes curling.

"Look serious. Be thinking about something. Intensely. Don't knit the brows. Good. Now lean forward a little and let the light flow down the front of the . . . no, no. Let the material hang loose in the front. It's too bunched up in your lap. All right. Pull it away from your body. Right."

Not there, not there, whatever it was. Gone. Could it have been the room? No. Something in her face. "Open your mouth. Less than that. Put your tongue on your lower lip. No, upper lip. Better. I know. Pull some hair over your shoulder . . . just a little . . . and let it hang down toward your chest." If only it were wax, so easy to mold, hold the shape, get it from all angles, change the lighting. Cannot reproduce it. Blue shadow through the material across her breast like water, flowing. The same, same face. Something gone out of it. Damn. Damn it.

"Damn it."

"What's the matter?"

"Look, let's give it up for tonight. I'm shot."

"Feeling uncreative tonight?"

Lie down, for Christ's sake. Brain wandering like a fool's. God, an endless staircase, nothing at the top. Dark. Feel things in the dark, know what they really are. No good to see them. Expressions, faces all change and what you see once you hardly ever see again. All feel the same, though, in the dark. The faces don't matter, the texture of the skin does not let on to what they're really like. Must not speak or break the feel of the dark. No need to reproduce a picture in your head, no need to see them at all. Touch things and smell them, nose to the flowers, cheek to the smooth stone. The touch tells all you need to know. Odor like a voice without words.

The light outside his room burned dim. He opened the door wide and lay face down on the bed. In a few moments she followed, clothed in a slip and long sleeved shirt. She carried a sheaf of prints in her left hand a cigarette in her right. Seated beside him in the soft glow, she began to go through the photographs. Her legs crossed and uncrossed. The cigarette flame danced upward, flickered, and returned. Outside the window a gentle flare from the burning skyline nudged through the still leaves, brushed over the windowsill and across the floor to her smooth feet. No stars.

"Did you do these today?"

"Mmmmmm."

"They're good but" . . . She drew on the cigarette. The hand holding it rested on her knee. A jet of smoke shot up from it, broken only when the hand moved.

"But what?" He let his head roll to the side.

"They all look like they were posed, sort of. Stiff."

"They were posed. I even paid the old man to sit."

She looked through the photographs again. A young woman, her eyes laughing though her mouth, with effort, curled down at the corners.

Old man's eyes peered feebly from folds of delicately wrinkled parchment, bristles like ivory prongs sprouting from his beaten cheeks, the eyes like waterfilled holes dug in the silt of a beach, immediately falling in upon themselves. On his empty face the light drew broken lines.

"The faces, though, they don't say anything. Maybe that's something. But . . ." she tossed the pictures to the floor. "It's good work, anyway."

She drew her knees up beneath her and pressed her palms into the knotted flesh between his shoulder blades.

"Bad?"

"Mmmmm. Feels as if I'd been looking into the sun."

What could it have been? Not like this. A hundred times this way. Never more than whorish. Motherlike that one day, as if she were nursing a baby on that exposed breast, only something going into her instead of coming out. Something beneath the skin, but showing on it like a light inside.

She stretched beside him, one foot moving gently across his ankle.

"Do you want the light off?"

"No." Maybe just me.

His mind was sinking, body a dull, heavy thing dropping way. She floated somewhere above, whirling, the earth spun crazily. Aches smoothed out along his legs, the bed turning liquid, sucked him into bottomless reaches. Nothing there, no good. Pass by me; from the darkness inside his head, a fluid sleep rose and curled about him. A figure, soft features, moved around him, out of focus, himself drawn free of flesh, leaving the body stretched long on the bed, circling, his face just out of reach of the sleeping eyes.

Below the door whispered, shut behind her with a sucking sound. Not moving, thoughts like a dust storm up inside his head, settling. He sat up, hands beside him, dizziness knocking the room sideways into haziness.

With a tiny shock the fragmented mind drew together and fused. He lifted himself from the bed and shuffled out into the kitchen. The coffeepot sat hollowly pensive on the counter. He filled it, set it on the burner. With a twist of the unsteady wrist, flames licked up around its burned bottom.

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Mel. Melanie. Mel. Melon. Breasts like two small firm melons. He leaned and tilted his head, peered down the open blouse.

"What is it?" He did not answer. Not too small, but smooth-skinned and firm like cold rinds of melons, cold-wet, sweet-tasting meat inside. Sugarwater, the fingers sticky as it dries on them. Her legs crossed drowsily on the floor. Small-muscled; such lovely limbs. Water dripped onto the rug in the curving triangle of her crossed lovely legs. A dark patch in the carpet. Melon patch, ripely grown and firm from her curving chest. Her eyes slept openly in her face. Water from the chilled glass tip-tip-tipped onto the denim slacks, the leg inside moved. Her finger lightly trailed the circle of the glass bottom and came away wet, went to her tongue.

In the smoke-filled room voices beat at the heavy air drunkenly. A ghostly nostalgic drum beat rolled with music, a quick tempo in the back of his head. In the evening I could take her. Fresh. She would be cool with the lights off, skin that would chill the dark air. But not worth the effort. Her thoughts are already too large for her mind to hold. Hasn't learned to think, only impressed with the words, a poetess. Like Peter there, talking about Camus and Fowles and those people. All very intelligent, nothing original. Heard it in a class, repeated word for word like a dull speech. Conclusion without the reasoning. But it doesn't matter. The rest never listen. Have their own quotes to throw in. But Walter there. God, what a bull of a man, voice as smooth and elastic as a woman's thigh. Anyone would envy him that voice, that unnerving stare. Loosens everything that ties your brain together. Every bit of him absolutely controlled by that head of his. Could make himself a giant if he wanted. What unbelievable sort of dedication, or is it born inside you, the will to know more than a conclusion, the ability to understand what makes a thing great or beautiful. I do envy him that.

Like a god among these people. They must be glass to him, or maybe he sees what he is by seeing what they are not. Weakness? Surrounded by mirrors, negative images in which he can conceive the magnitude of what he has become. He is looking at me. He looks away. What does he see in my face? How I have slept and dreamed. Wrapped in the curtain of what I might be, the potential was enough. Dreaming, thinking: let them worship what I will be tomorrow. Laid out on one of those cold marble slabs, the endless parade of faces that marvel. Shrine of latent talent. I am he. Name carved deep in the stone. Hallowed be thy. The marvelous capabilities lying dormant, wonder of wonders not yet dreamed. Bow down.

Let me tell you one thing, Keefer had bellowed, tobacco rank and stinging in his nostrils; he breathed like a taunted bull: Keefer, mighty godlike golden calf with ten-penny cigar in his mouth; lungs and entire guts turned brown inside like tobacco-laden spit, moist and stinking. By God, he had threatened, by God and by Keefer you work here and you're going to do the work well or not at all. Keefer the father, Keefer the son, Keefer the unholy bastard. He had said no more that day, a week before I quit. Nostrils flaring and closing, quivering with each hard breath, teeth grinding at the cigar stump. Get out.

Like that. No worshiper, Keefer. Practical demanding editor. I was a journalist then. And afterward the one-dollar portraits, sitting in the hot fairgrounds with dust sifting about, smearing into the pastels. One dollar, please. That's it. A little more smile.

What can he see? I am not one of these people. I respect him for his mind, not his impression, he should see that. Dear god, to have the respect from him that he has from me. But maybe he has gotten used to being surrounded by them. He must enjoy their complacence. He may find something in them that I cannot. Or he has become wrapped up in himself, awed by his own brilliance. A bad thing. I won't respect that in him. Nothing more to prove to himself. King of the jungle, no one left to fight.

A tug at his trouser cuff. Melanie melonbreast, poet, lace and rhythm, thrust her long arm upward, the fist full of folded papers, dirty at the edges.

"Would you like to read my poems?" He took them from the outstretched hand. "I wrote them last night." Folded papers, like countless such scrawls left in my jacket pockets and trousers, piled on the desk, spilling in excess to the floor. A garbage heap of world-saving philosophy.

"I tried some poetry once," he told her. Her eyes like shallow puddles, a stone dropped in the center of each. Concentric circles forming from nothing there: drunken creation. Magic. Miracles. He read aloud:

> 'Through the curving spiral of the hyperbolic blackness the hooded criosphinx thrusts its crested head; the enciente gives and crumbles: Indigenous to these regions, I in center sleeping, wake with death-fear at the encowled stranger; it has always been. Oh, *kyklos*. it is all a dusky circle. the diaphonous past returns, and *Aigyptos* of the mighty fathers rises on us . . .'

"Oh my god," he laughed.

She snatched the manuscripts from him and shoved them in the pocket of her slacks. Nothing said. She turned away, drank long from her glass.

Womb poems. Nothing more than a feathered tickle on the stomach to her. A dozen or more a week, the words towering like some gothic monument. Hung on them, like hooks, she dangles from word-hooks in the topless ceiling. Can't damn anyone for being caught on his own brains. Oh, yes I can. Hoist. Petard. Shakespeare? I think I am drunk.

"We did France last year. Have you seen Mont Sainte Michele. Oh, it's marvelous. The tide there sweeps in across the beaches like one gigantically huge wave." Melanie sat facing a dark haired boy. Locks dangled and tickled at his eyelids. Both swung from side to side with the music, his

mild voice like flower petals curling at the fringes. The tide come ripping down, circling, beating across the vast plain of silt, slamming against the island mound for a thousand years wearing at the foundation. Undermining. I can see it.

He lay back, his mind beginning to slosh like water in a tilted glass. Don't upset it. Water will spill out. My god. I don't know these people. Melanie melonbreast; her face has turned to glass. Her body an empty vase: no flowers. Transparent, a dragonfly wing.

His eyes swan upside down across the smoky room. Too many faces with nothing behind them. Talking like a bunch of aging professors; bloodfeuds. I can feel the world trembling.

"Oh, hell. T. S. Eliot was hung up on words." Eliot the metaphysical impressionist. Pound the soft dreamer. Send them all to a hell of poems. Let them dance wildly about a tower of flame, their facemasks burning in raw tones. Black and white. Carbon and flint. Dance! Dancing on my back, listening to the bearded philosophers, values twisted, a shell-torn limb with branches still dancing.

Risen on dizzy wings, dancing in the air, out the door, falling through the unmerciful universe in alcoholic lethargy, reeling to the dewdamp grass. Melanie, thou art an intellectual whore. But what are we all? Dance, feet!

Rise and walk through the turning world. The sky rushed down and spun above this tilted head. A silent hum of cloudy murmurs. Am I rising to it?

It swirled downward, the center of the whirlpool passed his head, swallowed him up. I am drunk. I am flying-horse drunk, Pegasus from the cloud swooping straight heavenward toward the Throne. He crashed through circle after circle of the rising storm of hidden stars. Don't look down. Nauseus.

The grassblades wet his cuffs and shoetops. Moonlight whisked through the churning clouds. Come down; Down headlong from the raging heights the moon dusted, brushed him. Follow it. A ripe melon. Truth is a naked moon. Reality is only a part-time escape from being drunk.

The pavement reeled and sparkled at his feet. I am alone. Sadly free of the flowing booklearned thought. What thought? No, no. Intellectual perversion is all. Imitators. Chimpanzees. Empty glass vases, the moon showing through like a Japanese lantern, delicate. Formed carefully. Gnarled fingers shaping the fragile wood, molding the tender paper to the frame. Skill of the ancients. Ancient art passed down through ages, generations each seeing the same moon, duplicating. Soft, Oriental light.

The moon withdrew like a shy young woman behind a veil of clouds. Old. Old woman with wrinkled, pitted face. No flowers there. A barren garden. How long ago the earth grew pregnant. Vast pain in its side, ovum growing from the core; delicate earth tissue grew ripe and lifted free, flower-laden. All died. What is the poem?

> "Moonlight silvers tower and tree,
> Part of my world torn away . . ."

Something like that. Fruitless daughter gotten old. A rumble fell from the clouds.

Where am I going? Carnival nearby. There are the lights. Might go in for a while. Something to do. Let us go then, you and I. None of them will ever touch Eliot.

The music of movement swung like a hammer's steady beat above the midway.

"Come on, try it again."

"You can do it. Make it ring."

The hammer poised, stroked smoothly down thudding against the grain of the wooden lever. Splinters and dust flew up. Hiss of the lead weight streaked toward the gong. Break, shatter into sound. Lights like a thousand bursting flares. God, the dust. Am I crying?

Carnival sound roared around him, rushing like stormclouds on a summer night. Rain. Raining dust about the lights. Diffused, like shining through her hair. Lights moving too fast. Hurt the head. Bad on nerves. Diffused by dust. Halos. Cheap lights haloed. Crowned like little kings. Got to get out of the dust.

His cheeks were wet, the heavy eyes red-circled. The evening gone mad whirled above his head. Into the river of people, his head railing in the tumult of the currents set aflame by the flashing colors. A discordant symphony, war of musicans. Each footstep a note in the terrible harmony: Look up, the glitter exploding in his eyes. The ferris wheel. Daly fell from that wheel, drunk too, mad. Rocking madly, the guardrail sprung open over nothing and out Daly toppled, a plaster pigeon, screaming as he came. God, how he lay like a broken dog, not understanding. Legs kicking and flailing and his eyes about to burst from his head. They circled around him, breathing hard. Fell off the damned ferris wheel, everyone whispered. Fell right the hell off. Didn't you hear him? Horrible, I tell you. Just horrible. And Daly there not hearing or seeing anything, the ground around him blood-speckled, a bloody mist blew out of his lungs every time he tried to breathe. The red spout of a floundering whale, harpooned, stricken.

Daly: a crooked memory. Caught on the prick of something he didn't understand. Something never expected, that kind of death. Not so terrifying as exciting, horribly exciting. The crowd all wanted to see Daly die. Tell the story a hundred times over, relish the description each time. I too, spellbound. I am no saint. The wheel operator knelt beside Daly and got his hands and undershirt bloody. Trying to hold the legs still. Feeling guilty, more than anything, I suppose. His wheel, and all. Cleansed in the blood. Oh, hell yes. He was the only one who really saw Daly's face.

Right there on the spot by the engine housing. Daly died.

He skirted the piece of ground, wild chanting of a barker on a raised platform caught his attention, the words like static scratched through the spit-moist microphone held against the mouth, handkerchief wrapped around it. The voice was strangely hypnotic, electrically impulsive. Go in.

He made his way to the ticket booth. Silver dropped and circled on the counter. Up the steps to the platform, his heel caught the edge, pulled

him down. Pain, a ragged drill, bit into the muscle and bone, shot up his shin and turned red behind his eyes. God, you clumsy drunk fool. He hopped once, fell, sat heavily. He lifted the trouser leg. White skin shorn, folded back, and a bubble of blood rose from the crease. He pulled a handkerchief from his hip pocket and dabbed at it. Get up.

An empty carriage, the last of the train. He sat with his knees jammed against the forward seat, the dull ache becoming a boiling fire in his leg.

Don't think about being drunk. It will pass. Look at something, think of something else. Melanie the melon-bosomed. No, oh god no. Harlot. Every party must have at least one bad-natured prostitute. Brain, like a perfectly molded glass bob suspended from a chandelier, spinning, can see right through it, though a little distorted. Look around. Gaming tents with striped tops sloping down gently. Centerpoles leaning off-center. Banners limp. No breeze at all, not even to move the dust. Settles slowly, like fine mist. The serpentine track of the roller-coaster lined with colored eyes sliced black once swiftly down through the center; catlike. Snakelike, the track bends in sharp curves and rises. Can throw a foolish person. Don't stand up. The frame of the murderous ferris wheel, lights on top flashing. An ungodly big double ferris wheel, circling within circles, two in one, with the moths flickering mad around the hot bulbs. Circling also, their wings singed. They will fall when they touch the bulbs. Wings like dusted parchment, fragile and tattered at the edges, not beating. Fluttering, uncontrollably, the body hardly weighing anything at all. Pinpoint of a brain up behind gigantic eyes, one single nerve, slow reaction to light. Doesn't feel the heat until too late. Senses the light, moves in shrinking spirals, the light held off the wingtip, draws in closer like a hesitant bird, completely unaware. Fttt. Dust-puff. Stardust. Sputters in the wick a second, then falls.

Mothlike, his eyes flickered up, the clouds pressed low, ribbed bellies close upon the ferris wheel; they burned in a carnival glow.

The carriage woke, shuddered, and jerked down the tracks to the tunnel mouth. Behind him the urgent rumble of the crowds and the calliope's shrill bleating began to fall away. Being drawn down into a sea of darkness. Nightmarish sounds of the carriage amplified by black, clammy air. Something behind me. Chill on the neck; makes the hairs stand on end. Wombchill. Melanie, child of the womb, where are you now? Poetess, womb-goddess, you belong here, a sardine. One per can. His nerves reached out to touch the silent walls, cold tingle of nothing there. Fingers-god. His head jerked downward drunkenly met by the violent knot tightening in his abdomen. Pungent odor, rubber, acidic. Rubber hands: hands of the darkness molded into synthetic flesh, foul-smelling. Oh touch me loved one. Heart hammered kicked the heavy blood into his head, eyes turning, met on all sides by alcoholic darkness, straining into it, all muscles feeling used at once. God damn this seat. My legs are asleep. Gone senseless, white pallid kneecaps, blood-free. Vibrations tingling on the verge of becoming pain in my teeth. Stop grating them together. Relax or you'll vomit all over the carriage. Difficult in this seat. Oh, my legs are screaming murder, strangling. None of this is real. I am only drunk. The reason: the reason for fear in darkness. What is it? Like someone looking over my shoulder, but only myself. How frightening. My own mind cast about like a buoy on the storming waters.

Laughter thundered from the rattling speakers, buzzing, his ears throbbed, the drums bulged like the throat of a bullfrog. Frogsack; the carriage ground into a turn, threw him off balance. His shoulder struck bang against the carriage side sharply. Hands flew wildly for the guardrail. Suddenly now, countless miles above space, flailing blindly, spinning off the incredible wheel, the hub broken loose, thrown, off center, ready to begin the fall: the laughter crashed, burst, a sun broke into his widespread eyes, totally unready. Throw back the head, lean, lean away, not falling, God! thought crazily on the brink of fear; the face lept from darkness at his own, burned instantly into mental film, leaping off eternity, falling endlessly, magnified in the shock that took hold of his neck and shook him. Backbone shuddered, pintuck, electrically charged. Where is the light? He righted himself shaking, the brilliant flare of light gone blue in his eyes as the darkness caught him and hurled him on, utterly shaken. Beautifully done, right while I was off balance, my own weight throwing me right at the mask, it toward me, like falling and suddenly seeing the ground the split second before you hit. God, shaken and drained. Somewhere a plug gone out of me, whirlpooling down out of myself, like the blood streaming from my empty body.

The memory turned, changed direction with his probing eyes, soft puffs of blue light grew, bulged, slow frogthroats, exploded like a ball of butterflies, silent, then faded: flowers, fleshless anemones in the black sea, a face in the wash floating bodily out of mind. There it is, well crafted, transformed from papier mache completely into fear, incredibly ugly, mouth pale and twisted, caught in the midst of pain-death throes, the serpentine flesh about to crawl off it, gleam in the terrible eyes. Cast by hands in pain, a portrait of everything that breathes in darkness burning in the eyes: complete knowledge, complete fear. I am very tired, drowning in my own emptiness. Everything gone out of me in the wake of that shock. Round a corner of my imagination such gentle light is breaking. No, real this time. A carnival glow and nothing more. Fear shrunk past like a whipped dog. Lights hard as steel, people with bells in their throats, each pealing right into these two ears.

The carriage stopped and shook. Take my time, better not to rush it. Stomach feeling rather queasy. Sit for a moment. God, how many people without names and faces walking by in such a hurry to get nowhere in particular. Looking up as I look down, like a weary god on his pedestal. Old woman has arthritis, dull, the pain,

like in my leg and shoulder, sore. I have taken a beating tonight. Her dress is terribly faded. I hate to see things like that. I don't want to help her. Feel guilty for not feeling anything at all. Strange. Guilt easier than sympathy. Still leaves no regret. The hems of her dress growing toward yellow. Why are there people like that, to make the rest of us feel guilty with every mouthful of food. Her hair matted in damp tendrils against her thin neck. Pushed and shoved about in the crowd.

She has a white rose pinned sadly above her loose lapel.

THE LOWER LEVEL

(Continued from page 19)

I walked nearer to the hole, as near as I thought safe at the time, for I have a way of taking things slowly to see what complications might arise. I saw that the mouth was about fifty feet wide, though it was not all filled with the water. There were stones all around it, but not even moss grew near these stones. I also saw that the water did not fall straight into the earth, but fell in tiers, with each tier being twenty feet beneath the last, and I surmised that the hole enlarged considerably beneath the ground. This I guessed because of the booming echo that was emitted from somewhere within the blackness, sounding as if the water had made one last, great fall into a gigantic cavern under the earth. This, I supposed. was the reason for the frighteningly l o u d sound; it came not from the part of the water that was visible, but rather from some place deep within the earth, and after being bounced from wall to wall the sound was liberated through this relatively small opening.

All of this sprung the hair trigger of my imagination again, and when curiosity overcame caution I stepped nearly to the edge of the first tier so that I could see further into the gaping hole, but when I did so my imaginative bubble was once again ruptured, for on the level just below me I saw a young woman sitting on a damp rock. She was dressed in a thin, white summer dress, and her long golden hair flowed down her back in cascades, as exciting and as wild as the water which flowed next to her, drawn deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth, beaten into a white froth and finally submitting to the darkness below. She sat inert with her back to me; she was obviously staring at the shadows of the cavern. I felt strangely drawn to her; it was as if we were the only two of a species alive in an alien environment and I badly needed the comfort of a few words. The path that had brought me this far continued into the hole, slithering over the slippery rocks, cascading sharply to the next level, then leveling off and slowing a bit until the next plunge. I started down this treacherous trail, and I had a great deal of trouble keeping my footing, even though I used my hands as well as my feet in the descent. I slipped as I neared the bottom and fell the last five feet; the noise must have reached the girl, for when I had struggled to my feet I saw that she was looking at me with a look that may be described as being between nonchalant and blasé. She was a very attractive person. and I was drawn to her, though the attraction was not sexual, but rather a deeper need which I could not understand. I walked up to her and smiled a rather weak smile and tried to say something, but I could not speak. I felt like a fool just standing there unable to speak, but suddenly I did not care anymore. I was content to gaze into her gray eyes, her beautiful gray eyes, with such depths as I have never seen before; I actually lost myself in those eyes.

Slowly the girl stood up and her slender body was before me, inviting and warm, a sharp contrast to our surroundings of bleak rocks and cold spray. She raised her arms and beckoned to me, and I took one compulsive step and in a moment we were entwined in each other's arms. But it was more than that. She was not a girl in front of me, a girl whom I was holding, but she was becoming a part of me; she was so warm that I welcomed her, and a hollow feeling began in my stomach and welled up inside of me, going throughout my entire body. She tilted her head upward and looked into my eyes, seeming to find the same fascination in me that I found in her, and half conscious of what was happening, I kissed her.

Suddenly she began to push me away, and though I was reluctant to let her go, her arms had a strange power that made the push irresistible. Her touch burned my flesh, and increased my desire even more. Slowly, deliberately, she began walking down the path toward the place where it again slid down the cliff to the next level. I followed her, half entranced, and the roaring seemed to increase as we neared the edge of the next drop. She turned her back to me and I could see her half walking, half sliding down the path. This slope was much sharper than the one that I had just come down, and in places ice had formed on the rocks, making them that much more slippery. She reached the bottom of the slope and turned to beckon to me. I was cold, very cold, and warmth was at the bottom of the drop, and it would be so easy to slide down and reach her and be filled with the warmth once again, and fill the emptiness with her rays, and lose myself in the deepness of her eyes. Just at that moment the sun made an attempt to break through the mists covering the opening above me. It was a feeble attempt, but still it was enough to send a few rays into the hole, and these concentrated on the back of my head. I turned to see the light, then looked back at the girl, who now seemed even more sensuous. Somehow I knew that I had to make an important decision, and I began to walk toward the wall I had descended a few minutes before. I heard the girl call my name, the first word I had heard her utter, and I stopped and looked back. The desire to join her on the lower level was even more compulsive now, but in an effort of willpower I turned and began to run toward the wall.

The way up was very slick, and it took a great deal of exertion to make even a few feet, and at times I even slid backward, but always I pushed on. I began to perspire freely in spite of the coldness around me, and I grew

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KEEP THE FAITH, BABY

(Continued from page 10)

There are some sub-marginal schools in Pickens County which Negroes attend, segregated. The federal government offered some federal funds to the county for improving local education. But in the offer was a stipulation to phase out the sub-marginal schools with inadequate enrollment and integrate the better schools. The county government, with no referendum, turned down the money.

There seems to be something supernaturally dangerous in education. Both Negro and White are afraid to learn about each other, but especially the affluent caucasian. Not only will the "innocent" children of the affluent be exposed to the fundamental knowledge of life which an economically poor child has already acquired through his environment, but there seems to be something mysterious about drinking from the same water fountain, or sitting on the same toilet, or even touching the same furniture. Yet Negroes from the local area are hired to cook for the affluent.

It appears that the general concensus of feeling is that the white *color* is better than the black—especially in a tight neighborhood of poor whites and poor blacks. One wonders about the Negro's self respect. There is no reason for self pity, just plenty of excuses. Granted, the role of the Negro is changing in today's society, and such changes cause distemper toward the old situation, but acceptance of the task is more useful and meaningful than impatience.

Summer riots in the big cities are one answer to the call for change. But that answer is impatience, even refusal, not acceptance. The impatience in our area is not as devastating, perhaps as in Newark, Detroit, or Watts, but it takes it toll. As I said before, impatience grows from frustration and anxiety, which in turn grow out of apathy. The following are a few examples of these expressions. The South Carolina Council for Human Relations attempts to quell the impatient desires.

Mr. and Mrs. H, a University faculty family, came to know about Mr. and Mrs. X through the Council. Mrs. X married when she was in the tenth grade. Mr. X cannot read. He is a carpenter. His working hours vary with the sun and rain. There are seven children—a frustrating situation. He took to drinking; and under the influence has threatened his wife and the children.

So, the wife wanted to move away from him. Mr. and Mrs. H helped her find a house and moved her in. The Wesley Foundation of Clemson contributed some furniture. SCCHR gathered seventy dollars to buy a stove, utensils, and some food. Other people gave clothes. In one weekend, the house was furnished and occupied. But there were no screens, few window panes, and no inside water except for an open well in one room. Another faculty family became interested and located a screen door (from a broken down house), and it was soon installed. Mr. H and Mr. J sealed the well with a concrete cap and dug a trench for a water pipe into the kitchen. The kids were lucky to have a working toilet.

We visited this family, and Mr. H patched some holes in the kitchen floor with sheet metal and wrapped insulation about the kitchen water pipe which had frozen during the recent ice storm. Earlier in the week Mr. J and Mr. H had brought some wood from the Keowee Reservoir project, built a saw buck, and cut the wood for use in the heater.

The children everywhere we went were full of liveliness. The youngest ones were continually on the go, unless sick, and are usually quite precocious. Mr. J brings magazines and toys every time he visits. One day he drove up and the kids emptied his car—even of his son's car seat. Mr. H occasionally brings a couple of kids home for a bath. But one playful youngster managed to pull a fixture off of the tub.

Some people, mostly the affluent, object to this freedom of giving. They claim that a dole further pacifies an apathetic spirit. But, the members of SCCHR are convinced that any personal contact between the different social classes, when the interest of BOTH is concerned, is helpful. Personal encounters with members of the lower class give them some hope. Any touch with the successful outside gives them a useful point of reference to work around.

Another incident of local frustration was witnessed by Mrs. G on another one of her tutoring trips. As she pulled up in front of the house, the young mother burst from the door in tears. A man flew out a moment later and ran to a car. He was bleeding heavily from his nose and mouth. The girl quickly explained that her brother-in-law had come over with a shotgun and threatened to kill this man. Inside, there had been a struggle, the shotgun dropped, and the brother-in-law managed to leave by way of the back door—only after beating off his intended victim.

Mrs. G turned around to see that the man had pulled a pistol from his car while yelling, "I'm gonna kill that

sonofabitch! I'm gonna kill him!" Then he fired three shots into the air—just to prove he had a gun. Mrs. G was taken aback, to say the least.

This past Christmas, Mrs. J visited her adopted family and drew up a list of children for whom to buy presents. Among the family was a little baby. Upon returning with the gifts, she found no baby. Asking were the child was, she was told that it had died and the father had buried it in the yard somewhere. Mrs. J's husband is a medical doctor, but the family had asked for no medical attention and had obtained no death certificate and notified no one.

Another family we visited included seven children and no father. The mother manages to support all of the kids by working as a hair-dresser. She has her twelve year old son watch after the youngest ones while she is at work. The twelve year old hasn't finished the third grade. Their house has no bathroom and no running water. They use the front and side yards for defecation and have to walk nearly one-hundred yards to another house for drinking water. Heaters have just been installed.

The SCCHR has had plans to build a Day Care Center for the youngest children of such parents, but have been able to find no reasonable land. The members of the Council would provide much of the labor, as would the parents. Land and materials would be the only cost. Rummage sales, gifts, and a fund drive would supply the necessary cash.

Another interesting episode concerns the Goat Woman. Her house was to be inundated by the Keowee Toxaway reservoir. Some members of the SCCHR heard of her dilemma and offered to help in her relocation. A house was found for her and the move was underway. But this proved to be an unusual task—since she had a herd of goats, about sixteen, twenty-three cats, and a large collection of assorted goods like pieces of glass, cloth, and stone. When the movers packed her furniture and what clothing she owned, they wanted to leave a lot of her "stuff," but she wasn't about to let a thing stay. She talks a lot, so they humored her.

As you can see, through a few collected and singular efforts, the barriers to a more pleasant place in society for the poor are being attacked. The SCCHR has its skirmish on poverty. The Office of Economic Opportunity is fighting. And some Clemson University professors and students are aiding (only a few having been mentioned here). But generally, most people don't care. Most of the University is too busy or too lazy, and so is most of the town. Who knows where the churches are weekdays. It is, at least, strange to witness this general apathy and see it contrasted by the active concern of a lively few.

Jane's Emma
(or what the Monarch Edition Didn't Tell)

By BYRON F. STONE

Gloss: My paunchy pillow
said to me . . .
"This misguided merry-maker's
Exposition meddling mind
is not as she thinks,
candid kind."

Her simple soul mates languid love
Conflict a delicate dish of breasted dove
finger-eaten and washed with thought,
could not by eager Emma be wrought.

The fertile fit,
Plot Summary spurred by mind-spawned matter,
slurred and stayed the same.

To my paunchy pillow
said I . . .
"A slightly Knightly lad
Resolution once removed
to fickle-lingered Emma
has proved
that sown
is grown."

Laugh, Clown, Laugh

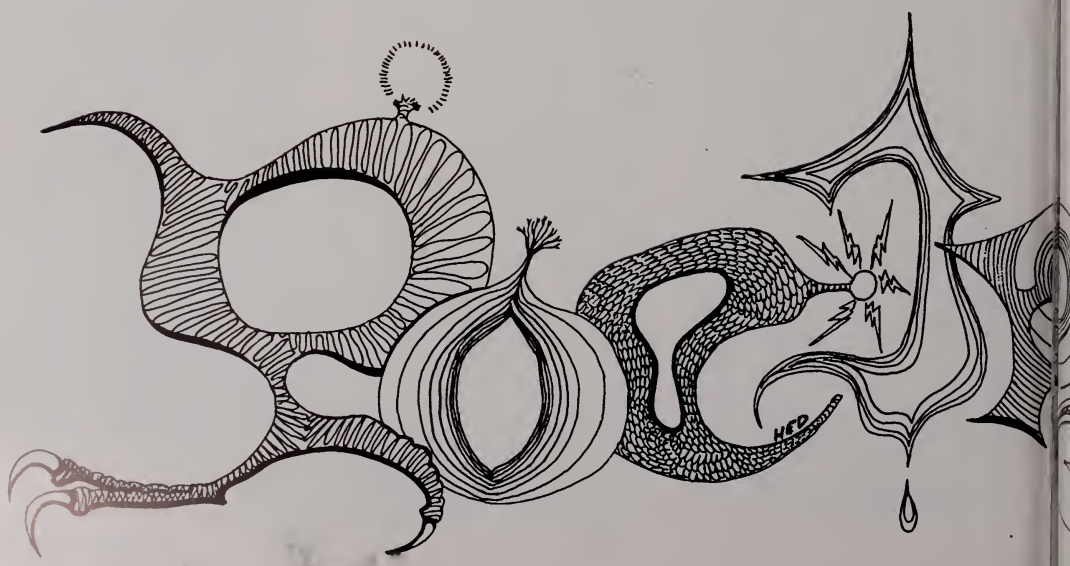
By WENDELL SHEALEY

All men have died with me
From Golgotha to Dallas.
And all I can say
Is that it will happen again
In another time and land.
Either in sedate Auschwitz
Or on St. Bartholomew's Day—
Perhaps in a new Hiroshima?
Innocent or guilty-anyone—
Could it ever be otherwise?
Feel sure of one thing man.
Your worst is yet to come.
You've done your best to death.

Image

By ELLEN HELLWIG

Soft candleglow
Flickering
Creates shadows
Fleeting.



Poem

By JOHN FOWLER

She is half-afraid that I will ask,
And half-afraid that the question will go unasked.
She only knows that down in her hungry darkness,
Where her future generations lie in wait,
There is something which needs fulfilling.

This is her essence,
Formed of half-fear and hunger,
Her timid smallness so full
Of vituperative animals.

She cannot sing.
She cannot cry.
She can only be afraid
That I will ask her.

Cold Ashes

By JAMES BATTLE

Ashes in the heart
Cry for the deeds
Towering high
As the trees will grow
In some unnamed tomorrow

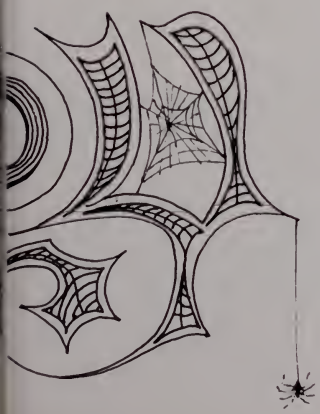
Reclined by streams
    flowing down the core of recollection
Shall lie the bodies
    chilled and quiet
    as dancers in a morgue
Of visions that were twisted
    from the marrow of a child
And left to sit at crossroads
    asking passers-by

how many miles?
how many miles to home?

Grass Fantasia No. 6

By GARLAND G. GOODEN, JR.

and one day I shall wake
and with my flashing dawn-gorged eyes shall see
all naked gleaming skeletons, the cursed skin
slipped so absolutely free of mortal bonds,
the solid weight of flesh split clean away
from each white porous prong,
that all mankind shall rise and dance
on birdlike feet that swing and dip
as music of the piping winds blows
streaming through the swirling sea of bones;
and in the total magnitude, the vast
incredible unity of hands and thighs,
in the wild and chattering cluster
of the brittle race,
all beauty in the mind shall groan
into a metamorphosis; all standards shall be
crushed and altered by the hollow eyes,
and there shall be no more
ugly people.



THE BEGGAR

(Continued from page 27)

of? If Sears thinks that this is an honest man, then let's give him a few dollars."

After the tin cup had been passed around and Sears had counted the money, he told the men that they had collected twenty-three dollars for the beggar. "I'm right proud of you men," said Sears. "In fact, I'm gonna give all of you a free game of pool."

The beggar mumbled his thanks to the men and crawled through the door. Some of the men stood in the door and watched him crawl down the street and around the corner out of sight. Someone in the crowd asked Sears if he had ever seen the beggar before.

"No, no I don't think I've ever seen him 'round here. But I do know he was in bad need of money. I feel real good after helping him. Yep, you men can have a free game of pool."

As soon as the men had got midway into their free game of pool, a crowd of men came rushing into the poolroom. "Hey Sears, did you or any of the men in here give that beggar any money?" asked one of the men.

"That's right. That's exactly right," beamed Sears.

"How much did you give him, Sears?" questioned another of the men in the crowd. "How much, Sears?"

"Well, Harry you know I don't like to brag, and I ain't of course, but I give him five dollars and the rest of the men here gave him eighteen. All together, we gave him twenty-three dollars."

"Twenty-three dollars! Well how 'bout walking down here to the corner with us. We got something to show you."

"Hurry up dammit," yelled one of the men from the rear of the crowd. "He's about to leave."

Sears was puzzled, but he didn't want it to be said that he missed out on a good sight. The men ran down the street and stopped at the corner.

"Well, what is it? What are we supposed to be looking at?" asked Sears after they had reached the corner and stopped.

"You'll see," said one of the men. "You'll see. Just watch that restroom door over there at the gas station."

Sears stood watching the door, not knowing what he was supposed to be looking for. He had been watching the door for about a minute when it finally opened.

"There he is! There he is, Sears!" yelled one of the men as soon as the door had opened.

"What? Why, hell it's just that poor beggar. Is this all you men wanted to show me? Hell, I already told you that I had seen him. Seen him in my poolroom not more'n five minutes ago."

"Just keeping watching him, Sears. Just keep your eyes on that damn poor nigger beggar," called one of the men.

Sears watched the beggar crawl across the cement pavement to the the gas pumps. "Where the hell's he going? Where's he going?" asked Sears, still watching him.

"Well, Sears you see that big new shiny white Cadillac sitting over there by the gas pumps? You see it Sears?" asked one of the men in the crowd.

"Hell, so what? Yeah, I see it, but it ain't the first new white Cadillac I've ever seen."

"Well, Sears by damn that's his! You hear me, Sears? And just think, you now own five dollars worth of it." The crowd burst out laughing, and no one noticed Sears sneak out of the crowd and go down the street to his poolroom.

Later the crowd missed him and all the men went down to the poolroom to see if he had returned. They found Sears sitting on his stool in the middle of the room.

"Hey, Sears how come you didn't go for a ride in your new Cadillac?" asked one of the men. After the laughter had died down, one of the men said, "Sears, how come you didn't spot that beggar as a damn crook?" The crowd gathered around close to the stool in order to hear what Sears was going to say. Sears thought about the question for a couple of minutes. "Yeah, Sears you said you would never be rooked by a con man. You said you could always spot a damn fast talking deal," said one of the men who was standing in front of Sears.

"Fellows, there's a lotta fast talking cons in this world. A damn lot, and I guess it's kinda like tasting cherry ice cream. . ."

"Cherry ice cream? You ain't making no sense by talking 'bout cherry ice cream," said one of the men.

"Well, if you'd give me a chance to finish, and shut your damn mouth long enough to listen, it might make sense. Now as I was saying, there's a lotta con-men in this world, a damn lot, and I guess it's kinda like tasting cherry ice cream: you can't tell nobody else how it tastes unless you've tasted it yourself."

THE LOWER LEVEL

(Continued from page 35)

very weary, but I kept working frantically. Onward and upward I climbed, until at last I had reached the top. I scrambled to the level ground and stumbled into the wall of fog, fighting the strong desire to rest. On I labored, until at last I came to the edge of the bank, and with a lunge I cleared the outer fringe. Now there was warmth again, and for a while I lay on the ground, exhausted. Then I drifted off to sleep.

When I opened my eyes I was in a bed, and there was the smell of a hospital around me. At first my vision was blurred, so that I could only see forms above me. Then as it cleared I saw that these forms were faces, and one was that of my wife, and I felt her hand pressing against mine, and saw her tears and her thankful smile.

They said that I had suffered a heart attack, and that is what went on the medical report. But to me it was an experience that cannot be summarized in one short phrase, and I cannot help wondering when I will meet the young woman again, and take that lonely trip never to return.

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Chronicle

STUDENT VARIETY MAGAZINE OF CLEMSON UNIVERSITY

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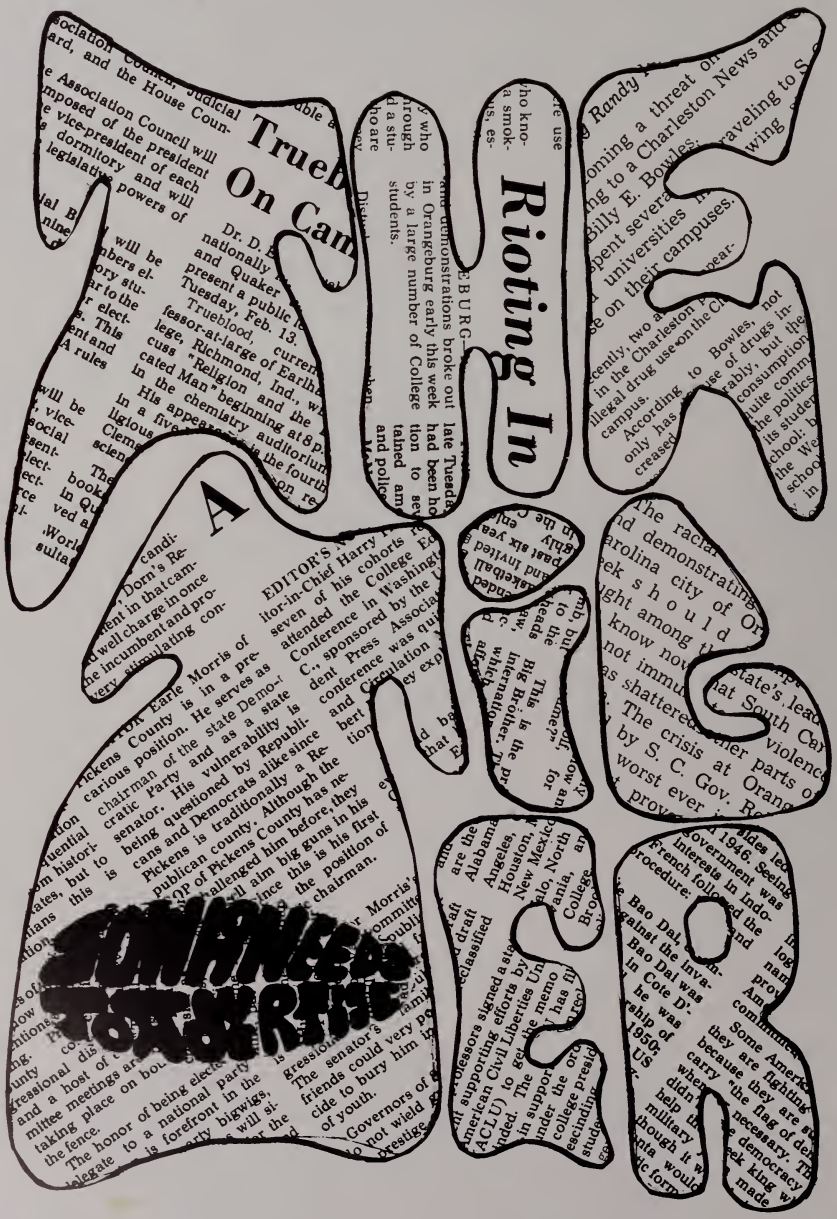


montage by durwood stinson

CHRONICLE EDITORIAL

PARTING SHOT

OLD EDITOR

Thank God the year is coming to an end. And thanks to all those many people who have helped me these last two years. Thanks to the Administration for their trust and their help. Thanks to those Faculty members who have cared to comment on our work. Thanks to Ed O'Cain and all my friends at R. L. Bryan who have cared enough to print the very best. Thanks to Ernie Stallworth and Bill Johnson, who for my first year befriended me when I most needed a friend. Thanks to David Milling who left me this job. Thanks to my staff who have made my work. And last but not least, thanks to Jeff Steinfeldt for being our newly elected Editor.

"Where is good Paul?" will soon be a question of the past and never more to be uttered, I hope. But no matter where I be, there will be a CHRONICLE, for Jeff Steinfeldt has a bag full of tricks, and a notion of regularity which I could never seem to pull off.

I leave you a magazine, backed by a guarantee for years of service and long wear, a product used by many for their own enjoyment, use it, and good luck.

Adieu

Paul Morris

PAUL MORRIS,
Editor Emeritus,
The Chronicle.

NEW EDITOR

Brraaaphhhhh!!
So What ???

Jeff Steinfeldt

"EVERYTHING WE DO IS MUSIC"

—JOHN CAGE

JEFF STEINFELDT

"Everything we do is music"—John Cage.

Music. Proof that total involvement is an escape because the greatest total involvement ever experienced by man is being wrapped up in a fetal position inside a stereo speaker screaming impromptu lyrics along with the record without hearing oneself. The poor man's drug, but the involvement, I mean the *real* involvement didn't come until just now. Teeny-bopper crap and *Herman's Hermits* are dead. Live, mind-exploding sound has arrived, and it will be tough to break the habit.

Tuli Kupferburg with his *Fugs*—they're geniuses but they can't be bothered—scream about vomit pouring out of nostrils all over the place from poison gas and napalm. Spend the time and the music would be immortal, but the human race can only take so much just now. He has to pose nude for newspaper photographs anyway, and one man can't do everything. The *Mother's of Invention* with Frank Zappa do the same thing. They're gross, obscene, they don't even say please and thank you. They don't need us, we need them. They've got more important things to think about.

Maharashi Yogi, the guiding force of the *Beatles'* most beautiful music of the century—or ever. They can make you cry, get peace of mind—turn it on loud and lose yourself in the notes, you can't miss, you're high and the world doesn't even know about the whole deal. Don't tell them, man, it's secret. Poetic images you must close your eyes to see. Crushes your soul, makes you laugh, lets you see. The music is keeping us sane because there is nowhere else to go. It's a secret because no-one wants to admit this. The Stones are crushed into every school kids transisterized ear because he has to get away from all the crap he's had to take all day. Values conflict, he's going to get drafted and have his guts blown out, but for now there is somewhere to go and it's inside that radio and it's now.

Sex. The *Doors* preach it. Flashing strobes and psychedilic pandemonium blurping to undulating rythms, loud, Loud, Louder you can't stand it, the whirling room, sparkling sweat flashing people lost in a packed bar dancing free form anything goes all over the place because he's up there screaming to light my fire and that girl looks so tough, short skirt thigh-high looking at you sweating. The rhythm moves you, the volume envelopes you, the smoke loses you, and the world is gone, your safe—that's where it's at, all else is lost and unimportant.

Otis Redding squirming on the stage the burden of a groaning race on his shoulders—he sets them free. Sittin' on the dock because there isn't anywhere else for him to go, he had to go all the way across the country to find out that it's the same all over. Man is alone, he can't be helped by anyone, but he can be comforted by knowing that someone else feels the same way. Otis Redding is dead—we have lost a prophet—he will be back within someone else because it's gone too far to stop now.

When did it all become interesting? When did it all become important? When did it all become real? Forty-year old fat men sit in the bar and bitch because they can't hear themselves talk. The music's too loud. Who wants to talk? What could you possibly say that would interest me? What could compare to this feeling? I'm lost and I don't want fat old men bringing me back. I like not knowing where I am!

You can't even make out the words—it's not the words you old fart, it's the song, the total song—the music, the screams, the hidden grunts that translate secret sex to millions of teen-age girls safely because mommy won't listen to the stuff. Crazy. The fat old man with his pipe, slippers, and martini sits there listening to Glen Miller saying "Those were the good old days, they don't even touch when they're dancing anymore—we really used to swing didn't we, Myrtle?" while his daughter is out psychologically "getting it" all over the dance floor at every joint in town. He burps and goes back to his Reader's Digest content and pleased. Dream on, Daddy.

There are no holds barred in today's music. It hits directly at the soul, at the mind, and the poor unaware listener doesn't even know he's being changed until he's an addict. He wraps himself in the music, the great escape, peace.

Bob Dylan has found himself and gone country along with Jim Kweskin. They're all using Bach pulling force from the classical. Soul is grabbing millions. The Beatles are doing the impossible—they don't have to sell records anymore and Leonard Bernstein likes them. It's happening all over. The world will dissolve in madness. Ask you little sister. She knows.

underground birth

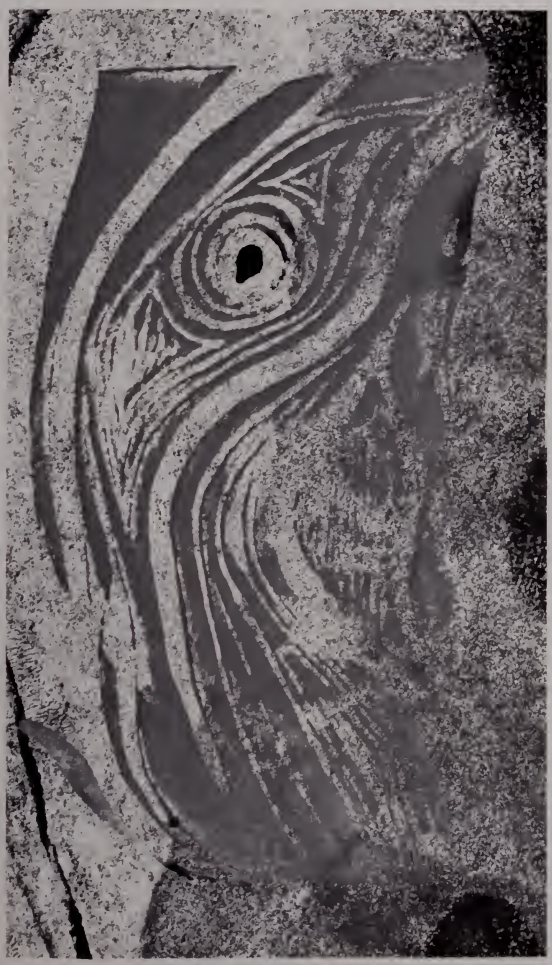


illustration by allen johnstone

The footsteps drummingly echoed,
Bouncing from a hollow store window
To the sealed mouth of a burned mannequin.
The wrinkled, flabby face of a
Sixty-year old child grins raspingly.
His overcoat drags the concrete
And jerkingly hisses behind him
His dark sockets re-rifled with gaunt determination
He kicks the midnight trash
From the sewer cover, hesitates, then waits
For the last guiding beacon light
He grates open the womb of the street
With hollow, reluctant groans.
Time slowly dies and awaits to be born again.
He slides into the sewer; sits
And uncovers his tablets of thin concrete
Etched with perfect script, then adds the last line.
The Second Coming begins.

By Frank Edler

BANJIE NARISE

BY FRED BALDWIN

"Dear friends, today we have the honor to have with us a great man—a paragon of what should be and is. He has fought many battles against the forces of darkness, and he has emerged from every one with banners of gold and scarlet, proclaiming victory. I have asked him to come before us and reveal to us the words which have been stirring in his heart—words which we must hear. And now, here is this great man, full of spirit and earnestness and ready to speak to us. May we all be able to listen to the fullest extent of our powers of audition."

"Thank you, good people. My heart is warmed to simmering inside me when I gaze upon your upturned and eager faces, both young and old. May I be able to give you my message in such a way as will be remembered by you all for the rest of your lives and into eternity. I have chosen as my text a poem written many years ago by an obscure poet. Obscure, but not poor in revelations or in deep internal feelings. The poem, entitled 'Beware the Cat', reads as follows:

Beware the cat who stalks the night
With his pointy ears and silken gown.
Beware the cat with velvet paws,
For his eyes are upside down.

Some of you good people may wonder why I have chosen this poem. May you not be too perplexed or confused! I am convinced, as are many men nearly my equal, that this poem contains all of the truths ever uttered or to be uttered by man from his earliest crawling and dusty beginnings to his flaming banishment from the earth. The hand of the author, John Skryne, was certainly guided by some great and terrible, though wonderful, external force.

"John Skryne was commissioned to give the world a code—a supreme truth—a way of life. Yet, due perhaps to ignorance or perhaps to secret subversions and sabotages of minds, man has been unwilling, or unable, to see this poem for what it is. It is the greatest work that man shall ever be able to create. It surpasses life and man's love for man. Since it's essence is so vastly important to us all, I shall try, with guidance, to impart to you people the meaning of these beautiful words. Alas, even I have been unable to extract the full meaning of these amazingly graceful bent lines, these letters—lines bent and curved, lines on paper, but meaning so much. The responsibility is almost too great for me to bear, but I ask for help from without me.

"As my bringing of truth to you may take some time, if any one of you feels his physical needs—his dusty needs of the weak body—to be great, let him depart. Perhaps he is so well informed that he already knows the truth of life and all its sweetness. Perhaps. He is free to go at any time. There are no physical bonds here, only bonds of the mind and soul and inner-being and will and . . . yes, even love, all pervading.

"I shall begin the poem at the beginning, which, I feel, is the best best place to begin. I am concerned that some elements of our enlightened party are so permeated with levity that they can find humor in anything on such an occasion. Drive out humor! There is room for truth alone. Humor, begone! Get thee back to the crawling, horrid serpent which created thee. The Universal Father does not joke, neither should we!

"Uncountable truths are to be found in the first word, nay, even the first letter. 'B'! The letter of beauty! But not wordly beauty, not beauty of the skin and eyes, not that which nurtures lust and envy and pitiful human love, but the unapproachable beauty of truth itself, the beauty of the essence of our existence. Rejoice, my heart!

" 'E'! The letter of eternity—an eternity of reality, truth, beauty, and love of the beings of each and all—love of our parts of the complete and amazing whole.

"Notice now, there are only two 'b's' in the entire poem. Only two bastions of beauty! Yet, look once again. There is only one—yes, only one 'u'—the letter of the ugliness and shame and lust and filth of man. Good beauty is stronger than bad ugliness! Twice as strong it is! Oh, monumental truth!

"The first word! 'Beware'! Look out! Do not be led astray by surface ideas. Delve deeper; pluck out the inner truth. 'Beware the cat'! The cat, with evil and doorlike blackness in its eyes—doors that open and then clamp shut once the unsuspecting are lured inside—the cat is searching for those who do not know the truth. The cat. Cruelty, avarice, and terrorism are parts of its very being. Contrast with the dog! Dedicated, officious, and gallant is the dog. Not so the cat! The cat of untruth is seeking to pounce upon and devour all those who do not face him in their search for the supreme truth. Eyes of truth—full eyes—stop the cat. But, turn your back—oblivion!

" 'The cat who'! Does that not bring to your mind the bird of the night? The owl has knowledge, but he has not truth. His knowledge is vain. Vain knowledge fills the belly of the mind, not the soul. Truth unites with the soul. 'Who?' His cry in the dark. Who, indeed. The 'owl' knowledge is a proud knowledge; it is the wrong kind.

" 'Stalks!' Notice the first two letters. Of course! They are the abbreviation of Saint! Notice the last five letters. Talks. The Saints talk to us; they seek to impart to us the truths that they know so well, but we do not hear for the whooing of the vain-knowledged owl. Quiet, owl! Let the words of the Saints burst forth upon us. The Saints tell us what is to come in the night. The night. See the last two letters of 'the.' 'He,' of course. Not the glorius, eternal, above 'He,' but the low and scaly and black 'he,' who comes in the night. He waits until we cannot hear for the vain knowlodge filling our heads. Then he pounces! Blood of the soul! Truth! It flows forth and is lost, if it were ever really possessed.

"The second line. 'With!' The first three letters spell man's downfall. Wit! Wasteful, immoral, and tawdry—of no use to the seeker of truth. Cast wit away!

illustration by bob berman

"Of course, 'his pointy ears' refers to one thing only—the ears of the devil. The devil is searching for wit. Where there is wit, real truth is seldom found. There is no room for it!

"The 'silken gown!' Man's vilest flaw! The seductress, sex herself, waits with the devil to make us forget our search for the truth. The last three letters of 'gown'—'own.' Man does not own sex; sex owns man. In her silken gown she lures man from the truth of the spirit to the falsity of the pleasure of the flesh, the lust of his now devil-owned mind. Let us not succumb to this, my friends. Forsake sex, as I have forsaken it! Rid yourselves, as I have, of the vile origins of the destroying desires! Know a new life! Open your minds to the truth!

"I see some of the daughters of Eve among you who are full with new life. Two lives you now contain! Despair not! Your chance is not gone! It is merely postponed! Release this new life! Teach it the truth which you learn from me. Then cleanse yourselves of the selfish desires which occupy the mind. Keep the devil from pouncing upon you. When, during the height of your lust the light of truth leaves your eyes, you are doomed.

"The truths which I have so far imparted to you constitute only a small part of the truths which can be found, and will be found in the first half of this truth-paragon poem. I shall search and peruse until I have found them all, unless, of course, some truths are destined not to be known by filthy, grovelling, lusting man. Yes, even I lust. You are shocked? I lust after the truth and the Creator. I want to embrace His spirit and press it into my bosom, into my heart, and into my soul, I want to fill myself to overflowing with truth.

"I notice that some of you are squirming in your chairs. Is it because you are tired? Tired of hearing the truth? Tired of cleansing your souls? Or is because you realize that you are guilty of vain knowledge and lust and falsity? Be strong, for no one is perfect, not even I. Yes, I have sinned. I have sinned a great sin, a sin of lust and the flesh. Even as I lay in bed after this horrible sin I was shown in a dream how great my folly was. My sin, my sin worse than death was a sin of seduction. After my lusting body had coughed up all its putrid, stinking, unclean lust-fruit, I fell asleep. I dreamed. Listen! Listen to my dream.

"I dreamed that I was upon a broad, flat plain. My partner in sin was before me, her belly swollen with the fruit of our sin—the union of our selfish desires. Her eyes were hollow; they did not hold the truth. They were slit eyes, like the cat's. Suddenly, there appeared an elephant before me. Blood was dripping from his eye-sockets. He lowered his huge trunk and wrote in the dust, 'See your folly.' He placed the tip of his trunk on the swollen abdomen of my seductress. He began to make a sucking sound, like water running down a drain, only faster. When he had finished, he said, 'See what is left after the innocence of the child is removed.' He then placed his foot on the belly of the woman. He pushed downward with all his weight. There came a sound similar to the sound of boiling water. And then, from out of the body of my sin-partner came black snakes. The snakes swarmed over her legs and advanced toward me. I could not move; I could not pray. I covered my eyes and waited for death. But death did not come. I heard sounds like miniature coughs. I uncovered my eyes and looked. The snakes were vomiting blood. 'That is your blood,' the elephant said. 'See your reward.' The elephant then placed his foot upon my head and mashed. Suddenly I could see myself, my head crushed open. Inside was a mass of squirming whiteness—maggots. As I watched, the maggots crawled away, leaving a half-eaten fruit. 'Do you know what it is?' asked the elephant. I know. 'Repent!' he said, and I awoke and painfully and bloodily cleansed myself so as to be free from sexual lust forever. So you see, my brothers and sisters, sin can be conquered.

"And now, my people, I continue to reveal to you the truths of life. The second half of this mighty poem contains many more truths than the first, but these truths are so well hidden that even I find their extrication very difficult. The message can be seen by only the purest of men. That is why you yourselves cannot see it. Only I can detect this message in its divine hiding places.

"In the third line, we see the word 'beware' once again. Here is also the second beautiful 'b' of the peom—the beauty of truth and spirit which saves us from the 'war.' War is a folly of man. Death is the only invulnerable warrior. All must fall before his sword. Leaving out the willful 'w' of war from the word 'beware,' and removing the final 'e,' we are able to see the word 'bear.' We must bear these wars among men. We can bear them because we have the beauty of truth to sustain us.

" 'Beware the cat with velvet paws.' This is the second most difficult part of the poem to understand. After much work and prayer and thought, I have been shown by Divine revelation what is meant by these words. The words refer to that great evil-bringer, money. This means not only paper money, with its dirty green, cat-scratched filthiness, but it also refers to diamonds and other jewels, with the fires of hell flickering in them. It refers to all things 'worth.' The desire for money and power is a sign in itself that man does not know his place. If he were destined to have money, he would have it. Blind to this, however, man goes about trying to advance and for every step forward he takes two steps backward, away from the truth. He may work for years in order to get enough money to buy his wife—his partner in his retreat from truth—jewels to hang on her ear lobes. Man's efforts, if directed away from the Eternal Spirit, are ridiculous.

" 'For his eyes.' This, my people refers to the sin-seeking eyes of the devil. He can see sin no matter how elaborate its covering is. He lives on sin; it is his business. He knows all types of sin. He knows when man is most vulnerable and that is when he thrusts his carnal urges upon the unsuspecting creature. Always be strong, my people! Be on the alert. Do not let your thoughts fall into the eyes of a temptress and drown in the gurgling, black depths. Think only of the Creator and of truth—His truth.

" 'Are upside down.' 'Are,' and the

Continued on page 39

photos by gooden

MARK STEADMAN

THOMAS DOUGLASS

photo by geof groat

ROBERT HUNTER

WHAT'S HAPPENING...

THOUGHTS ON DROPPING OUT

Composed a Few Thousand Miles from Vietnam by a Middle-Aged Man Waiting for the Huntley-Brinkley Report

MARK STEADMAN

As a teacher I have to take a long view of this hippie phenomenon. And in the long view, it isn't very new. The intensity of it may be something unusual, for America at least, and also the numbers involved. But certainly the idea of protest has been around for awhile. We're almost a nation of professional complainers. We always have been.

Look at the twenties. Plenty of young men, especially sensitive, literary young men, were attacking the American system then. Not just pointing out its failings without giving it up, the way Sinclair Lewis did, but really washing their hands of it, giving it up for lost. They deserted this gaudy land of the free and home of the crass in boatloads. Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Eliot . . . it's a long list. Pilgrims in reverse, they were, complaining as they went.

And they weren't the first either.

American literature has never been either conspicuously hopeful or sympathetic toward the society that produced it. Just think about Hawthorne and Melville, and Mark Twain, and Ambrose Bierce. Thoreau was a kind of American Gothic dropout, and Walt Whitman was certainly no team player. In fact, the whole American dream started in rebellion and dissent. The black bag of Puritanism.

So it isn't new.

But it isn't old either, in a way. Because we have the bomb, and napalm, and biological warfare. A whole arsenal for Armageddon. That must make a difference. The invention of the atomic bomb is NOT, by God, analogous to the invention of the bow and arrow, and any man who finds consolation in that kind of nonsense ought to donate his head to a glue factory.

But the difference that is made by these Damoclean swords that festoon the modern landscape is one chiefly of degree. They are so numerous. And some of them are so God-awful big. Americans, some Americans, have always been capable of working themselves up over the damndest things—Fletcherism, Orgone Boxes,* maltreatment of frogs, the sales graph of the U. S. Gypsum Company. These concerns for things like saloon-smashing, recovering one's lost youth, and succoring the whooping crane probably matched in fever and pitch those of the most perfervid flag-burners and draft-dodgers. Considered man for man, there is little to choose between John Brown and Norman Mailer in the degree of dedication. The peculiarity of the new rebellion is that so many people seem to be involved. More people, just more people, are concerned and affected than ever before.

And another aspect of this revolution seems to be that it doesn't have much of a positive dimension; not, that is, if your orientation happens to be "thingwise," as the saying goes. The uniqueness in the new opposition to American values is that nothing especially tangible is offered to counterpoise them. The word is, "Drop out, man." To each his own bag.

Of course, there is a positive value under all of that. Life. Humanity. But it's almost too hokey to bring up.

So the new revolution is new in that its rallying cry (or its dispersing cry, it's hard to tell which) is every man do his own thing.

But the chorus of dissent seems to me to go back to a general and growing feeling of opposition to science—rationality—technology that began to make itself distinctly heard, seen, felt in the nineteenth century, especially in literary movements like Symbolism, which, after all, was started by Edgar Allan Poe, an *American* writer. And in philosophical stances like Existentialism. The ubiquitousness of the mad scientist gives some indication of the scope and depth of the fear, and there are plenty of examples to choose from. Perhaps the idea is best summed up in Mary Shelley's allegory, *Frankenstein.* Reduced to its bare bones, the story goes something like this: Man gets smart; uses smartness to control life by making monster; monster kills man.

It seems to be a case of the wrong kind of smarts. A kind that can kill you. A kind that will surely kill you, even. And various writers have been noticing it in various ways for a couple of hundred years. Like Dostoevsky and Kafka and Hawthorne and Wordsworth.

And now the hippies. They're talking the same line, carrying the same bag. When you get right down to it, that's pretty high-class company they're keeping, a long, illustrious list.

But is it new?

Doctor Faustus wasn't born yesterday, baby.

---

* *I made a bet with one of my students that I was one English teacher who could write an article without footnoting it. I lose.*

Fletcherism, named after Horace Fletcher, who conceived the idea, is the doctrine that you must eat only when you are hungry, choose foods that you like most, and chew each mouthful thirty to seventy times. Their motto was "Nature will castigate those who don't masticate." Even soup and milk were to be "Fletcherized," to the end that one remain young and virile into the twilight years.

Orgone boxes, the brainchild of William Reich, M.D., a protege of Sigmund Freud, were plain wooden boxes, lined with metal, in which the subject sat as in a steam cabinet. The theory was that the metal lining of the box would radiate orgone energy inward but not allow it to escape, thus "charging" the inside of the box. The energy had therapeutic value in the cure of all known diseases and injuries, but its chief benefit was that it made the subject capable of a proper orgasm. According to Dr. Reich, Orgone Energy is blue.

OPHELIA A GO-GO! THAT'S A NO-NO

THOMAS DOUGLASS

She stands there waiting, young, sexy, miniskirted. Suddenly she is green, she is red, she is blue and green, she is yellow. She rocks and bumps to the deafening attack of the music. She clutches the stainless steel microphone in both hands and screams her thing at the audience. A Go-Go girl in an East Village discotheque? Not at all. This is Ophelia singing her mad song. The play is *Hamlet*. The producer is Joseph Papp. (The author is William Shakespeare.) The production, which opened the latter part of December and which is from beginning to end two hours of psychedelic frenzy, is one of several attempts made in the last year to give the tired old theater some new blood—a shot in the arm, if you will. Admittedly, the theater needs a boost of some kind from time to time. Whether it needs such a one as Mr. Papp chooses to give is perhaps debatable, but his production, along with some half dozen others across the country, has at least shown that the sights and sounds of the discotheque and night club are working their way toward respectibility through the professional theater.

The first notable hippie theater was a musical entitled *Hair*, which opened in New York in November of last year. The book and lyrics for this production were written by two gentlemen in their early twenties—Gerome Ragni and James Rada. The music was composed by Galt MacDermot. About a month later came *Hamlet*. (William Shakespeare was only slightly responsible for the book and lyrics.) Now, three months later, the psychedelic syndrome is upon us. *Your Own Thing*, playing in New York, and *Catch My Soul*, playing in Los Angeles, are only two of the hippie productions springing up cast coast to west, from Ann Harbor to Austin. What these two have in common with *Hamlet* is their source: Shakespeare. And what these Shakespearean psychedelia have in common with *Hair* is color, and lots of it, noise to bend if not expand the mind and topical subjects: draft-protest, anti-Vietnam sentiments, inter-racial marriage, drugs, anti-establishmentarianism. Among other things, they are theatrical, that is to say vicarious, trips for the weekend wishful dreamer.

The theater is a very flexible vehicle, and there is no reason in this world for the things of the time not to be absorbed by the theater. But absorbed they must be; superimposed they cannot be. Superimposition will create a divided theater which is bound to fail because it will be pulling in opposite directions at the same time. Such is the case with Joseph Papp's production of *Hamlet*.

Mr. Papp has shortened Shakespeare's play, has rearranged the scenes, redistributed and reassigned lines, has rewritten lines and written some of his own, and has done everything imaginable and some things not imaginable to make the play in tune with our time, to make the play rock. At the opening of this production of *Hamlet* we find ourselves in Gertrude's bedroom, where she and Claudius, asleep, are being observed by son Hamlet, a hippie dropout dressed in a beret and not the cleanest of underwear: "Oh, that this too, too sullied flesh." Here and throughout the play Hamlet moves, talks (sometimes with a Spanish accent?), and giggles as though he were high on Methadrine. The play grinds to an earsplitting halt as all the characters (except Ophelia, whom Hamlet has murdered) eliminate themselves in a game of Russian roulette. All of this, each new trick, is mildly interesting. But the very things which are interesting are never anything but superimpositions. The play, even though remodeled thoroughly by Mr. Papp, is still Shakespeare's and Shakespeare doesn't do his thing well at all with all this paraphanalia.

Hair, on the other hand, is a different matter. The plot of this hallucinogen musical is, if not entirely original, at least not consciously borrowed. It concerns a young man, a dropout, who is about to meet his doom—not death, but the draft and all which that ensues, namely having his hair cut. But the plot is of little importance. The value of the piece lies in the authors' and composer's success in giving the audience some sympathetic idea of what hippie life is. Like the production of *Hamlet*, *Hair* depends heavily on violent color, strobe lighting effects, deafening music, "bad" language. But it is not a divided theater as *Hamlet* is, and it has something to say, which this *Hamlet* has not and cannot have since it is actually two entertainments playing at odds. And this singularity of purpose and means is the reason that *Hair* has had the rather impressive growth it has; it has moved from a small off-Broadway production to the Cheetah, a blaring New York discotheque, and finally, in an expanded version, to a Broadway theater. It is an example of how the theater can effectively absorb the sights and sounds of the time and be enlivened by them.

The future role of the hippie culture in the theater will depend on a willingness of those concerned to modify the components so that they will work together rather than in opposition. The theater needs the vitality of the psychedelic culture, but then the psychedelic culture needs the permanance and stability of the professional theater. They must, together, do their thing.

ROBERT HUNTER

"WELL, LOOK MAN, I MEAN, WRITING'S NOT MY BAG."

POSTER ART

Screaming liquid colors flowing in, over, through illegible words made that way for a purpose. The design is in the total design, importance has left the words, the sacred message of advertising, and enveloped the medium as an entity in itself. We see, we feel, we are touched by them, the message and the medium, problably for the first time have become one, and it has happened here. The messages are of the young and for the young. The art is new and now. In a whirlpool of mind-bending color the message is transferred far more effectively than it has ever been before. You dig for the words. They are not meant to be read easily—you must live them to get the message.

13

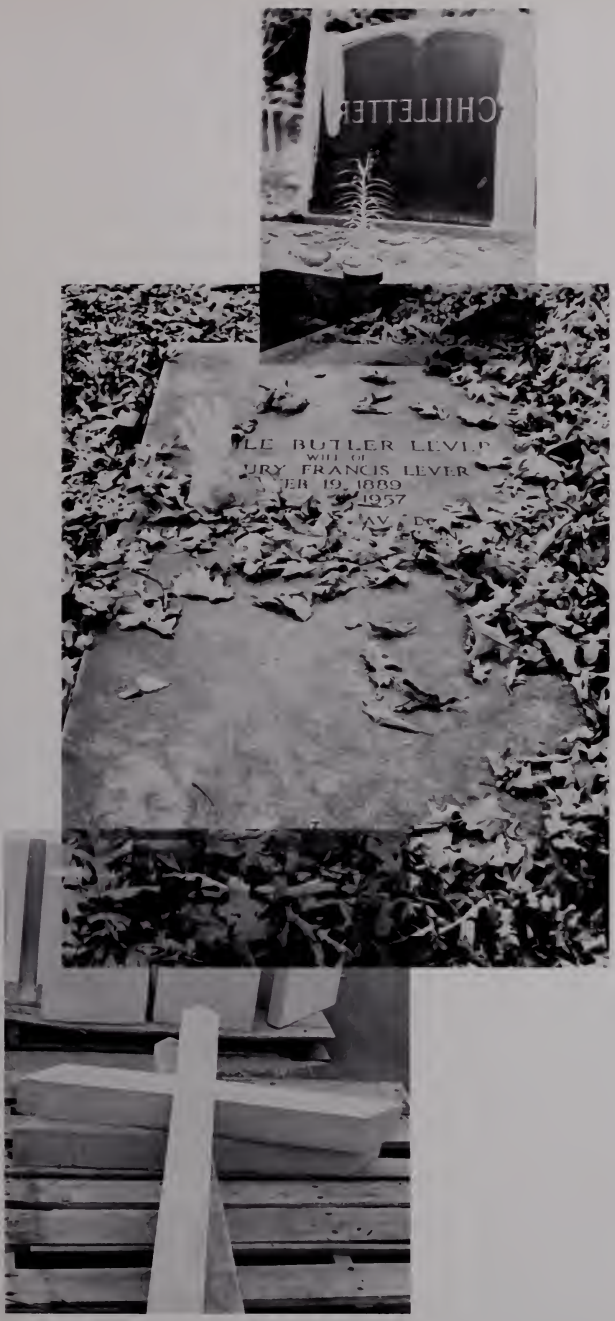
SILKSCREEN BY TIM McNEIGHT

SILKSCREEN BY PAUL FERRY

SILKSCREEN BY ANDE FONTAINE

SILKSCREEN BY BOB CARICATO

POEM BY GARY LIGI
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL LEVINE



I come to earth, son of man
in the guise of God.
Wandering towards you, among
these patterned stones.
Recalling your name,
you live behind my eyes,
as I die, retreating to meet you.
We bleed into each other,
laying amid flowers on that stoneless
field, where men once fought
to dream.
Your hands reached around me;
our hips bruised,
as we pounded soil into their faces.
Ants nested in their skulls;
worms had devoured their marrow,
yet they tasted our moment.
We soaked the roots.
Then I live again. Your name
is behind me. I move
to another name, perhaps,
another death.
I sound his name,
but Lazarus does not come.
He had lived to dream;
now he has the time.

THE ELEVATOR

By GARY E. LIGI

Setting (same for all scenes—Back of stage is a continuous white wall with black elevator doors (must open) in the right side of the wall. In center of stage, there will be an executive-looking (preferably, judge's-type) desk, situated perpendicular to the wall. The left of the stage will possess a small cubicle, the grey (obscene graffiti) inside the elevator.

SCENE 1—Illuminate (regular light) front of elevator only.

Enter Enos, forty, disgustingly slump-shouldered, tired limp, looking at the floor. He walks to the elevator, presses the button. Looks up. Fifteen or twenty seconds. Presses it again. Takes a few steps back, still looking up. A few more seconds. Back to the button, pushes it again.

Enos: Come on, goddamn you.

Steps back, looks at the floor, as he turns to his left, walks a few steps, stops, turns around (away from the audience), walks to the right (past the elevator), stops, turns (again away from the audience), and returns to the button, pushes it again. Repeats over and over.

(walking)

I don't have forever.

(pause)

Everyday the same thing.

(pushing button)

Never here when I need you.

(walking)

When I'm in a hurry.

(pause)

Why?

(slamming the button with his fist)

Damn you!!

Enter Claude, typical nine to five office worker-type, in his twenties, perhaps a student (a ghost if possible).

Claude: Morning Enos.

Follows behind Enos, mimicking his walk.

Enos (still pacing, oblivious):

I said hurry up dammit.

Claude: Morning Enos.

Continues to mimic, only more exaggerated, dragging his leg, body shaking spastically (palsy victim).

Enos (continuing):

Now, you manaical, mechanical . . .

Stops (Claude freezes), searching for a word, then continues to pace, Claude following.

. . . . sadistic, insensitive . . .

Claude (shouts):

Hey Enos! You dreaming?

Enos: Good God! What the hell?

Stops immediately, putting his hands (defensively) to his ears. Shakes his head. Looks around, dazedly (careful not to face the audience).

Oh! It's you. Morning Claude. I guess I was, I mean, no, I wasn't, I mean, I don't know.

Claude (pompously):

Don't have time. Lars wants to see me.

Enos: Not many get to see Lars. Another raise?

Claude: Don't know. Maybe something bigger. Hope so, Been waiting a long time. Let you know at twelve.

Enos: Yes, of course. See you at twelve. How about some luck?

Claude: Thanks.

Exit Claude, maybe does a little two-step.

Enos: All these damned years, and Lars hasn't asked to see me yet.

(pause)

I guess it's about time.

Elevator doors open. Darkness revealed.

It's about time, damn you.

Doors start to close. He hurries in, barely escapes being caught.

SCENE 2—Same as before. Should run right after scene one. As elevator doors close, lighting should change to an unnatural shade, i.e., blue, green, or black, etc. Give fifteen to thirty seconds.

Enter Enos, forty, erect (posture), proud and meditative walk, looking at nothing in particular. He walks to the elevator, presses the button. Looks up.

Illustrations by Bob Berman

Fifteen or twenty seconds. Presses it again. Takes a few steps back, still looking up. A few more seconds. Back to the button, pushes it again.

Enos: Come on, goddamn you.

Steps back, lowering his eyes (assumes blank stare), as he turns to his left, walks a few steps, stops, turns around (towards the audience), walks to the right (past the elevator), stops, turns (again towards the audience), and returns to the button to push it again. Repeats over and over.

(walking)

I don't have forever.

(pause)

Everyday the same thing.

(pushing button)

Never here when I need you.

(walking)

When I'm in a hurry.

(pause)

Why?

(slamming the button with his fist)

Damn you!!

Enter Claude, typical nine to five office worker-type, in his twenties, perhaps, a student (a ghost is possible).

Claude (meekly):

Morning Enos.

Follows behind Enos like a spastic puppy (or a young boy, seemingly about to tug at a trouser leg), trying to imitate his walk.

Enos (still pacing, oblivious):

I said hurry up dammit.

Claude (little boy "I have to go wee wee" urgency):

Morning Enos.

Continues to follow, watching Enos's feet, stumbling over himself every few steps (palsy victim).

Enos (continuing):

Now, you maniacal, mechanical. . . .

Stops (Claude almost runs into him), searching for a word, then continues to pace, Claude eagerly following behind.

. . . . sadistic, insensitive . . .

Claude (accidently shouts):

Hey Enos!! You dreaming?

Enos (wounded lion, lean, hungry):

Good God! What the hell?

Stops immediately, putting his hands to his ears. Shakes his head, quickly glances all around him, angrily. Sees Claude.

(disgustedly)

Oh. It's you. Morning Claude.

(sing-song)

I guess I was . . .

(sarcastically thoughtful)

I mean, no, I wasn't . . .

(profound)

I mean, I don't know.

Claude (apolegetically):

I'm sorry, but I don't have time. Was just sent down here to find you and tell you that Lars wants to see you.

Enos: Not many get to see Lars.

(matter of factly)

Another raise.

Claude (idol-worship):

But you have, haven't you Enos? You told me so, I think, didn't you?

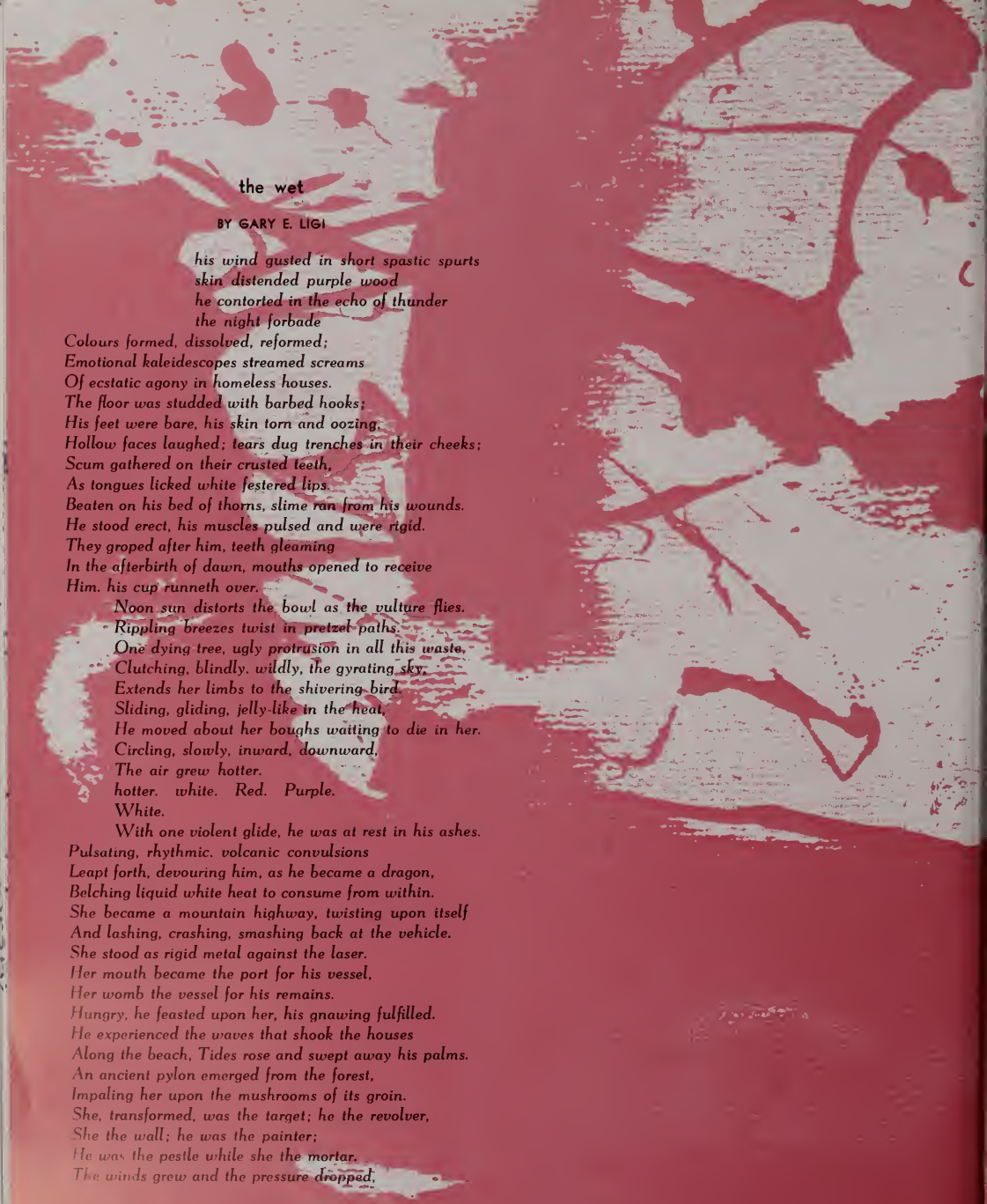
(pause)

Continued on page 35

Clouds of Mother
  Earth
translucent bedsheet
suspended
softly
as she turns
under a vast turmoil
of silent forms,
a visual rumble
that softly churns.

pete snyder

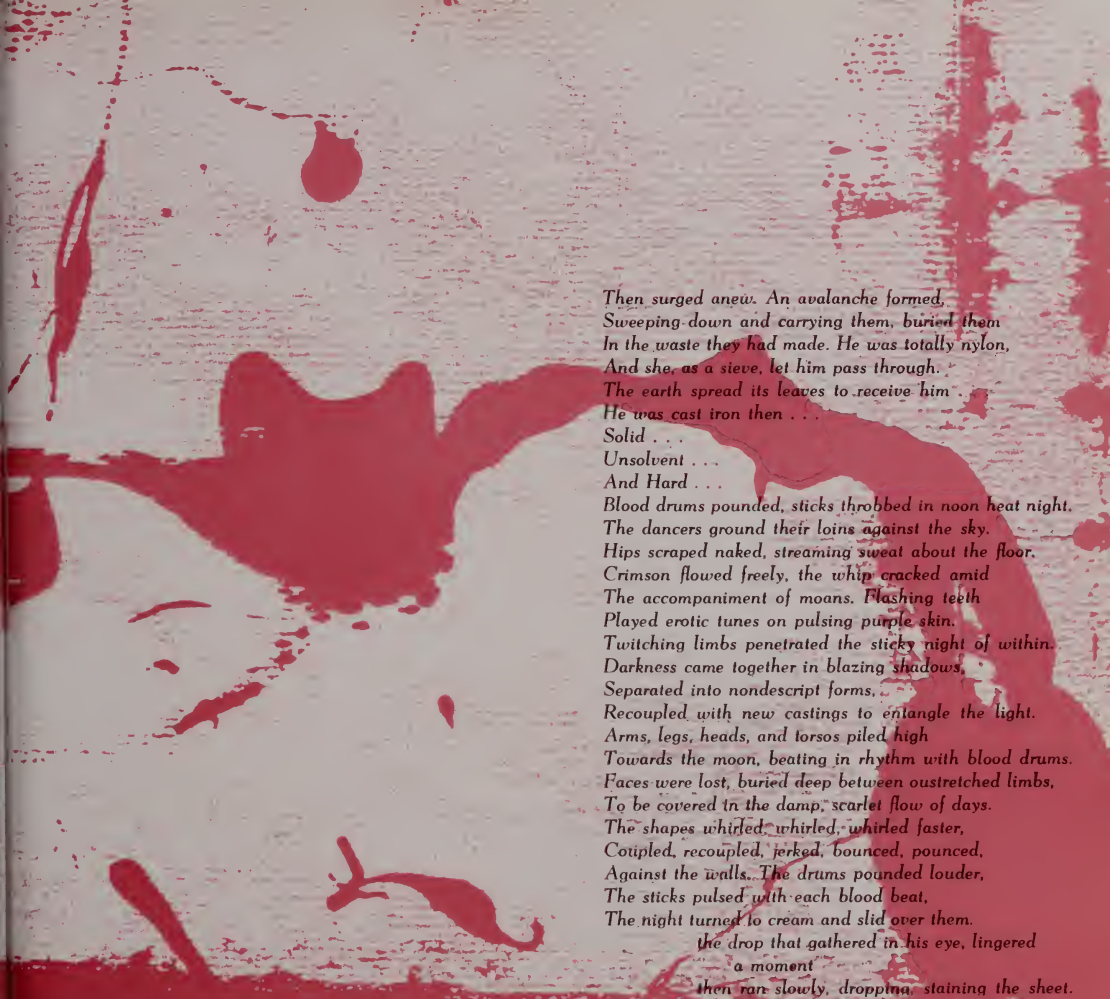
Print Painting by Marcia Bugg



the wet

BY GARY E. LIGI

his wind gusted in short spastic spurts
skin distended purple wood
he contorted in the echo of thunder
the night forbade
Colours formed, dissolved, reformed;
Emotional kaleidescopes streamed screams
Of ecstatic agony in homeless houses.
The floor was studded with barbed hooks;
His feet were bare, his skin torn and oozing;
Hollow faces laughed; tears dug trenches in their cheeks;
Scum gathered on their crusted teeth,
As tongues licked white festered lips.
Beaten on his bed of thorns, slime ran from his wounds.
He stood erect, his muscles pulsed and were rigid.
They groped after him, teeth gleaming
In the afterbirth of dawn, mouths opened to receive
Him. his cup runneth over.
Noon sun distorts the bowl as the vulture flies.
Rippling breezes twist in pretzel paths.
One dying tree, ugly protrusion in all this waste,
Clutching, blindly. wildly, the gyrating sky.
Extends her limbs to the shivering bird.
Sliding, gliding, jelly-like in the heat,
He moved about her boughs waiting to die in her.
Circling, slowly, inward, downward,
The air grew hotter.
hotter. white. Red. Purple.
White.
With one violent glide, he was at rest in his ashes.
Pulsating, rhythmic. volcanic convulsions
Leapt forth, devouring him, as he became a dragon,
Belching liquid white heat to consume from within.
She became a mountain highway, twisting upon itself
And lashing, crashing, smashing back at the vehicle.
She stood as rigid metal against the laser.
Her mouth became the port for his vessel,
Her womb the vessel for his remains.
Hungry, he feasted upon her, his gnawing fulfilled.
He experienced the waves that shook the houses
Along the beach, Tides rose and swept away his palms.
An ancient pylon emerged from the forest,
Impaling her upon the mushrooms of its groin.
She, transformed, was the target; he the revolver,
She the wall; he was the painter;
He was the pestle while she the mortar.
The winds grew and the pressure dropped,



Then surged anew. An avalanche formed,
Sweeping down and carrying them, buried them
In the waste they had made. He was totally nylon,
And she, as a sieve, let him pass through.
The earth spread its leaves to receive him . . .
He was cast iron then . . .
Solid . . .
Unsolvent . . .
And Hard . . .
Blood drums pounded, sticks throbbed in noon heat night.
The dancers ground their loins against the sky.
Hips scraped naked, streaming sweat about the floor.
Crimson flowed freely, the whip cracked amid
The accompaniment of moans. Flashing teeth
Played erotic tunes on pulsing purple skin.
Twitching limbs penetrated the sticky night of within.
Darkness came together in blazing shadows,
Separated into nondescript forms,
Recoupled with new castings to entangle the light.
Arms, legs, heads, and torsos piled high
Towards the moon, beating in rhythm with blood drums.
Faces were lost, buried deep between oustretched limbs,
To be covered in the damp, scarlet flow of days.
The shapes whirled, whirled, whirled faster,
Coupled, recoupled, jerked, bounced, pounced,
Against the walls. The drums pounded louder,
The sticks pulsed with each blood beat,
The night turned to cream and slid over them.
the drop that gathered in his eye, lingered
a moment
then ran slowly, dropping, staining the sheet.
he dissolved and was suckled in the wet.

Silkscreen by Ande Fontaine

AN EXCERPT FROM

LIVE IN PIG SIGNEY

By
McRICKY
BACHALAH

A Just Blew Monday

A

Trudy would be the day when David wood finale accomplice his bigamist cream. He had weighted for this thyme to cumb fore almost as lung as he cud dismember. This dey he wud be marred, and or the breast of his wife be jointed to the womb he luved. He lepered from bed and scurvied to the wishroom to cream himshelf so he would bee detestable on his wetting date. He could hardly wait four the crematory to beguile, and he slithered in masturbation of holding his nude bride as his every hole for the crust of infirmary.

Ass he whence aboat wretching getty, he recoughed the fast tomb they mate. It hat bean reaming and the steaks wert seasonably slack. He wash bribing breast-bound upon Mewhore Dago expressly when sullenly a cart slurred in blunt of him. He splashed on the breaks, butt it did know godt. The too lock humpers and screamed across the broadbed together. When the harps had ground to a halter, David hath leopard frome his order to cheek if the udder dribbler was dentured. He thor at the care dor and disposed a fare maiden from seeded bekneeth the well. In know time slime fat he masticated her frum the trujilio, and crushed her warts a hostile. From that daze froth thay had scene muck of each udder, and now witherby enointed in marital blisters, internally.

B

Erupting, he was bashed in the presence, trust into the reality of the reproaching mormon. He dissected to half sum broadcast for he felled hungary. He pecan to beware eggs and crust to the drawer to dishevel womb babies when the doorbar slang. He

C

crust to the drawer to dishevel womb was stalling upon him at this our of the mourning. To his udder constipation, befoul him stud his broad tuba's tarantulas. David shed tooth the parrots, "Won't jew fleas come sin "

"Money thanks," said the farter, "Butt we cannon psade. We rushed dripped buy to sell you knot too cumb to the demagague thrill fore. Sheba uncovered the rabie will not be glasgow to mark it under then. I taut I shun tale you poinsonously. Anyday, gooch lock! I hop the wedging will beast the breast. Sarong."

With that they turd away and laughed, fast the fodder then the martyr, who crept quite thee hole will. David logged rafter them as the intrigued the elator and dispersed. He was grab that thay wood soon bee his enforce, he lacked them very mouth.

"Welsh, I mayor laden forest while

D

den," he scold himseep, and he dad.

Ours lapped.

He among wither stark, and staired at the closet. It were tree-history. He would half too hurdle to wretch the decalogue in chime. "I will half to hurdle to wretch the decalogue in chime," He scald himsock. Snow he became to hurdle.

He rammed frome his broom to the decollator and rowed to the mane flower. He humped as the drawers offered, and bluched to the straight. He crawled four a scab and destructed the liver ware to tack him. "Scurvy," David slid to the chamfer.

The scarf bled threw the sight streaks warts the epilogue where the bedding wash toby. To David's vesper fleece corps had blotched the stench he waranted tobias. he aria was raped off by the carps for the nasty pastry therapists had blown David's cynical, Sheba, her pharynx, the rabbit, and the hole jew naborhood all to hell.

The Little Giraffe

By FRED BALDWIN

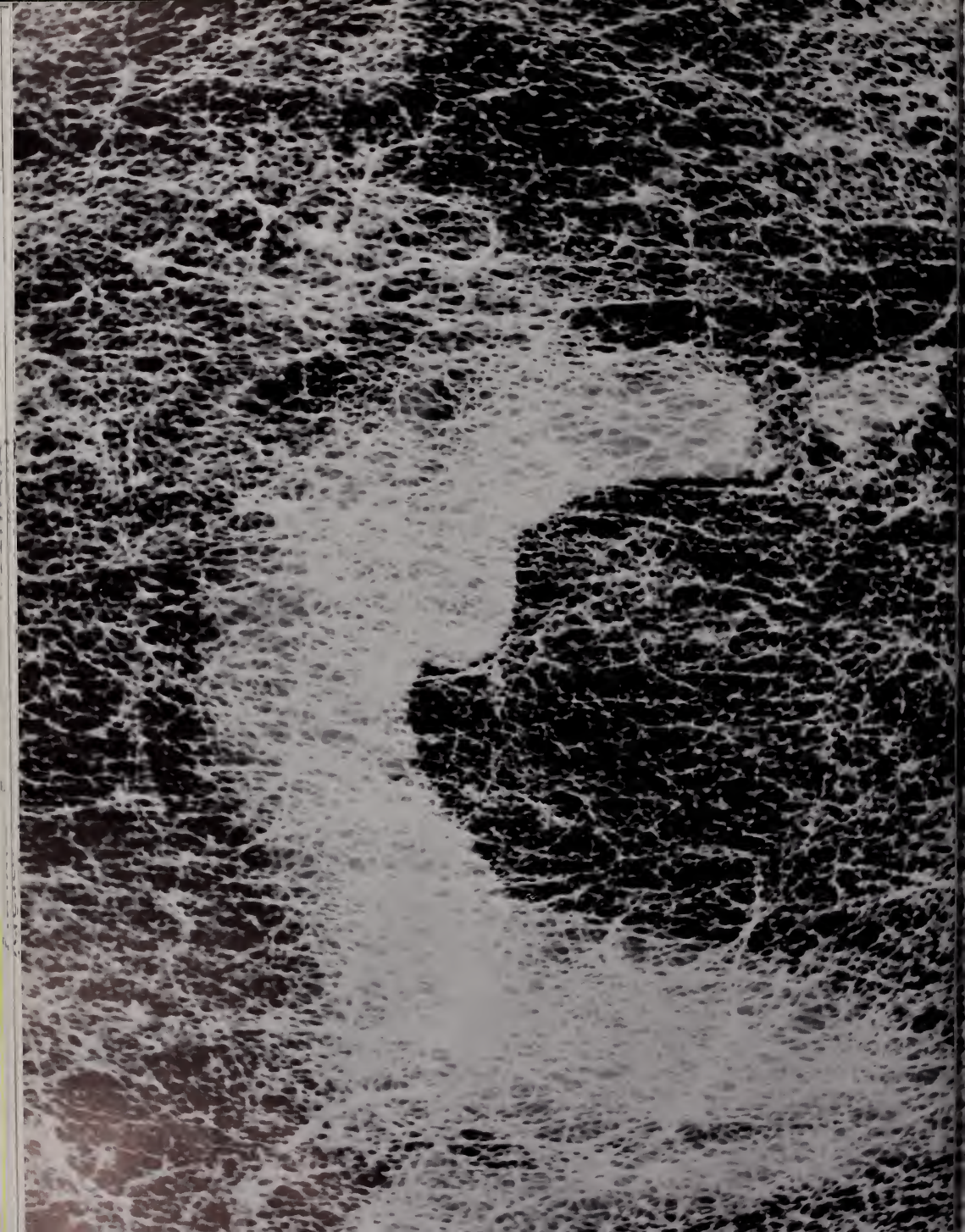
Alone, alone in Africa,
Near the hot and prickly plain,
Stood a little giraffe,
Head at half staff,
Viewing with a crispy eye
The landing of a small
Gray, ball, hardly larger
Than a stall, if at all.
The ball rolled to a halt.
A tiny door opened, lined
With fur.
"Why, it's all pink inside!"
Squeaked the little giraffe.
"Just like they said."

CHIP NUSBICKEL

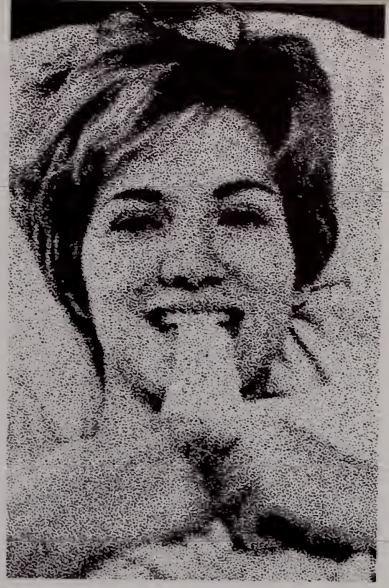
ART LIDSKY

AROUND

TAKE A LOOK



JIM SHOTTON



MIKE GRAHAM

CAREN CROUCH

ART LIDSKY

MIKE GRAHAM

ART LIDSKY

11,000 WORDS

CAREN CROUCH

GARLAND GOODEN

263565

Doors begin to close. He hurries in, barely escapes being caught.

SCENE 5—Give fifteen to thirty seconds, then shift (same light as scene 1) light to center stage area.

Enos (of scene 1) stands in front of the desk, facing right. Lars will be a voice off-stage. Enos looks at the floor, and will continue to do so throughout the scene.

Enos (nervously):
You asked to see me?

Lars (threatening (Boris Karloff-type) voice):
Yes Enos. Won't you sit down?
Enos looks around (carefully avoids facing towards the audience) for the non-existent chair.

Enos (hiding confusion):
That's all right.
(taking another quick glance)
I'd rather stand thank you.

Lars (ominously):
Enos, you've been here a long time.

Enos (muttering to himself):
Yes, I guess I have.

Lars (annoyed):
Don't interrupt. Do you have any idea of what you have been called here for?

Enos (quietly):
Can't say that I have sir.

Lars: Well, you see, we, that is The Company of course, have found, from past experience, that it is extremely difficult for a man to conduct his duties efficiently and faithfully for any great length of time. Therefore, we have found it necessary to replace our . . .
(clears his throat)
workers every so often, or, putting it more clearly, must ask them to . . .
(same)
let us say . . .
(again)
retire at an early age. No doubt you have noticed the great number of employees that have come and gone since you first entered The Company.
(pause)
Well Enos, you see, the quality of your efforts has been the topic of discussion for quite some time now.
(pause)
It was without considerable thought that we arrived at our
(pause)
decision. We, that is The Company of course, consider it unwise for you continue in your present
(pause)

Continued on next column

condition. You understand, of course, that The Company must be of primary consideration in all instances.
(pause, as if waiting for an answer)
You understand, don't you Enos?

Enos (submissively):
Yes sir. I understand sir.

Lars: And you understand that it is for the best of all concerned.

Enos (resignedly):
Yes sir.

Lars: Well then, I guess the matter is settled.
(pause)
I realize you must have matters you wish to attend to before leaving here. I have, therefore, arranged for you to have two or three weeks, in which to take care of your, let us say, loose ends. I should think that will be enough time. We are fully aware, The Company that is, of the possible strain such a decision may place upon a man, and try to alleviate the strain as much as our power enables us. After all, we are human you know.

Enos (lost last friend voice):
Thank you sir, but I'll start moving now, if that's all right.
Enos slowly turns and exists.

SCENE 6—Give fifteen to thirty seconds, then shift light (same light as scene 1) to illuminate only the area in front of the elevator.

Enos (of scene 1, except more slump-shouldered, limp more tired), is pacing as the light shifts. Same routine as scene 1.

Enos: It's over.
(pushing button)
I can't believe it's over.
(walking)
All these years, everyday the same thing,
(pause)
but now it is finished.
(pushing button)
Hurry, damn you. I don't have much time.
(walking)
But then there is no hurry if it is really over.
(pause)
I could use the stairs.
He stops, turns towards the audience, takes one, maybe two steps, stops, returns to his pacing.
It's too late, and too far to walk.
(pause)
What's the use?
(pushing button)
There is none.

I've no reason to go back up there. There's nothing I can take with me. Nothing I'll regret leaving behind.
(pushing button)
Can't you ever be here dammit?
Enter The Girl, dressed completely in white. She is in her late teens (or early twenties), wearing a short skirt (six to ten inches above the knees), well-breasted (but not over-done). The skirt is extremely tight, and there are soil marks covering it, where it clings to her delightful young ass. She moves like a mechanical doll. She should be a robot if possible (typical American coed will do). She moves stiffly to the elevator (no signs of recognition), and stands facing it, while Enos continues his routine (no signs of recognition).
I guess there's nothing to do but wait.
(pushing button)
Hurry.
(walking)
It will soon all be forgotten.
Returning to press the button, he spreads his arms, clinging to the elevator door. Suddenly it is finished.
Elevator doors open, Enos stepping back. The Girl moves in rigidly. Enos slowly follows. Doors close.

SCENE 7—Fifteen to thirty seconds after doors close, illuminate inside of elevator (same light as scene 2).

The Girl stands in right rear corner (in this scene she must possess the ignorance of a school girl, use same girl), facing audience. She will no longer be mechanical (physically). Enos (of scene 2) stands in the left rear corner, also facing the audience. He leans on his arm nonchalantly. He glances at her, smiles. She looks at him, smiling. He moves closer to her.
Enos: Hello. I don't believe I've seen you here before.
The Girl (school-girl snot):
It's quite possible. I don't work here.
Enos: I understand.
(pause)
Your mother work here?
(pause, as if waiting for an answer)
I guess you don't want to talk.
(pause)
I just figured that if you don't work here . . .
The Girl: Yes. My mother works here. Sally Freeburg.
Enos: Oh yes. I know her very well. She works just three doors down the hall.
The Girl (looking at him closely, relieved):
Then you must be Enos. Mother talks about you all the time.
Enos (as to a child):
Does she really.
The Girl (eagerly):

Continued on page 34

and returns to the button to push it again. Repeats over and over.
(walking)
It's never finished.
(pushing button)
Everyday the same thing.
(walking)
Never here when I need you,
(pause)
because everday I need you more.
(pushing button)
Hurry, damn you. This coffee is hot.
(walking)
Yet, you're nothing but a hole,
(pause)
this incomprehendible hole devouring a virgin wall,
(pushing button)
a fiend, torturer.
Enter Claude (of scene 1), who falls in behind Enos, mimicking his walk, even to shifting a non-existing sack from hand to hand.
Claude (sing-song):
Hey Enos.
Enos (still pacing, oblivious):
Hurry, dammit, before my hands start bleeding.
Claude (still sing-song):
Hey Enos.
Enos (still pacing, still oblivious):
Aren't you ever coming, you bastard?
Claude (shouts):
Hey Enos!! You dreaming?
Enos: Good God! What the hell?
Stops immediately, putting his hands (defensively) to his ears. Shakes his head. Looks around, dazedly (careful not to face the audience).
Oh! It's you Claude. I just don't know. How did you make out?
Claude: Don't have time. Tell you later.
Does a swish-like dance step, as he starts to leave.
(pausing, over his shoulder)
By the way, Lars wants to see you.
Enos: Very few get to see Lars.
Claude (put-on philosophically):
The dog has his day.
(Henry's mother-like voice)
Good luck.
Claude exits, perhaps first does a body-beautiful pose, followed by a cartwheel. Elevator doors open after Claude is offstage. Darkness revealed.
Enos: It's about time.

Continued from page 33

All the time. She says you're the old-timer in The Company, and you'll probably be the president someday. She says you're one of the nicest people she's ever known; you're always helping everybody and all.

Enos (as to a child):

Does she now.

The Girl: She says you're a real dreamy guy, and you know what?

(disgusting giggle)

I agree.

Enos: What does your father think about all that?

The Girl: Daddy died three or four months ago.

Enos: I'm sorry. I didn't know.

The Girl: But how could you?

Enos: I guess I couldn't. All of life is a dream. One day you wake up and it's over I guess.

The Girl: Am I in your dream?

Enos: You're here, aren't you?

The Girl: I guess I am.

While they have been talking, Enos has been moving closer to The Girl. By this time, he should have her pinned in the corner, slowly grinding against her. Their conversation should remain bland and emotionless.

You're in my dream.

Enos: I'm not actually.

The Girl: Why?

Enos: Because this is my dream.

The Girl: Why?

Enos: I don't know. It just. . . .

Lights go out suddenly. Silence for a moment.

Looks like the power's gone.

The Girl: Beautiful.

Perhaps, a couple joined in coitus on the stage, their sound amplified, volume building until orgasm. Lights flash on and off (lightning), revealing the couple, naked in the elevator. Then satisfied (post-orgasmic) sighs. Lights have stopped flashing. Stage is totally dark, totally silent.

SCENE 8—Wait fifteen to thirty seconds of silence, then illuminate the inside of the elevator (scene 1 light).

Girls stands in right rear corner, facing audience. She will remain rigid, void of expression, throughout the scene. Enos (of scene 1) stands in the left corner, hands outstretched, one on the rear wall, one on the right wall. He has his back to the audience, head bowed.

Enos: So it's over,

(pause)

finished,

(again)

dear Enos. No doubt you have noticed the great number of employees that have come and gone since you first entered The Company. It is obvious there is a valid reason. . . .

(again)

for your, let us say, longevity. The consistently high quality of your efforts has been the topic of discussion for quite some time now. After much thought, in order to establish for certain that you are the man best qualified for the position, I suggested that the board promote you to district representative. Of course, the board unanimously approved the action.

(pause)

Enos, I feel you have been here long enough to have a fairly clear view of what we are trying to accomplish, but, before I go any further, I must be certain that you are fully aware of your responsibilities to The Company. Do you?

Enos (proudly):

Yes sir. I understand sir.

Lars: And you are willing to accept these responsibilities? In other words, will you pledge to be of continuous beneficial service to The Company?

Enos (confidently):

Yes sir.

Lars: Fine. Then that matter is solved. Now, let me say that we must have complete faith in each other. You will be allowed to conduct your position without guidance or supervision. In other words, you will be on your own, so to speak. I can only wish you luck. The rest is up to you. I only ask that you do not betray the trust I have placed in you.

(pause)

You can begin moving into your new office today, or, it might even be,

(pause)

yes, why don't you take the rest of the day off. Start moving in tomorrow. I understand you might well wish to celebrate. I am human myself you know.

Enos: Thank you sir, but I might as well start moving now, if that's all right.

Enos snaps a military salute, which is answered, lamely, by Lars. Enos then does an about face, exiting according to correct military fashion. Slowly dim lights, taking about fifteen to thirty seconds to reach total darkness.

SCENE 4—As soon as the stage is totally dark, illuminate only the area in front of the elevator (same light as scene 1).

Enter Enos (of scene 1), carrying a large paper sack, which he shifts from hand to hand, and will continue to do so (every fifteen to twenty seconds) throughout the scene. He walks to the elevator, presses the button. Looks up. Fifteen or twenty seconds. Presses it again. Takes a few steps back, still looking up. A few more seconds. Back to the button, pushes it again.

Enos: You're going to get on my nerves sooner or later.

Steps back, looks to the floor, as he turns to his left, walks a few steps, stops, turns around (away from the audience), walks to the right (past the elevator),

Continued from page 20

Maybe something bigger. Hope so.
(admiringly)
You been here a long time.
(starting to leave)
Let me know at twelve.

Enos (absently):
Yes, of course. See you at twelve. How about some luck?

Claude: All you need Enos. All you need.
He eagerly reaches to shake Enos's hand, then hurries out, perhaps stumbling over himself.

Enos (musing):
All these damn years, and Lars hadn't asked to see me.
(pause)
I guess it's about time.
Elevator doors open. Darkness revealed.
It's about time, damn you.
He enters, snaps his fingers, and doors close.

SCENE 3—Give fifteen to thirty seconds after elevator doors close. Shift (same light as scene 2) light to center stage area.

Enos (of scene 2) stands in front of the desk, facing right. Lars, a puny, Arnold Stang-like character, stands behind the desk. Enos stares directly at Lars. He will continue to do so throughout the scene, giving no physical gestures of emotion or recognition of anything happening on stage.

Enos: You asked to see me.

Lars (beautifully benevolent, yet extremely masculine voice):
Yes Enos.
(motions to non-existent chair)
Won't you sit down?

Enos: That's all right. I'd rather stand, thank you.

Lars (fatherly):
Enos, you've been here a long time.

Enos (proudly with modest pretense):
Yes, I guess I have.

Lars: Do you have any idea of what you have been called here for?

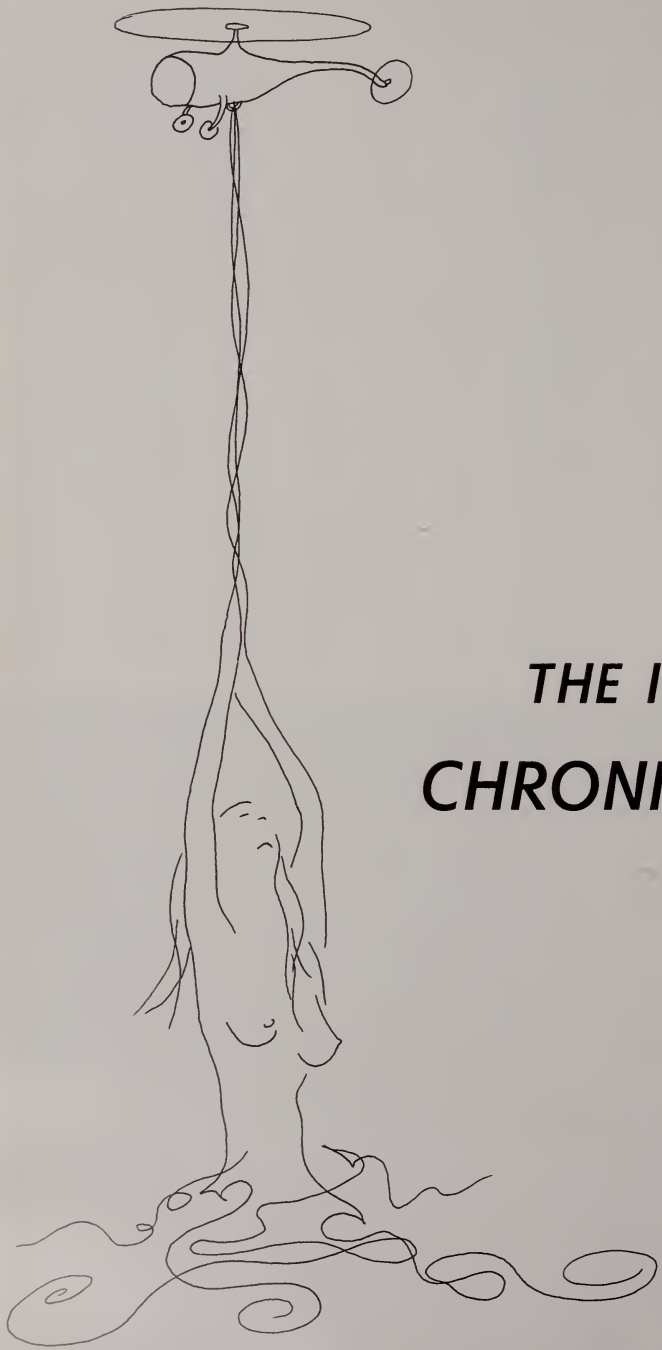
Enos: Can't say that I have sir.

Lars: Well, you see, we, that is The Company of course, have found from past experience, that it is extremely difficult for a man to conduct his duties efficiently and faithfully for any great length of time. Therefore, we have found it necessary to replace our . . .
(clears his throat)
workers every so often, or, putting it more clearly, must ask them to . . .
(same)
let us say . . .
(again)
retire at an early age. However, this has not be

(pause)
And I'm here all alone, reading cute sayings off the elevator wall. About all there is left to do.
(reading)
"reality doesn't exist."
Head wanders towards the girl. He realizes he is not alone.
Excuse me miss. I didn't know you were there.
(pause, as if waiting for response)
I guess you don't want to talk.
(turns back to the graffiti)
Ever read any of this garbage?
(pause)
You don't want to talk.
(reading quietly)
"Lassie is a bitch"
(pause)
She's not the only one.
(to The Girl)
You work here?
(Long pause, quietly)
You're a bitch, a real bitch.
(to The Girl)
You too good to talk to Enos? Is that it? Can't spare the effort to say hello?
(pause, louder)
Bitch. Bitch. Enos is too good for you. Enos, the old washed up retiring—
(pause)
What's the use? It's all a bad dream.
(pause)
Say something, damn you.
He moves closer to her, dragging himself along the back of the elevator, slumping more and more.
Say something bitch.
(louder, almost screaming)
Say something.
He grabs her by the arm, and throws her across the back of the elevator. She slams into the left side, cowers in the corner, shaking.
(in a rage)
This is my dream damnit. Say something.

The Girl (looking into his face, fearfully, gesturing with her hands, frightened, crying child, guttural sounds of a deaf-mute):
Uh! Ugh! etc.
The lights go out suddenly, sobbing of The Girl.

Enos: God, it's so dark here.
Crying, perhaps a whole nation, screams, then fade into silence, the end.



FROM OUT

OF THE

MURKY MIRE

THE INCREDIBLE CHRONICLE COMES!

and you can come with us!

Monday Nites

7:00 P.M.

9th level of

student center

Illustration by Pete Snyder

&

Love Near The Rear-Seat Speaker

By FRED BALDWIN

Though the coated tongue of night
Has lapped up all the drops of sunlight,
I see you near the rear-seat speaker.
So delicate.
You pick your nose with your right-hand pinkie.
So chic it is to pick with the pinkie to the
Right.
We have something in common.
You do not know that I see.
You gently, oddly perhaps, rub your hand
Along the seat-bottom.
Now it is pure, the pinkie.
Ah, now a small and dainty belch—
The odors of onions and hop scotch
Diffuse throughout our heavenly domain,
The back seat.
Now I pull you toward me, slightly
Moistening my hand as it passes
Around your back and under your arm
From the rear.
You run your finger, long-nailed, along
My eyebrow and into my eye.
Spangles of stars and strange lights.
You kiss me, wetly, and I remember
That only last night I had to scrape
Out the garbage can.
Ah, love.

Prayer

By GARLAND G. GOODEN, JR.
November, 1965

Hail, Mary,
(says I
sweeping dreams up off the floor
tossing the bigger pieces
out the window)
fullofgrace

Hail, pray,
(skipping along the sidewalk
of a Mondayne afternoon
shooting marvels)

Holy Mother
send me some love
as I lay me down to envision
some warm honey's torso
soft as new snow
on rabbit's fur

and
(be sure to)
pray
for us humans
right now
in our walkie-talkie world
even as we listen to the radio
and watch old men being frightened
by dying
please

A-men.

3 BY LIGI

Damp in darkness of dreary nights and days,
I lie in heat of hand, eyes half closed,
Envisioning a scene, keeping the mystic haze
From lifting, leaving dream's world exposed.

Printed, painted, pornographic pictures,
Pasted on walls, whose bricks number weeks
Since last I lay in love with her, are sure
To provoke life's side nightmares my mind keeps.

Shielded in safety of sheets, drapes pulled,
In the embrace of sweaty darkness, awaiting
The arrival of other lives to cool
Leaving stains of death of mateless mates.

Love had left me lonely, In confines
Of room, I found that love of loneliness
Followed loneliness in love, and time finds
Me reluctant companion to my own caress.

The Rebel

He talked, without ending, and tried
to trap me into thinking
that
he believed what he was saying
in those mighty tones.
"I've been pavement for far too long.
I'll transform into a shoe,
and
walk on all the eyebrows that once
were raised over me.
"I'll be the gun and they the target
the next time around. You'll see."
On
he talked and talked, to try and make
himself believe it.
He searched for pity, in my eyes,
found more than understanding.
He
felt I knew it was tantamount to hopeless,
this dream of being free.
We were more than brothers, and shared,
as always, our fatal lone.
He
forgot, for the moment, his twisted desires,
and kissed me hard,
as always.

No One To Anybody

He spread himself against the darkness,
feeling the heat of a thousand comrades
exploding within and without him,
flashing, flaring, consuming,
burning through his punctured, moss-eaten body,
He felt the sky turn suddenly red,
Its fiery wind licking at him, on him,
While the earth sicknened, spewing herself
In clumps, laying in twitching heaps upon
Her scars. He watched the world decay
Around him; nowhere became anywhere
he could go.

Within the darkness he sought coolness,
beneath the blazing sky, as the clouds
glowed blood, the wind blaring sounds
of battered bugles; the air, reeking with compost
dissolving, shed its dust
over him. He prayed go underground,
Enter his heaving earth. He forced himself
Upon her, moulding to her in spasms, trying
To know his resisting, stammering mother.
Gasping, screaming, pleading to her,
Wishing to claw inside,
hide within the safety of coolness,
be covered against the dark.

The clouds erupted again, again, again,
spilling their fiery winds across a warped plane,
becoming liquid and flashing
liquid and flashing
There, in the midst of nothing,
between anywhere and never,
no one became any
body.

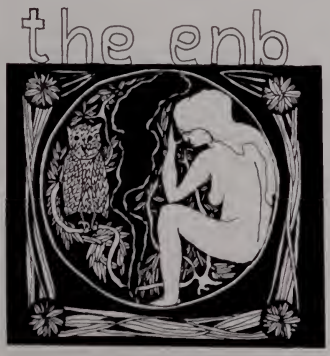
Continued from page 8

letter 'u' for ugliness combine here with 'd' for 'devil' and the letters 'own' to show that the supreme ugliness is to be owned by the devil. This ugliness can be escaped, however. 'Are devil owned' refers to the ugly men-without-truth who have fallen from the 'side' of the 'up,' which symbolizes truth, and into the pit of sin. The pinnacle of truth is indeed hard to reach, and many slip along the way and slide down the sides of this great and wonderful mountain. These are those whose faith is not strong. These people fall into the pit of sin, are embraced by the devil, and perish. Only faith and truth and the Creator's love can save them, or us.

"And so, my friends, I have revealed to you many truths. I have not shown you all the truths present in this poem because even I do not know them all. Remember what I have said. Cleanse yourselves and make ready. No one knows when the end of time may come. We must be prepared. As our Lord said, 'Verily I say unto you, that this generation shall not pass, till all these things be done.' He was speaking of the events and signs which will immediately precede the end of the earth. Are such signs not easily seen today? The signs are all about. Do not let Him find you asleep when He comes. His flawless prediction is still true today—over one thousand years after He uttered it. I shall say again, have faith and be prepared and seek the truth. Follow the path of truth which I have set before you. Bless you all. Amen."

Illustration by Bob Berman

WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE

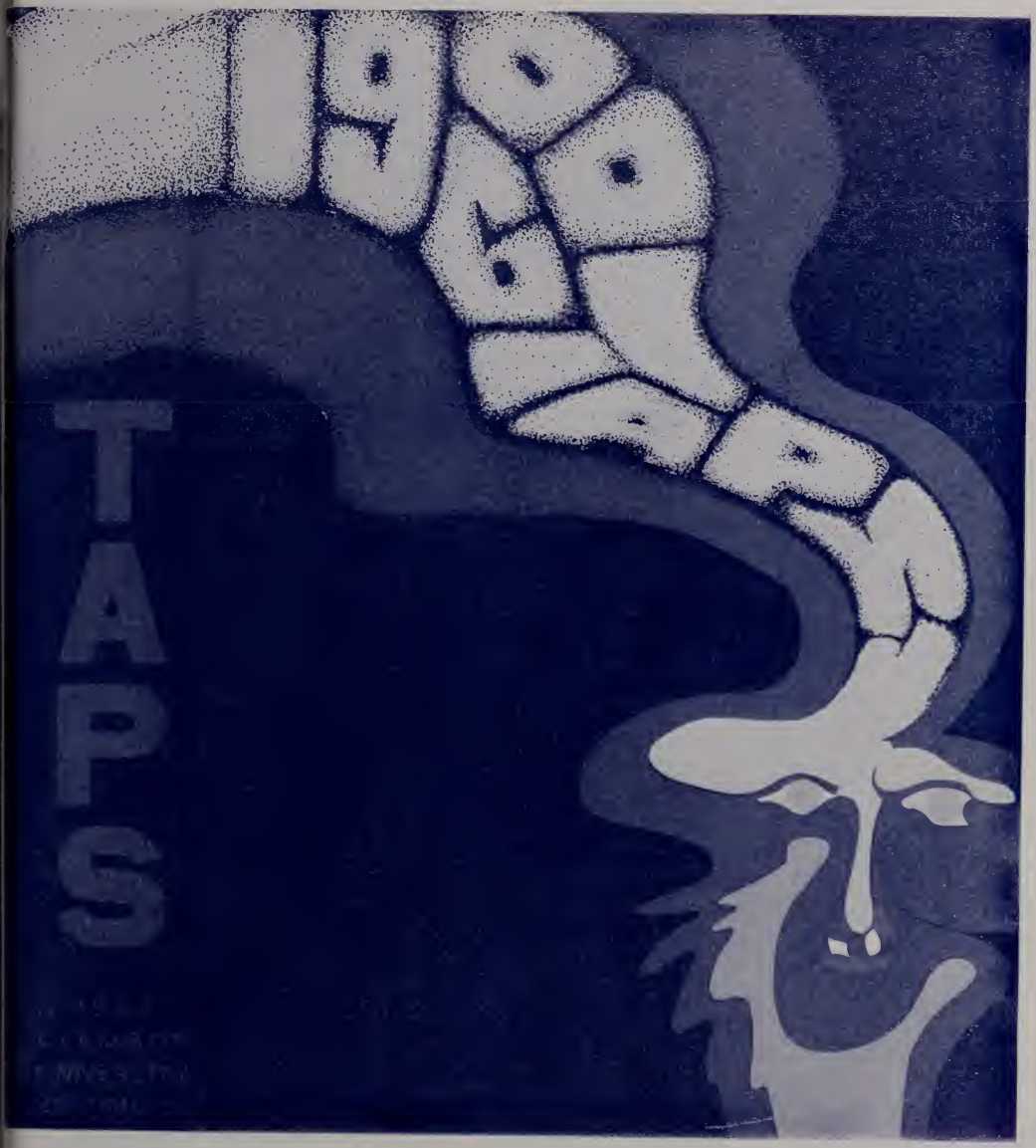


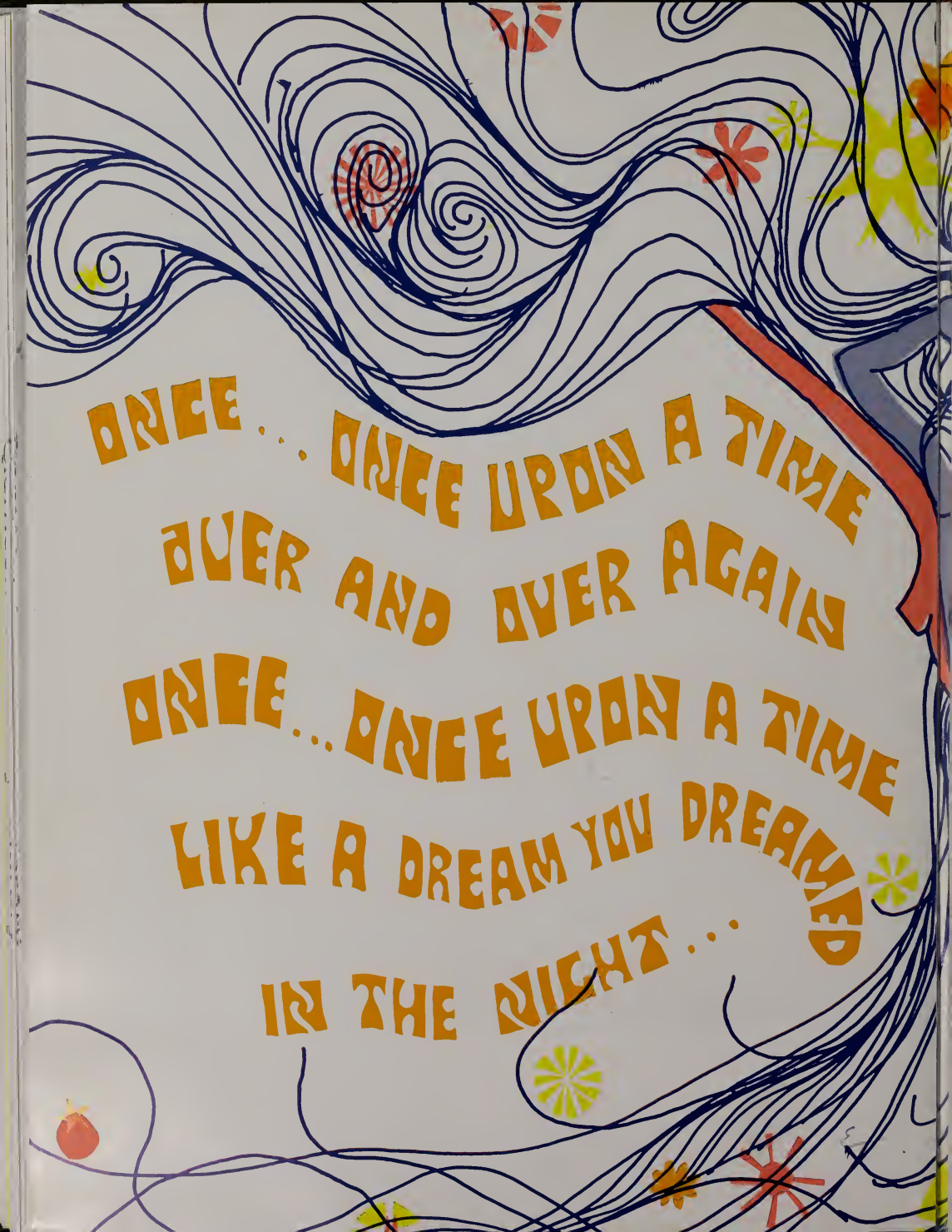
LISTEN TO

finale

By GARLAND G. GOODEN
April, 1967

I can think again now—
in the dull beat of long evenings
when visions of the flesh and
painted dreams have
all subsided—
Something like a vacuum in the mind,
something that lingers when the tangible dissolves:
(Oh, sometimes I regret
that I couldn't have written a
better ending,
as clean as the first smile—
but time has its own way
of making the consequences
ineffectual.)
Often I can see your face in sheer memory
the clear, incredible eyes,
our voices jammed with
unnecessary words—
Time removes it all,
removes the joys and imperfections,
all but the sometimes void of early hours—
not love,
but a kind of
need for laughter.


1966
TAPS


ONCE . . . ONCE UPON A TIME
OVER AND OVER AGAIN
ONCE . . . ONCE UPON A TIME
LIKE A DREAM YOU DREAMED
IN THE NIGHT . . .